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THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

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MACBETH

The Banquet Scene

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THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL

VOLUME XI

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

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MACBETH

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DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
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DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, Duncan's cousin and general of the King's army.
BANQUO, general of the King's army.
MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } noblemen of Scotland.
MENTEITH, }
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE—In Scotland, except Act III. Scene 3, which is in England.

HISTORIC PERIOD: A.D. 1041–1057.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of the play (according to Daniel) represents nine days, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1–3.
Day 2: Act I. Scenes 4–7.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 1–4.—Interval of a week or two.
Day 4: Act III. Scenes 1–5. (Act III. Scene 6 "an impossible time.")
Day 5: Act IV. Scene 1.
Day 6: Act IV. Scene 2.—Interval of a week or two.
Day 7: Act IV. Scene 3; Act V. Scene 1.—Interval of a few weeks.
Day 8: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.
Day 9: Act V. Scenes 4–8.

MACBETH.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Macbeth was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and the printing seems to have been done with singular carelessness, or from a singularly imperfect MS., probably a hastily-made transcript. All that we know with certainty of the date when the play was written, is, that it was some time before 1610. In Collier's New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakespeare, 1836, there is an account of a MS. discovered in the Ashmolean Museum, containing the "Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof" of Dr. Simon Forman, the notorious astrologer, who died in 1611. The entry for April 20, 1610, is given by Collier as follows:

"In *Macbeth*, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women Fairies, or Nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, King of Codor, for thou shalt be a King, but shalt beget no Kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the Nymphs; thou shalt beget Kings, yet be no King. And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland to Duncan King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bad them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him to his own Castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the King, in his own Castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the King, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

"The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the [other to] Wales, to save themselves: they being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned King, and then he for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the King's son, and so they raised an army and came into Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after in the battle Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's Queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the Doctor noted her words."

The minuteness of this analysis, as well as its mistakes of memory, shows that the play was new to Dr. Forman, but this does not prove that the play itself was new. The characteristics of the versification would be quite inconsistent with so late a date. Much more probable, on this ground, is the date of 1606 or thereabouts, assigned by Malone and others chiefly on account of some allusions to contemporary events, which do not, however, carry with them any great amount of certainty. While there is undoubtedly an allusion to the union of the two kingdoms under James I. in iv. 1. 120, 121:

> some I see
> That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry—

it does not necessarily follow that the king's accession had but just taken place; nor is it certain that there is any allusion in the fifth and ninth lines of the Porter's soliloquy (the "farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty," and the equivocator "who committed treason enough for God's sake") to the remarkably low price of corn in the summer and autumn of 1606, and to the equivocation and perjury of Garnet the Jesuit on the occasion of his trial in March of the same year. But while these references, if references they be, are too slight and too uncertain to afford by themselves any definite ground of opinion, they may be taken, certainly, as in some sort confirmatory of the metrical indications of the earlier date. The first printed reference to the play occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, 1611, where a passage in the fifth act is undoubtedly meant as a good-natured burlesque of the ghost of Banquo.

Shakespeare found his materials for Macbeth, as for all his historical plays dealing with England and Scotland, in Holinshed's Chronicles. Holinshed took his narrative from the twelfth book of the Scotorum Historiae of Hector Boece, printed at Paris in 1526, and translated into the Scotch dialect by John Bellenden, archdeacon of Moray, in 1541. Boece's narrative follows Fordun. The legendary foundation on which Shakespeare worked has very little in common with the real facts of history. I take from the Clarendon Press edition (p. xlii) the following résumé of the points in which Shakespeare and Holinshed are at variance with history, condensed from Chalmers' Caledonia, bk. iii. ch. vii. "The rebellion of Macdonwald and the invasion of Sueno during the reign of Duncan are fables; Banquo and Fleance, the ancestors of the Stuarts, are the inventions of the chronicler. Lady Macbeth, whose name was Gruoch, was the grand-daughter of Kenneth IV., who was slain at the battle of Monivaird by Malcolm II. Her first husband, Gilcomgain, the maormor of Moray, was burnt in his castle with fifty of his friends. Her only brother was slain by Malcolm's orders. There were reasons therefore why she should cherish vengeance against Duncan, the grandson of Malcolm. She took as her second husband Macbeth, the maormor of Ross, who, during the minority of her son Lulach, became maormor of Moray. The rebellion of Torfin, Earl of Caithness, another grandson of Malcolm's, appears to have been the original of the revolt of Macdonwald, and Duncan was on his way to punish it when he fell a victim to treachery at Bothgownan, near Elgin, in the territory of Gruoch and Macbeth. Macbeth on his side had motives for revenge. His father Finlegh, or Finley, maormor of Ross, had been slain in a conflict with Malcolm II. in 1020. In Wyntown's Cronykil of Scotland an entirely different version is given. Duncan is there the uncle of Macbeth, who is thane of Cromarty; and Gruoch is Duncan's wife, who after the murder of her husband marries Macbeth. Malcolm is the illegitimate son of Duncan by a miller's daughter, and a supernatural parentage is invented for Macbeth himself. It is in Wyntown that we first meet with the weird sisters, who, however, only manifest themselves to Macbeth and spur his ambition in a dream. According to the same chronicler, the absence of Macduff from the feast was one of the causes which provoked Macbeth against him. It is worth observing that there is nothing of this kind in the narrative of Holinshed. The battle of Dunsinnan did not decide the fate of Macbeth. He was de-

feated there in the year 1054, but it was not till two years afterwards that he met with his death at Lumphanan by the hands of Macduff, December 5, 1056." I may add, from Scott's History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 18 (Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia), a further detail in regard to the Macbeth of history: "Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan [the name is variously spelt Bothgowan, Bothgownan, and Bothgowanan] or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince."

In the construction of his play Shakespeare follows Holinshed on the whole closely, but he transfers a number of the details in connection with the murder of Duncan from the account of the murder of King Duffe (the great-grandfather of Lady Macbeth) by Donwald, "capteine of the castle" of Forres, "being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife." Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking, her fate hinted at by Shakespeare, the appearance of Banquo's ghost, and some points in the character of Banquo, are the only noticeable additions or variations from the narrative of Holinshed.[1]

A few words must here be said on the debated question of the indebtedness of Macbeth to Middleton's Witch, or of The Witch to Macbeth. When, in 1778 or 1779, the MS. of the Witch was discovered, it was at once seen that there were certain resemblances, at least in the witchcraft scenes, between the two plays, and that the words of the songs referred to in the stage-directions to Macbeth, iii. 5. 33 and iv. 1. 43,—found, indeed, in Davenant's version, and consequently supposed to be his,—were taken from the play of Middleton. Steevens, with the pardonable enthusiasm of the discoverer, at once concluded that Shakespeare must have imitated Middleton. Others asserted that Middleton must have imitated Shakespeare. As the date of neither play is known with even an approach to certainty, it is impossible to decide the question by a simple appeal to precedence. The probability, however, of Shakespeare, at the height of his tragic power, falling back on plagiarism or imitation of a writer so much inferior to himself as Middleton, does not seem very strong. That Middleton should have imitated Shakespeare would be nothing at all remarkable. But, as it has been seen by the really critical critics, from Lamb onward and downward, the difference between the witches of Shakespeare and of Middleton is one, not of degree, but of kind. The witches of Middleton are among the most really imaginative creations of a singularly fine but singularly unequal writer—creations full of a fantastic horror and a grotesque ghastliness. But the witches of Shakespeare pass out of the region of the grotesque into that of sublimity. The witches of Middleton, as Lamb has said, can hurt the body; "these have power over the soul." Fragments torn out of the texture of Shakespeare's work would thus be almost as much out of place in the work of Middleton as fragments of Middleton in the work of Shakespeare. The possibility remains of interpolation—for of the hypothesis of collaboration between Shakespeare and Middleton one cannot well see so much as the *possibility*. The Clarendon Press editors, after raising the question of collaboration in a hesitating manner, dismiss it in favour of the former supposition. They say, in summing up: "On the whole we incline to think that the play was interpolated after Shakespeare's death, or, at least, after he had withdrawn from all connection with the theatre. The interpolator was, not improbably, Thomas Middleton; who, to please the 'groundlings,' expanded the parts originally assigned by Shakespeare to the

[1] I have given or referred to in the Notes all the passages in the Chronicles which are of interest as the originals of scenes and passages in the play. No separate notes on Dramatis Personæ are, however, given, as so little is known historically of the characters. All needful information will be found in the preceding paragraph and in the various extracts from Holinshed in the Notes.

weird sisters, and also introduced a new character, Hecate." They assign, in addition, several other scenes, lines, or passages, to the interpolator, thus taking from Shakespeare the second scene of act i., the first 37 lines of the third scene, line 61 in act ii. sc. 1, the Porter's scene in act ii., the fifth scene of act iii., the lines from 39–47 and 125–132 inclusive in act iv. sc. 1, with lines 140–159 of the third scene; the second scene of act v. they regard as doubtful, and in the fifth scene of that act they would allot to the interpolator lines 47–50, with the words,

> before my body
> I throw my warlike shield,

in scene 8, and the last forty lines of the play.

The minuteness of this list is rather embarrassing. That the play of Macbeth as we have it contains some interpolations out of Middleton seems to me decidedly probable; indeed, the only possible solution, in the light of the information before us, of an otherwise insoluble problem. But that all the passages obelized by Messrs. Clark and Wright were interpolated by Middleton I very decidedly disbelieve; and I doubt whether Middleton himself was the interpolator. On the whole, I incline very much to the opinion expressed by Mr. Swinburne in his essay on Middleton—namely, that the interpolation of the "few superfluous and incongruous lines or fragments from the lyric portions of the lesser poet's work" was done by the editors of the first Folio, who have certainly left us a very corrupt text of the play as a whole.

STAGE HISTORY.

Macbeth seems from the first to have been a very popular play upon the stage, in spite of its gloomy character and the want of any comic relief, except in the scene with the porter (ii. 3). No doubt the remarkable popularity of this tragedy after the Restoration was in a great measure owing to the supplementary attraction of Lock's music; but before it had the advantage of any extraneous aid from one of the sister arts the strong dramatic interest of the play seems to have taken hold of the public, and although there were no surreptitious Quartos published this was probably not owing to any want of literary interest in the play, but rather to the fact that Shakespeare, by dint of experience gained in his long war against pirate publishers, was able to defeat their nefarious devices with regard to this and one or two others of his later plays. In The Puritan, or Widow of Watling Street, first published in 1607, a comedy which was acted by the children of Paul's, being one of the seven plays attributed to Shakespeare in F.3 and F.4, there is an apparent allusion to the ghost of Banquo: "instead of a Jester, we 'll ha the ghost i' th' white sheet sit at upper end oth' Table" [Folio 1685, Act iv. (close to end)], and in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, published in 1613, but written two years previously, there is a more palpable allusion to the same scene (v. 1):

> When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
> Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,
> I 'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
> Invisible to all men but thyself,
> And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,
> Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
> And stand as mute and pale as death itself.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 94, col. 1.

This extract is interesting as probably pointing to a piece of stage business in the part of Macbeth in the Banqueting scene. What Simon Forman, that queer mixture of doctor and magician, had to say about Macbeth when he saw it at the Globe Theatre, April 20, 1610, has been already given above (p. 3). But it will be as well to repeat here what he says with regard to the management of Banquo's Ghost: "standing vp to drincke a Carouse to him, the ghoste of Banco came and sate down in his cheier *behind him;*" the last two words seem to show that Macbeth, contrary to the traditional stage business, was standing in front of his chair when the Ghost first enters.

After the Restoration Macbeth was one of Shakespeare's plays which was revived with considerable success. Before that period it is most probable that Macbeth was represented with only the two songs that we find mentioned in F. 1, and one or two dances for the witches introduced. On November 5,

1664, Pepys went to the Duke's house to see "Macbeth, a pretty good play but admirably acted" (vol. iii. p. 69). On December 28, 1666, Pepys saw this play again at the same theatre and calls it "a most excellent play for variety" (vol. iv. p. 195); and again, under date January 7, 1666-7, "To the Duke's house, and saw 'Macbeth,' which though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable" (vol. iv. 202). This more detailed account seems to imply that there certainly was music and singing, and most probably dancing, in the version of Macbeth which Pepys saw. On October 16, 1667, he writes, "I was vexed to see Young who is but a bad actor at best act Macbeth in the room of Betterton, who, poor man! is sick. but Lord! what a prejudice it wrought in me against the whole play, and every body else in disliking this fellow" (vol. v. p. 57). Betterton's absence did not prevent him seeing the play again on November 6 of the same year, "which we still like mightily, though mighty short of the content we used to have when Betterton acted, who is still sick (vol. v. 86). Again, on August 12, 1668, he "saw 'Macbeth' to our great content" (vol. v. p. 333), on December 21st of the same year, and on January 15th of the following one.

The question now arises, when was Davenant's version, as published in Quarto in 1673, and again reprinted in 1674 and 1687, first produced? On this point we have no decided evidence. Downes, on whose authority the alteration of Macbeth is attributed to Davenant, does not tell us. After the removal of the new company to Dorset Garden in November, 1671, he says: "The Tragedy of *Macbeth*, altered by *Sir William Davenant;* being drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines, as flyings for the witches, with all the singing, and dancing in it: the first composed by Mr. *Lock*, the other by Mr. *Channell*[1] and Mr. *Joseph Priest;*[1] it being all excellently performed, being in the nature of an Opera, it recompenced double the expence: it proves still a lasting play. *Note*, That this Tragedy, *King Lear*, and *The Tempest*, were acted in Lincoln's-Inn Fields" (pp. 42, 43). Now if this was the case, we may fairly conjecture that Davenant had introduced a considerable amount of what Pepys called "divertisement" into the tragedy before 1671. He had evidently obtained somehow or other the MS. of Middleton's Witch, the music for which had been written, by an unknown hand, some time before the Restoration. A portion of this music, the setting of the song "Come away, Hecket Hecket," was published from a MS. about 1812; and it appears from an examination of it, that Lock had partly adapted it in his setting of the same song. Whether Davenant had first ventured on mutilating and defiling, one may almost say, with additions of his own the text of the tragedy is doubtful; but, without any great degree of presumption, we may reasonably conclude that it was not the text of Shakespeare which was presented at the Duke's Theatre in 1664, but something like the version known as Davenant's, of which I will now give some account

In act i. scene 3 the first change made is transforming the "bleeding captain" of the Folio into Seyton. The language is prosified as much as possible, while still kept in the shape of verse. Seyton's speeches are but feeble versions of the "bleeding captain's." It is not Ross, but Macduff, who is made to bring the news of the defeat of the rebellious Cawdor; and, in the next scene, where Macbeth and Banquo meet the Witches, Macduff is again made to take the place both of Ross and Angus. In Macbeth's speech aside there is no allusion to his having had any idea of murder in his mind. The speech ends with the following four lines:

> Fortune, methinks, which rains down honours
> on me,
> Seems to rain blood here: Duncan does appear
> Clouded by my increasing glories, but
> These are but dreams.

In the next scene (scene 4 in Shakespeare), in Macbeth's speech beginning "The Prince of

[1] These two gentlemen were not musicians, but ballet-masters.

Cumberland" the following alteration is made in the last four lines:

> The strange idea of a bloody act
> Does into doubt all my resolves distract.
> My eye shall at my hand connive, the sun
> Himself shall wink when such a deed is done.

These four lines are substituted for the last two lines of the original. Now comes an introduced scene which is full of strange beauties. Lady Macbeth enters, "having a letter in her hand," with Lady Macduff, who is supposed to be stopping with her as a visitor. We cannot give the whole of this scene, the following specimen will suffice:

> [*Aside*] I willingly would read this letter; but
> Her presence hinders me; I must divert her.
> [*To Lady Macduff*] If you are ill, repose may do you good;
> Y' had best retire; and try if you can sleep.

This exquisite passage puts quite into the shade whatever of Shakespeare's language is retained in this scene. Lady Macbeth, being alone, now reads the letter. Davenant has a delightful way of getting rid of any difficulty in the text, either by eliminating it altogether, or by converting it into the most commonplace language. For instance, the passage beginning "thou 'dst have, great Glamis," becomes the very simple sentence:

> Thou willingly, great Glamis, wouldst enjoy
> The end without the means.

Another singular alteration is worth noticing. Instead of "The raven himself is hoarse," &c., we have:

> There would be music in a raven's voice,
> Which should but croak the entrance of the king
> Under my battlements.

How Shakespeare's language is deformed, we may judge from this sentence:

> That no relapse into mercy may
> Shake my design, nor make it fall before
> 'T is ripened to effect;

and how the rhythm is destroyed, we may judge from this line:

> *Where'er in* your sightless substances you wait;

instead of

> Wherever in your sightless substances
> You wait, &c.

But it would be impossible to reproduce the countless outrages on Shakespeare's poetry that meet one at every turn. We must, however, observe that the whole situation, as designed by Shakespeare, was changed by the presence of Lady Macduff and her husband in Macbeth's castle at the time of Duncan's murder. The second act, at first, follows Shakespeare very closely; but it is worth while seeing what the great Sir William made of the dagger soliloquy. It begins with the most wonderful emendation:

> Go, bid your mistress, when she is undrest,
> To strike the closet bell, and I 'll go to bed.

Some of Shakespeare's magnificent lines are mercifully spared. We have one wonderful reading, a flash of genuine inspiration:

> now murder is
> *All arm'd* by his night's centinel, the wolf;

and the magnificently tragic couplet that concludes Shakespeare's soliloquy is elegantly transformed into

> O Duncan, hear it not! for 't is a bell
> That *rings my coronation* and thy knell.

The magnificent scene, after the murder, between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, is not very much revised; but we have one or two gems in this, such as:

> I am afraid to think what I have done.
> What then with looking on it shall I do?

Again the passage, in which the line

> The multitudinous seas incarnadine

occurs, is swept away, and we have:

> Can the sea afford
> Water enough to wash away the stains?
> No, they would sooner add a tincture to
> The sea, and turn the green into a red.

Tincture has a delightful suggestion of cochineal. The Porter's scene is bodily removed; and in its stead we have a short dialogue between Macduff and Lennox, introducing a beautiful speech of Macduff:

> Rising this morning early, I went to look out of my Window, and I could scarce see farther than my breath;
> The darkness of the night brought but few objects To our eyes, but many to our ears.

At the end of this act there is a considerable amount introduced. Macduff declares that his wife and children have already gone to Fife, and that he will follow them. Then comes a scene, on The Heath, between Lady Macduff, Maid, and Servant (the latter of whom has been ordered "to attend his master *with the chariot*"!—). Macduff meets them; and there is a long concerted piece for the Witches, who are heard outside. Then three Witches appear and prophesy to Macduff and Lady Macduff. The third act goes on pretty straight till the end of the scene between Macbeth and the two Murderers; when there is introduced a scene between Macduff and Lady Macduff, in which they discuss together the question of Macduff assuming the sceptre for his country's good. The scene is written throughout in the heroic metre, but scarcely in a heroic strain; though we have some very beautiful lines, *e.g.* where Lady Macduff says:

> But then reflect upon the danger, sir,
> Which you by your aspiring would incur.

In the banquet scene there is very little change. As to the ghost of Banquo, we learn from the list of Dramatis Personæ that this was not performed by the same actor, Smith, who played Banquo, but by another, Sandford. Genest says: "there is strong reason to believe that Smith was a fine figure, whereas Sandford was deformed" (vol. i. p. 140). The stage-direction, on the first entry of the Ghost is *Enter Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.* After Lady Macbeth says:

> What! quite unmann'd in folly?

the Ghost descends; and when it reappears, just as Macbeth is drinking to Banquo, the direction is *The Ghost of Banquo rises at his feet;* and after the words, "Hence, horrible shadow," *Exit Ghost.* From these stage-directions it would appear that the Ghost walked on at its first entrance, then disappeared down a trap-door, by which it came up at its next entrance; it made its final exit walking off. After this scene there is introduced one between Macduff and Lady Macduff, where the news of Banquo's murder, being brought to Macduff, induces him to fly from Scotland.

In the third act, scenes 5 and 6 of Shakespeare are transposed, and the act ends with the scene between Hecate and the Three Witches; considerable liberties having been taken here with Shakespeare's text, and some rubbish out of Middleton's Witch is introduced, which was all set to music. It seems that Hecate appeared on *a machine* which descended with her. One alteration in her speech is amusing. Hecate, according to Shakespeare (iii. 5. 23–25), says:

> Upon the corner of the moon
> There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
> I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

which the refined Davenant converts into:

> For on a corner of the moon,
> A drop *my spectacles* have found,
> I'll catch it ere it come to ground.

From this we gather the interesting fact that Hecate's goings-on at night must have affected her eyesight. Singular to say, the name of the manufacturer of the *spectacles* is not given; if it had been there might have been some substantial reason for the alteration.

In act iv. scene 1 Lady Macduff and her son are omitted altogether, and the murder is supposed to be committed off the stage. Scene 3, between Malcolm and Macduff, takes place in Birnam Wood and not in England—an attempt, I suppose, to preserve the unities of place. Then comes an introduced scene which, I suppose, is intended, by the deformer of the play, to win some sympathy both for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. First there is a short dialogue between Seyton and Macbeth, in which Macbeth hesitates to join his army because of his wife's illness; Lady Macbeth soon enters, and announces that she is haunted by the Ghost of Duncan. She urges her husband to resign the crown, reproaches him with obeying her counsels, and declares that she has "had too much of kings already." Then Duncan's Ghost appears, when Macbeth, in a burst of poetry, exclaims, "Now she relapses!" He then calls her women to lead Lady Macbeth out, and, when left alone, remarks:

> She does from Duncan's death to sickness grieve,
> And shall from Malcolm's death her health receive.
> When by a viper bitten nothing 's good
> To cure the venom but a viper's blood.

The act concludes with a scene in which Lennox (not Ross) announces to Macduff the murder of his wife and children. The fifth act begins with the sleep-walking scene, which is very much curtailed; and Seyton takes the place of the Doctor. Nearly all the poetry of Shakespeare in this act is eliminated. When Macbeth hears of his wife's death he remarks:

> She should have died hereafter.
> I brought her here to see my victims not to die.

In the last scene Macbeth kills Lennox, not young Siward, and is killed by Macduff. Before he expires he exclaims:

> Farewell, vain world, and what 's most vain in it, ambition.

This line probably gave the cue to Garrick for the dying speech which he introduced. (See below, p. 13.)

I have thought it worth while to give this detailed account of Davenant's version of Macbeth, in order that my readers may see what was the only form, in which Shakespeare's great tragedy was known to playgoers for something like a hundred years after the Restoration. The introduction of the songs and the music one can pardon; but how can one conceive that such detestable violence was done to the exquisite rhythm and poetry of Shakespeare's blank verse, and persisted in, without the strongest protest from every educated person who witnessed such a performance? In an age which produced such masters of elegant comedy as Congreve and Vanbrugh, dramatists as true to nature as Farquhar, or as pathetic as Otway; when such poets as Milton and Cowley were yet alive, and Dryden was in the full zenith of his power; when the voice of such a satirist as Samuel Butler was not yet hushed; in an age when, however much frivolity and pleasure might dominate society, there must have been no inconsiderable number of persons of rank and quality, who knew something of Shakespeare and the best literature of the past; how such wretched rubbish, as some of the lines which we have quoted, could be then tolerated by an audience; how actors like Betterton, Wilks, and Booth could speak such fustian stuff in lieu of the dramatic poetry of Shakespeare, which they must have had the opportunity of reading, is to me almost unintelligible. It is the fashion with certain lights of literature to sneer at the commentators of Shakespeare; but I think that we should remember that it is to such men as Rowe, Hanmer, and Theobald, and, after them, to Samuel Johnson, Malone, and Steevens, that we owe the rescue of Shakespeare's text from the depths of degradation into which it had sunk. The publication of his plays with the text freed, to a great extent, from printers' errors, and from the very unattractive appearance which they presented in the old Folios and Quartos, enabled a much wider circle of educated persons to read Shakespeare's plays, and as they read him, and the fact dawned upon them that the lines which they had heard spoken over and over again by the greatest of actors, were never written by Shakespeare, there arose a desire for the restoration on the stage of something, at any rate, more approaching the poet's text. Even the timid and fumbling liberties, which Garrick ventured to take with his stage versions, were resented; and, for the first time, audiences heard, spoken with the advantages of the finest elocution, not the jingling trash of Davenant and Tate, or the inflated bombast of Cibber, or even the resonant couplets of Dryden, but the true vigorous, manly and rhythmic verse of Shakespeare himself. Small marvel is it that, when Shakespeare's tragedy was known only through such a version as that of which I have given an account, the conception of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth should have become blurred and confused; that the finer points of Shakespeare's great creations should have been lost sight of alike by actors and audience. The result was that instead of the many-sided and contradictory character, with its varied emotions, its subtle and complex motives, its strange mixture of deep self-analysis, shallow superstition, and simple physical courage, Macbeth was treated as if he were a manly soldier reluctantly tempted to crime; or as if he were completely dominated by a woman with scarcely any womanly qualities, and with none of that strange fascination, that marvel-

lous power of assuming to be that which she was not, which we find in Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth, but not in Davenant's. It is much to the credit of the actors and actresses who played these two parts that they could form any conception at all of the characters from the garbled and mutilated text which they had to speak.

It looks like a work of supererogation; but, after the publication of Davenant's version of Shakespeare's tragedy, a certain Thomas Duffett, a milliner in the New Exchange, attempted a travesty of Macbeth in 1674, confined almost, if not quite, to the scenes in which Hecate and the Witches figure. This he tacked on to a farce of his called the Empress of Morocco, in the shape of an Epilogue. It is excessively vulgar and devoid of humour even of the coarsest kind. The same individual is responsible for the travesty of The Tempest, which for dull filth and bestial vulgarity has scarcely ever been exceeded in the English language.

Macbeth had the singular fate of being turned into a puppet-show by one Harry Rowe, who was born at York, 1726, and died 1800, in great poverty. An edition of Macbeth was published in his name, but it is supposed to have been really the work of one Dr. A. Hunter. Later still, when Elliston was manager of the Royal Circus, in St. George's Fields, he produced a version of Macbeth arranged as a Ballet d'Action by Mr. J. C. Cross. Elliston played Macbeth himself and spoke some of the text; the murder of Duncan was shown on the stage, and several new scenes introduced; the characters included Edward the Confessor, and of witches there was a goodly array. Full particulars of this singular attempt to play the legitimate drama in defiance of the law will be found in the preface to Davenant's Macbeth, in vol. v. of his Works (edn. 1874).

The cast prefixed to the first edition of Davenant's Macbeth gives Betterton as Macbeth, Lee[1] as Duncan, Harris as Macduff, Medbourne[2] as Lennox, and Mrs. Betterton as Lady Macbeth.

As to the performances of Macbeth that took place after 1673, they are far too numerous to record. While Davenant's miserable version held the stage the great actors who succeeded Betterton in the part of Macbeth were Powell, the elder Mills[3] and Quin. Wilks chose the part of Macduff, in which he was excellent, while Booth had to content himself with the comparatively inferior one of Banquo. Amongst the Lady Macbeths of this period may be mentioned Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bullock, and Mrs. Horton. Quin frequently played Macbeth, his first appearance being at Drury Lane on May 9th, 1717. He was the last representative of Davenant's Macbeth, and he never seems to have played Shakespeare's tragedy; though on January 31st, 1738, at Drury Lane, according to the playbill, Macbeth, "written by Shakespeare," was produced. But I think Genest was quite right in rejecting the truth of that statement, and that nothing approaching Shakespeare's own play was produced till Garrick made his first appearance in the part, when Macbeth, "as written by Shakespeare," was announced at Drury Lane January 7th, 1744, and Quin was so ignorant that he believed he had been playing Shakespeare's Macbeth all the time. Garrick did not have the advantage of any great support. Mrs. Giffard was Lady Macbeth, and her husband Macduff. According to Genest, before the end of May that year Macbeth was played thirteen times. During the next season it was acted only three times. In Fitzgerald's Life of Garrick (vol. ii. pp. 69–78) will be found a detailed account of his acting in this character. Davies praises his Macbeth very highly, but always in conjunction with the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Pritchard, of whom it is not too much to say that to her a great part in the impression that the play produced was due. Garrick

[1] According to Downes this was Nat Lee, the dramatist, who failed totally in the part, and consequently gave up acting. This was in 1672; in the previous year Otway made a similar failure as the King in Mrs. Behn's Jealous Bridegroom.

[2] Medbourne, who was a Roman Catholic, was committed to Newgate during the so-called Popish Plot, and died there.

[3] He was very bad in the part. It is difficult to understand why he was put over the heads of such actors as Booth and Powell.

may have been great in the part of Macbeth; but he must have been heavily handicapped by his ridiculous dress,—his red coat and silver lace and tie-wig—all which absurd inconsistencies he had not the good sense to alter. But, however powerful may have been his rendering of some portions of the tragedy, it is not uncharitable to suppose that he felt himself rather overshadowed by Mrs. Pritchard; for he only revived Macbeth, as a rule, once in the season, after he had the advantage of her co-operation; and some seasons he did not play the part at all.

In Macklin's representation at Covent Garden, October 23rd, 1773, all the characters were dressed in Scotch costumes, and the absurdity of Macbeth walking about as a modern captain in full uniform was discarded. Steevens pointed out that, when the piece was first produced, there seems to have been some attempt to dress the characters in an appropriate costume; for Malcolm discovers Ross by his dress when he is still some distance from him. Macklin repeated Macbeth once or twice, his appearance in which was the occasion for the display of a considerable amount of malice on the part of his enemies, some of whom, in the following year, 1774, he convicted of conspiracy before the Court of King's Bench.

No one seems to have rivalled Mrs. Pritchard in Lady Macbeth, not even Mrs. Cibber, much less Mrs. Woffington, who attempted the part; and she seems to have had no worthy successor till Mrs. Siddons appeared, with the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Yates. Though Mrs. Siddons had appeared in London for the first time in 1775, when she figured in the bill as "a young lady" (see Introduction to Merchant of Venice, vol. v.), she does not seem to have touched Shakespeare again till she appeared as Isabella in Measure for Measure; and it was not till February 2nd, 1785, that she first acted Lady Macbeth at Drury Lane Theatre for her own benefit. The cast, on this occasion, included Smith as Macbeth, Brereton as Macduff, Bensley as Banquo, with Parsons, Moody, and Baddeley as the three Witches. This, on the whole, was not a particularly strong cast; but as to her own success there could not be a moment's doubt. I would earnestly protest against any such foolish idea getting possession of our minds, as the one that Mrs. Siddons played Lady Macbeth in the style of a stern and forbidding termagant. Her peculiar form of genius lent itself naturally to the vivid portraiture of the more terrible features of the character; but her conception of the part was full of subtle and delicate touches, of exquisite passages of tenderness, as well as of resonant notes of supernatural terror, and flashes of fire, almost infernal in their devilish splendour; thus much is perfectly clear from the descriptions left to us by those who were happy enough to see her in that wonderful impersonation. As a piece of dramatic inspiration, one would feel inclined to place Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth side by side with the Othello of Edmund Kean. On March 31st in the same year, Kemble appeared for the first time as Macbeth; and in the course of the season the play was represented ten times. Though Kemble's performance of Macbeth was undoubtedly a very impressive one, he could not be said to outshine his sister in this play. The defective quality of his voice, against which his artistic career was one long struggle, placed him at a great disadvantage in comparison with Garrick; still he appears to have been, on the whole, the greatest Macbeth since Garrick till Edmund Kean appeared in the part, November 5th, 1814. Henderson's Macbeth was impressive—in fact this actor never seems to have done anything badly; Young was too sombre, Elliston too violent, and Cooke too rough and unimaginative; Kemble excelled in the Banquet scene; but in the murder scene Kean was unapproachable. Kemble published his arrangement of Macbeth in 1803; but in a copy which now lies before me I find a MS. note to the effect that another edition without any date was sold at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale, said to be with alterations by Kemble. The cast printed in the edition, 1803, is a very strong one, and included Charles Kemble as Malcolm, Cooke as Macduff, Murray as Banquo, the great Incledon as Hecate, Blanchard and Emery as two of the Witches, besides, of course, Kemble and his sister in the two prin-

cipal parts. The text seems very carefully edited. The additions made by Davenant from Middleton's Witch are retained, as of course they were obliged to be whenever Lock's music was performed in its completeness. The only point to which one can take exception is the insertion, at the end of the play, of the following lines spoken by Macbeth as he is dying:—

> 'T is done! the scene of life will quickly close.
> Ambition's vain delusive dreams are fled,
> And now I wake to darkness, guilt, and horror.—
> I cannot rise:—I dare not ask for mercy—
> It is too late;—hell drags me down;—I sink,
> I sink;—my soul is lost for ever! Oh!—Oh!

These lines are eminently unsuitable to the character of Macbeth, and one is surprised at such a Shakespearian purist as John Kemble admitting them into the text.

Macready made his first appearance as Macbeth on June 9th, 1820, at Covent Garden. It was a favourite part of his; and in the banquet scene he introduced some very effective business. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, on September 27th, 1847, produced Macbeth, divested of the Singing Witches, and with Lady Macduff restored, and the scene in which she and her children are murdered. He had previously played the part to Mrs. Warner's Lady Macbeth, on Whit Monday, 1844, with great success. His rendering of this character was considered one of his finest efforts.

Macbeth was among the grand Shakespearian revivals produced by Charles Kean when manager of the Princess's Theatre. The tragedy was performed first before Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle, on Friday, 4th February, 1853, and was produced at the Princess's on the 14th of the same month; but Kean had previously played the part at the Haymarket during the season 1840–41. He retained the whole of Lock's music.

This play began a long run at the Lyceum Theatre on 18th September, 1875, with Henry Irving as Macbeth; and on 29th December, 1888, Mr. Irving reproduced it with special music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Miss Ellen Terry playing Lady Macbeth for the first time. It had a record run of 150 nights.

In the same year J. W. Wallack played Macbeth at the Marylebone Theatre, with Vandenhoff as Macduff and Mrs. Wallack as Lady Macbeth. The title rôle was afterwards filled by C. Dillon, J. Anderson, W. Creswick, Barry Sullivan, and others; while Lady Macbeth was undertaken by Miss Atkinson, Miss H. Faucit, Madam Ristori, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer, Miss Wallis, Miss Geneviève Ward, &c.

In 1882, at Drury Lane, a spectacular Macbeth was produced, with W. Rignold in the title-part, J. H. Barnes as Macduff, and A. Dacre as Malcolm. At the Olympic (a matinée), May 3rd, 1888, E. S. Willard played Macbeth. The tragedy was performed at the Lyceum, September 17th, 1898, under Mr. Forbes Robertson's management. Mr. Robertson played Macbeth, Martin Harvey was Malcolm, Bernard Gould, Banquo, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Lady Macbeth.

Miss Mary Anderson appeared as Lady Macbeth at Washington, U.S.A., in January, 1877. A performance in French (adaptation by J. Richepin) was given at the Gaiety Theatre, July 4th, 1884, by Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Of all Shakespeare's tragedies Macbeth is the simplest in outline, the swiftest in action. After the witches' prelude, the first scene brings us at once into the centre of stormy interest, and in Macbeth's first words an ambiguous note prepares us for strange things to come. Thence to the end there is no turning aside in the increasing speed of events. Thought jumps to action, action is overtaken by consequence, with a precipitate haste, as if it were all written breathlessly. And in the style (always the style of Shakespeare's maturity) there is a hurry, an impatient condensation, metaphor running into metaphor, thought on the heels of thought, which gives (apart from the undoubted corruption of the text as it comes to us) something abrupt, difficult, violent, to the language of even unimportant characters, messengers or soldiers. Thus the play has several of those memorable condensations of a great matter into a little compass, of which Macduff's "He has no

children!" is perhaps the most famous in literature; together with less than usual of mere comment on life. If here and there a philosophical thought meets us, it is the outcry of sensation—as in the magnificent words which sum up the vanity of life in the remembrance of the dusty ending—rather than a reflection in any true sense of the word. Of pathos, even, there is on the whole not much. In that scene from which I have just quoted the crowning words, there is, I think, a note of pathos beyond which language cannot go; and in the scene which leads up to it—a scene full of the most delicate *humour*, the humour born of the unconscious nearness of things pitiful—there is something truly pathetic, a pathos which clings about all Shakespeare's portraits of children. But elsewhere, even in places where we might expect it, there is but little sign of a quality with which it was not in Shakespeare's plan to lighten the terror or soften the hardness of the impression one receives from this sombre play. Terror—that was the effect at which he seems to have aimed; terror standing out vividly against a background of obscure and yet more dreadful mystery. The "root of horror," from which the whole thing grows, has been planted, one becomes aware, in hell:—do the supernatural solicitings merely foreshow or do they really instigate the deeds to which they bear witness? Omens blacken every page. An "Old Man" is brought into the play for no other purpose than to become the appropriate mouthpiece of the popular sense of the strange disturbance in the order of nature. Macbeth is the prey to superstition, and it seems really as if a hand other than his own forces him forward on the road to destruction. In no other play of Shakespeare's, not even in Hamlet, is the power of spiritual agencies so present with us; nowhere is Fate so visibly the handmaid or the mistress of Retribution. In such a play it is no wonder that pathos is swallowed up in terror, and that the only really frank abandonment to humour is in an interlude of ghastly pleasantry, the Shakespearean authorship of which has been doubted.

In this brief and rapid play, where the action has so little that is superfluous, and all is ordered with so rigid a concentration, the interest is still further narrowed and intensified by being directed almost wholly upon two persons. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth fill the stage. In painting them Shakespeare has expended his full power. He has cared to do no more than sketch the other characters. As in the sketches of Michelangelo preserved at Oxford, the few lines of the drawing call up a face as truly lifelike as that which fronts us in the completed picture. But in the play these subordinate figures are forgotten in the absorbing interest of the two great primary ones. The real conflict, out of which the action grows, is the conflict between the worse and better natures of these two persons; the real tragedy is one of conscience, and the murder of Duncan, the assassination of Banquo, the slaughters with which the play is studded, are but the outward signs, the bloody signatures, of the terrible drama which is going on within.

When Macbeth, returning victorious from the field of battle, is met by the witches' prediction—"All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!"—is it not curious that his thoughts should turn with such astonishing promptitude to the idea of murder? The tinder, it is evident, is lying ready, and it needs but a spark to set the whole alight. We learn from his wife's analysis of his character that he is ambitious, discontented, willing to do wrong in order to attain to greatness, yet, like so many of the unsuccessful criminals, hampered always in the way of wrongdoing by an inconvenient afterthought of virtue. He has never enough of it to stay his hand from the deed, but he has just sufficient to sicken him of the crime when only half-way through it. He may plan and plot, but at the last he acts always on impulse, and he is never able to pursue a deliberate course coolly. He knows himself well enough to say, once:

> No boasting like a fool,
> This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

Before this purpose cool!—that is always the danger to fear in a nature of this unstable sort. He can murder Duncan, but he cannot

bring himself to return and face his work, though his own safety depends upon it. It is the woman who goes back into the fatal chamber, whither he dares not return. No sooner has he done the deed than he wishes it undone. His conscience is awake now, awake and maundering. With the dawn courage returns; he is able to play his part with calmness, a new impulse having taken the place of the last one. Remorse for the present is put aside. He plots Banquo's death deliberately, and is almost gay in hinting it to his wife. Now, his feeling seems to be, we shall be safe —no need for more crime! And then, perhaps, there will be no more of the "terrible dreams."

When Banquo's ghost appears Macbeth's acting breaks down. He is in the hold of a fresh sensation, and horror and astonishment overwhelm all. After having thought himself at last secure! It is always through the superstitious side of his nature that Macbeth is impressible. His agitation at the sight of the ghost of Banquo is not, I think, a trick of the imagination, but the horror of a man who sees the actual ghost of the man he has slain. Thus he cannot reason it away, as, before the fancied dagger (a heated brain conjuring up images of its own intents) he can exclaim: "There 's no such thing!" The horror fastens deeply upon him, and he goes sullenly onward in the path of blood, seeing now that there is no returning by a way so thronged with worse than memories.

Since his initiate step in this path Macbeth has never been free from the mockery of desire to overcome his fears, to be at peace in evil-doing, to "sleep in spite of thunder." But his mind becomes more and more divided against itself, and the degradation of his nature goes on apace. When we see him finally at bay in his fortress, he is broken down by agitation and the disturbance of all within and without into a state of savage distraction, in which the individual sense of guilt seems to be lost in a sullen growth of moody distrust and of somewhat aimless ferocity. He is in a state in which "the grasshopper is a burden" and every event presents itself as an unbearable irritation. His nerves are unstrung: he bursts out into precipitate and causeless anger at the mere sight of the messenger who enters to him. One sees his mental and bodily upset in the impossibility of controlling the least whim. He calls for his armour, has it put on, pulls it off, bids it be brought after him. He talks to the doctor about the affairs of war, and plays grimly on medical terms. He dares now to confess to himself how weary he is of everything beneath the sun, and seeks in vain for what may "minister to a mind diseas'd." When, on a cry of women from within, he learns that his wife is dead, he can say no word of regret. "She should have died hereafter"—that is all, and a moralization. He has "supp'd full with horrors," and the taste of them has begun to pall. There remains now only the release of death. As prophecy after prophecy comes to its fulfilment, and the last hope is lost, desperation takes the place of confidence. When, finally, he sees the man before him by whom he knows he is to die, his soldier's courage rises at a taunt, and he fights to the end.

> Nothing in his life
> Became him like the leaving it.

The "note," as it may be called, of Macbeth is the weakness of a bold and vigorous mind and frame; that of Lady Macbeth is the strength of a finely-strung but perfectly determined nature. She dominates her husband by the persistence of an irresistible will; she herself, her woman's weakness, is alike dominated by the same compelling force. Let the effect on her of the witches' prediction be contrasted with the effect on Macbeth. In Macbeth there is a mental conflict, an attempt, however feeble, to make a stand against the temptation. But the prayer of his wife is not for power to resist, but for power to carry out, the deed. The same ambitions that were slumbering in him are in her stirred by the same spark into life. The flame runs through her and possesses her in an instant, and from the thought to its realization is but a step with her. Like all women, she is practical, swift from starting-point to goal, imperious in disregard of hindrances that may lie in the way. But she is resolute, also, with a determination which knows no limits; imaginative,

too (imagination being to her in the place of virtue), and it is this she fears, and it is this that wrecks her. Her prayer to the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, shows by no means a mind steeled to compunction. Why should she cry:

> Stop up the access and passage to remorse!

if hers were a mind in which no visitings of pity had to be dreaded? Her language is fervid, sensitive, and betrays with her first words the imagination which is her capacity for suffering. She is a woman who can be "magnificent in sin," but who has none of the callousness which makes the comfort of the criminal; — not one of the poisonous women of the Renaissance, who smile complacently after an assassination, but a woman of the North, in whom sin is its own "first revenge." She can do the deed, and she can do it triumphantly; she can even think her prayer has been answered; but the horror of the thing will change her soul, and at night, when the will that supported her indomitable mind by day, slumbers with the overtaxed body, her imagination—the soul she has in her for her torture—will awake and cry at last aloud. On the night of the murder it is Macbeth who falters; it is he who wishes that the deed might be undone, she who says to him

> These deeds must not be thought
> After these ways; so, it will make us mad;

but to Macbeth (despite the "terrible dreams") time dulls the remembrance from its first intensity; he has not the fineness of nature that gives the power of suffering to his wife. Guilt changes both, but him it degrades. Hers is not a nature that can live in degradation. To her no degradation is possible. Her sin was deliberate; she marched straight to her end; and the means were mortal, not alone to the man who died, but to her. Macbeth could as little comprehend the depth of her suffering as she his hesitancy in a determined action. It is this fineness of nature, this over-possession by imagination, that renders her interesting, elevating her punishment into a sphere beyond the comprehension of a vulgar criminal.

In that terrible second scene of act ii.—perhaps the most awe-inspiring scene that Shakespeare ever wrote — the splendid qualities of Lady Macbeth are seen in their clearest light. She has taken wine to make her bold, but there is an exaltation in her brain beyond anything that wine could give. Her calmness is indeed unnatural, overstrained, by no means so composed as she would have her husband think. But having determined on her purpose, there is with her no returning, no thought of return. It is with a burst of real anger, of angry contempt, that she cries "Give *me* the daggers!" and her exaltation carries her through the fearful ordeal as she goes back and faces the dead man and the sleeping witnesses. She can even, as she returns, hear calmly the knocking that speaks so audibly to the heart of Macbeth; taking measures for their safety if anyone should enter. She can even look resolutely at her bloody hands, and I imagine she half believes her own cynical words when she says:

> A little water clears us of this deed:
> How easy is it then!

Her will, her high nature (perverted, but not subdued), her steeled sensitiveness, the intoxication of crime and of wine, sustain her in a forced calmness which she herself little suspects will ever fail her. How soon it does fail, or rather how soon the body takes revenge upon the soul, is seen next morning, when, after overacting her part in the famous words—"What, in our house?"—she falls in a swoon, by no means counterfeit, we may be sure, though Macbeth, by his disregard of it, seems to think so. After this, we see her but rarely. A touch of the deepest melancholy ("Naught's had, all's spent") marks the few words spoken to herself as she waits for Macbeth on the night which is, though unknown to her, to be fatal to Banquo. No sooner has Macbeth entered than she greets him in the old resolute spirit; and again on the night of the banquet she is, as ever, full of bitter scorn and contempt for the betraying weakness of her husband, prompt to cover his confusion with a plausible tale to the guests. She is still mistress of herself, and only the

weariness of the few words she utters after the guests are gone, only the absence of the reproaches we are expecting, betray the change that is coming over her. One sees a trace of lassitude, that is all.

From this point Lady Macbeth drops out of the play, until, in the fifth act, we see her for the last time. Even now, it is the body rather than the soul that has given way. What haunts her is the smell and sight of the blood —the physical disgust of the thing. "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!" One hears the self-pitying note with which she says the words. Even now, even when unconscious, her scorn still bites at the feebleness of her husband. The will is yet indomitable in her shattered frame. There is no repentance, no regret—only the intolerable vividness of accusing memory; the sight, the smell, ever present in imagination. It has been thought that the words "Hell is murky!"—the only sign, if sign it be, of fear at the thought of the life to come—are probably spoken in mocking echo of her husband. Even if not, they are a passing shudder. It is enough for her that her hands still keep the sensation of the blood upon them. The imagination which stands to her in the place of virtue has brought in its revenge, and for her too there is left only the release of death. She dies, not of remorse at her guilt, but because she has miscalculated her power of resistance to the scourge of an over-acute imagination.

17

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?—(Act i. 1. 1, 2.)

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin![1]
Sec. Witch. Paddock[2] calls.
Third Witch. Anon! 10
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarums within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Serg. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that[3] 10
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of[4] kerns[5] and gallowglasses[6] is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,

[1] *Graymalkin*, a gray cat. [2] *Paddock*, toad.

[3] *To that, i.e.* to that end.
[4] *Of, i.e.* as we should now say, with.
[5] *Kerns*, light-armed foot-soldiers.
[6] *Gallowglasses*, foot-soldiers armed with *gallowglas* axes.

Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave; 20
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave[1] to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Serg. [As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:]
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30
But the Norweyan lord, surveying[2] vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Serg. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
[If I say sooth,[3] I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize[4] another Golgotha, 40
I cannot tell—]
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons. [*Exit Sergeant, attended.*
[Who comes here?]

Enter Ross.

[*Mal.* The worthy thane of Ross.
Len. What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.]
Ross. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky

[1] *Nave*, navel. [2] *Surveying*, perceiving.
[3] *Sooth*, truth.
[4] *Memorize*, make memorable.

And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers, 51
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish[5] spirit: and, to conclude
The victory fell on us.
Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That[6] now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;[7]
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's-inch,[8] 61
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present[9] death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A heath.*

Distant thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—
"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee,[10] witch!" the rump-fed ronyon[11] cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10
[*Sec. Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

[5] *Lavish*, unrestrained. [6] *That*, *i.e.* so that.
[7] *Composition*, terms of peace.
[8] *Saint Colme's-inch*, Inchcolm, the island of St. Columba; pronounced *Saint Colum's*.
[9] *Present*, instant. [10] *Aroint thee*, begone.
[11] *Ronyon*, mangy creature (O. Fr. *rognon*).

MACBETH.
Act I, Scene 3, line 48

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis

Third Witch. And I another. 13
First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.[1]
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid; 20
He shall live a man forbid:[2]
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak,[3] and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.
[*Drum within.*
Third Witch. A drum, a drum! 30
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters[4] of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, 40
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?
First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter! 50
Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical,[5] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not, 59
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
First Witch. Hail!
Sec. Witch. Hail!
Third Witch. Hail!
First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe[6] this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd? 80
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!

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[1] *The shipman's card, i.e.* the card contained in the compass, on which the points are marked.
[2] *Forbid, i.e.* under a curse.
[3] *Peak,* grow thin. [4] *Posters, quick* travellers.
[5] *Fantastical,* imaginary. [6] *Owe,* own, possess.

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about? 83
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too—went it not so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. —Who's here?

Enter Ross *and* Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, 89
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, 102
Not pay thee.
Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. [*Aside*] What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?
Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd 111
With those of Norway, or did line[1] the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus*] Thanks for your pains.
[*Aside to Banquo*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me 119
Promis'd no less to them?
Ban. [*Aside to Macbeth*] That, trusted home,[2]
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—
[*Turns to Ross and Angus.*
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—[*To Ross and Angus*] I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated[3] heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears[4]
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is 141
But what is not.
Ban. [*To Ross and Angus*] Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,

[1] *Line*, support.

[2] *Trusted home*, *i.e.* trusted to the utmost.
[3] *Seated*, *i.e.* firmly fixed.
[4] *Fears*, *i.e.* objects of fear.

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. [*Advancing*] Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon[1] your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour:[2] my dull brain was wrought[3]
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.
[*Aside to Banquo*] Think upon what has chanc'd; and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. [*Aside to Macbeth*] Very gladly.
Macb. [*Aside to Banquo*] Till then, enough. —Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd[4] 10
As 't were a careless trifle.
Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion[5] both of thanks and payment 19
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should by doing every thing 26
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach:
So, humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! —that is a step, 48
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;

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[1] *Stay upon,* await.
[2] *Give me your favour,* excuse me.
[3] *Wrought,* agitated.
[4] *Ow'd,* owned, possessed.
[5] *The proportion, i.e.* the due proportion.

And in his commendations I am fed; 55
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. A room in Macbeth's castle.*

LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report,[1] they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives[2] from the king, who all-hail'd me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver[3] thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Lady M. He that 's coming
Must be provided for.—(Act i. v. 67, 68.)

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without 20
The illness[4] should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;"

[1] *The perfect'st report, i.e.* the best intelligence.
[2] *Missives,* messengers. [3] *Deliver,* report.
[4] *Illness,* evil.

And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chástise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical[1] aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?
Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:—
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Atten. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance[2] of Duncan 40
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal[3] thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the accéss and passage to remorse,[4]
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances[5] 50
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

[1] *Metaphysical,* supernatural.
[2] *Entrance,* pronounced here as a trisyllable.
[3] *Mortal,* deadly. [4] *Remorse,* pity.
[5] *Sightless substances,* invisible forms.

Thy letters have transported me beyond 57
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters;—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put 68
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour[6] ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Before Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of MACBETH *attending, with torches. Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve[7]
By his lov'd mansionry that the heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty,[8] frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage,[9] but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

[6] *To alter favour, i.e.* to change countenance.
[7] *Approve,* prove.
[8] *Jutty, i.e.* jetty, a projection in buildings.
[9] *Coign of vantage,* convenient corner.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. [Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.]
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single[1] business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,[2]
We rest your hermits.[3]
Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his púrveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,[4]
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. A lobby in Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well.
It were done quickly if th' assassination
Could trammel up[5] the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease,[6] success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump[7] the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties[8] so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?
Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

---

[1] *Single*, slight, weak.
[2] *To them*, in addition to them.
[3] *Hermits*, *i.e.* beadsmen.
[4] *In compt*, subject to account.
[5] *Trammel up*, entangle, as in a net (*trammel*).
[6] *Surcease*, cessation.
[7] *Jump*, hazard.
[8] *Faculties*, powers, prerogatives.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that 41
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?
Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would 50
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere,[1] and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does únmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, 57
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?—
Lady M. We fail.—
But screw yóur courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail[2] so convince,[3]
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt[4] of reason
A limbeck[5] only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon 69
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[6]
Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 81
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.*

Enter BANQUO, *preceded by* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry[7] in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

---

[1] *Adhere, i.e.* cohere.

[2] *Wassail,* carousing.
[3] *Convince,* overpower.
[4] *Receipt,* receptacle.
[5] *Limbeck,* alembic.
[6] *Quell,* murder.
[7] *Husbandry,* economy

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword.
Who 's there? 10
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect, 18
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you! 30
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon[1] gouts[2] of blood,
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing:—
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world 49
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives: 60
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.— [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms[3]
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That[4] death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

[1] *Dudgeon*, handle. [2] *Gouts*, drops (Fr. *gouttes*).
[3] *Grooms*, servants. [4] *That*, *i.e.* so that.

Macb. [*Within*] Who 's there? what, ho!
Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 't is not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!
Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?

Macb. Hark!—(Act ii. 2. 19.)

Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear: I could not say "Amen!"
When they did say "God bless us!"
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen?"
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house: 41
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done; 51
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?—
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes! 59
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green-one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry—retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown,[1] lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost 71
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt. Knocking continues.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning[2] the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? [Faith! here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.] [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: [I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.] [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

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[1] *Nightgown, i.e.* dressing-gown.
[2] *Old turning,* plenty of turning.

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:[1] [and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke? 30

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in[2] a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him. 40

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.]

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him: 51

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited[3] service. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, 60
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible, 62
Of dire combustion[4] and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the óbscure bird[5]
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Macd. [*Without*] O horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macb. Len. What 's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece! 71
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites, 84
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear, 90
Would murder as it fell.

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[1] *The second cock*, about three in the morning.
[2] *In*, into. [3] *Limited*, appointed.
[4] *Combustion*, conflagration.
[5] *The óbscure bird*, *i.e.* the bird that loves the dark, *i.e* the owl.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.
[Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.]

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. 101

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are,[1] and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them. 111
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition[2] of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason.—Here lay Duncan;—
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, 120
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers 121
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [*Aside to Malcolm*] [What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?]
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Nor our strong sorrow 130
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
[And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.] Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence[3] I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,[4]
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them: 141
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way

[1] *You are, i.e.* you are alive. [2] *Expedition,* haste.
[3] *Pretence,* design.
[4] *Manly readiness, i.e.* complete armour.

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 150
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.] [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *The same. Without Macbeth's castle.*

Enter ROSS *and an Old Man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.—(Act ii. 4. 14–18.)

Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last, 11
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'T is said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff. 20

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[1]
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those 40
That would make good of bad and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. Hall in the palace.* ROSS, LENNOX, *and Lords discovered.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well, 9
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as king;* LADY MACBETH, *as queen; Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing[2] unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice, 21
Which still hath been both grave[3] and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow;
Is 't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.

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[1] *Pretend*, propose, intend.
[2] *All-thing*, every way.
[3] *Grave*, weighty.

Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd 30
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause[1] of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time 41
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while[2] then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.
[*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature 50
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares;
And, to[3] that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings: 60
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,

[1] *Cause,* a subject of debate.
[2] *While,* till. [3] *To,* in addition to.

For Banquo's issue have I fil'd[4] my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man, 69
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance![5]—Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? [Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,[6] 80
How you were borne in hand,[7] how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion[8] craz'd
Say "Thus did Banquo."
First Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go?] Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave, 90
And beggar'd yours for ever?
[*First Mur.* We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,[9] water-rugs,[10] and demi-wolves,[11] are clept

[4] *Fil'd,* defiled.
[5] *Champion me to th' utterance,* fight with me *à outrance.*
[6] *Pass'd in probation with you,* proved to you in detail.
[7] *Borne in hand,* deluded with false hopes.
[8] *Notion,* mind. [9] *Shoughs,* shocks, shaggy dogs.
[10] *Water-rugs,* rough water-dogs.
[11] *Demi-wolves,* a cross between a dog and a wolf.

All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper,[1] the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill 100
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.]

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.—(Act iii. 1. 114, 115.)

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what 110
I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance,[2]
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
For[3] certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, [but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down:] and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

[1] *Housekeeper*, watch-dog.
[2] *Distance*, alienation, antagonism.
[3] *For*, on account of.

First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you.
Within this hour at most, 128
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from[1] the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs[2] nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company—
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's—must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves[3] apart:
I 'll come to you anon.
Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within. [*Exeunt Murderers.*
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a Servant.*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Naught 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10
With them they think on? Things without[4] all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd[5] the snake, not kill'd it:
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21
In restless ecstasy.[6] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady M Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek[7] o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.
[*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance[8] apply to Banquo,
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while that we must lave
Our honours in these flattering streams, 32
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.]
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.
Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons 41
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peel, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.[9]
Lady M. What 's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

[1] *From, i.e.* away from. [2] *Rubs,* hinderances.
[3] *Resolve yourselves,* make up your minds.
[4] *Without,* beyond. [5] *Scotch'd,* slightly cut.
[6] *Ecstasy,* excitement. [7] *Sleek,* smooth.
[8] *Remembrance,* pronounced as if spelt *rememberance,* in four syllables. [9] *Note,* notoriety.

Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling[1] night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow 50
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *The same. A park, with a gate leading to the palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 't is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation[2] 10
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!
Third Mur. 'T is he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was 't not the way?
Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost 20
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace. A banquet prepared.* ROSS, LENNOX, *Lords, and Ladies discovered.*

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, *and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require[3] her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks. 9
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst:

Enter First Murderer to the door.

Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round.—[*Approaching the door*] There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'T is Banquo's, then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good

[1] *Seeling*, blinding.
[2] *The note of expectation, i.e.* the list of expected guests.
[3] *Require*, ask for.

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd. 20
Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air: 23
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!—(Act iii. 3. 16, 17.)

Macb. Thanks for that:
[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: tomorrow 31
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a-making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May 't please your highness sit.
[*The Ghost of Banquo appears in Macbeth's place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, 40
Were the grac'd[1] person of our Banquo present;

[1] *Grac'd*, gracious.

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb. The table 's full.
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:[1]
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear: 61
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws[2] and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. 70
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

[1] *Extend his passion,* prolong his agitation.
[2] *Flaws,* commotions (primarily, gusts of wind).

Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die, 79
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse[3] at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down.—Give me some wine:—fill full. 88
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.[4]
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare: 99
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*
Why, so—being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

[3] *Muse,* wonder.
[4] *All to all, i.e.* all good wishes to all.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting, 109
With most admir'd disorder.[1]
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,[2]
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night—
Stand not upon the order of your going, 119
But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*
Macb. It will have blood; they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs[3] and understood relations have
By magot-pies[4] and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send: 130
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow—
And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.[5] 140
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

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[1] *Admir'd disorder*, disorder to be wondered at.
[2] *Owe*, own, possess.
[3] *Augurs, i.e.* auguries.
[4] *Magot-pies*, magpies.
[5] *Scann'd*, examined.

[*Music and song within,* "Come away, come away," &c.
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Enter LENNOX *and another Lord.*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought,[1] how monstrous[2]
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain 9
To kill their gracious father? damned fact![3]
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,—they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad[4] words, and 'cause he fail'd 21
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, 22
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing 28
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute "Sir, not I," 40
The cloudy[5] messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!
Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a caldron boiling.*

Thunder. The three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded[6] cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig[7] whin'd.
Third Witch. Harpier cries,—'t is time, 't is time.
First Witch. Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone

[1] *Who cannot want the thought, i.e.* who cannot but think? [2] *Monstrous,* pronounced as a trisyllable.
[3] *Fact,* deed. [4] *Broad,* plain-spoken.
[5] *Cloudy,* sullen. [6] *Brinded,* brindled, streaked.
[7] *Hedge-pig,* hedgehog.

Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble; 10
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble; 20
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Mach. Call 'em, let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.—(Act iv. 1. 63–67.)

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf[1]
Of the ravin'd[2] salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd[3] in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:[4]
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[5]
For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a báboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains: 40
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song*, "Black spirits," &c.
[*Exit Hecate.*

[1] *Gulf*, throat. [2] *Ravin'd*, gorged with prey.
[3] *Sliver'd*, stript off. [4] *Slab*, slimy. [5] *Chaudron*, entrails.

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
[Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;]
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; [though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken;] answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We 'll answer.
First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough. [*Descends.*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me—if your art
Can tell so much—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
[*The caldron sinks into the earth.*

Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this? [*Music.*
First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!
A show of eight Kings, the last with a mirror in his hand; BANQUO'S *Ghost following.*
Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet!—A seventh!—I 'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; [and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:]
Horrible sight!—Ay, now I see 't is true; 122
For the blood-bolter'd[1] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What, is this so?
First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round; 130
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What 's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?

[1] *Blood-bolter'd,* blood-besmeared.

Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear 139
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace[2] him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—[*To Lennox*] Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *Fife. A room in Macduff's castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSS.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch:[3] for the poor wren,

[2] *Trace,* follow.
[3] *The natural touch, i.e.* natural feeling.

The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour 19
From what we fear, yet know not we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, 28
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd. 50

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.[1]
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 71
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband? 80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

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[1] *Perfect, i.e.* well acquainted.

First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!" and pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III. *England. A country lane.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

L. Macd. What are these faces?
First Mur. Where is your husband?—(Act iv. 2. 79, 80.)

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. [What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.] 10
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
[This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, 12
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil[1]
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness[2] left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeer'd![3] Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.]
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious,[4] avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden,[5] malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but [there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and] my desire
All continent[6] impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will: [better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey[7] your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal.] With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, [that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons[8] to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,

[1] *Recoil*, give way. [2] *Rawness*, haste. [3] *Affeer'd*, confirmed.
[4] *Luxurious*, licentious. [5] *Sudden*, violent. [6] *Continent*, restraining. [7] *Convey*, conduct. [8] *Foisons*, plenty.

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound 99
All unity on earth.]

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
[I am as I have spoken.]

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptr'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee, 109
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd!—Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains[1] hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! [for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and 122
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life:] my first false speaking 130
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
[Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point,[2] was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel!] Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.

[*Enter a Doctor.*

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you? 140

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces[3]
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.
[*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, 150
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere[4] despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Macd.] See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

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[1] *Trains*, devices.

[2] *At a point*, prepared.

[3] *Convinces*, overpowers.

[4] *Mere*, utter.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country,—
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent[1] the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems 169
A modern ecstasy:[2] the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice,[3] and yet too true!
Mal. What's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?[4]
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't? 180
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;[5]
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none 191
That Christendom gives out.

[1] *Rent*, an alternative form of "rend."
[2] *A modern ecstasy*, an ordinary trouble of mind.
[3] *Nice*, elaborately detailed.
[4] *Children*, pronounced as a trisyllable.
[5] *Out, i.e.* in insurrection.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch[6] them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief[7]
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, 201
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry[8] of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. 210
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;

[6] *Latch, i.e.* catch.
[7] *A fee-grief*, a grief peculiar to one.
[8] *Quarry*, the slaughtered game.

But I must also feel it as a man: 221
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, 230
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. [This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on[1] their instruments. Receive what cheer you may: 239
The night is long that never finds the day.]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown[2] upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 9

Doct. [A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances,] what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes! 21

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands. 31

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. 38

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky.—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

[1] *Put on,* incite. [2] *Nightgown,* dressing-gown.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged. 60

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet

Lady M. Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?—(Act v. 1. 44, 45.)

again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave. 71

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what 's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit.*

[*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds 79
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,[1]
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated,[2] and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

[1] *Annoyance,* harm, injury. [2] *Mated,* confounded.

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
[Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes[1]
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.]
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; [that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, 9
And many unrough[2] youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.]
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint[3] with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus,
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag[4] with doubt, nor shake with fear. 10

Enter an Officer.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Off. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Off. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?[5]
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Off. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Officer.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—this push[6]
Will cheer me ever, or dis-ease me now. 21
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!
Enter SEYTON.
Sey. What 's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?

---

1 *Their dear causes,* the causes which touch them nearly.
2 *Unrough,* unbearded.
3 *Taint,* be infected.
4 *Sag,* droop.
5 *Patch,* fool.
6 *Push,* attack.

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported. 31
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'T is not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.—
Send out moe horses, skirr[1] the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour. [*Exit Seyton.*
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote 43
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

Re-enter SEYTON, *with an Officer.*

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast 50
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—[*trying to throw off his coat of mail*] Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. [*To Seyton and Officer*] Bring it[2] after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60
[*Exeunt* [*all except Doctor.*

[1] *Skirr*, scour.
[2] *It, i.e.* the armour which he has thrown down.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Wood of Birnam.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and young* SIWARD, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant 8
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.[3]
Mal. 'T is his main hope:
For where there is advantage[4] to be given,
Both more[5] and less have given him the revolt;[6]
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
[*Siw.* The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20
Towards which advance the war.]
[*Exeunt, marching.*

[3] *Endure our setting down before't*, stand a siege.
[4] *Advantage*, favourable opportunity.
[5] *More*, greater.
[6] *Given him the revolt, i.e.* revolted or deserted from him.

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come:" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd[1] with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
[*Exit.*

Act V. Scene 4.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd 10
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell[2] of hair
Would at a dismal treatise[3] rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time; 21
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.—Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious, my lord, 30
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

1 *Forc'd,* reinforced. 2 *Fell,* skin. 3 *Treatise,* story.

Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling[1] thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.— 41
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate[2] o' the world were now undone. 50
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A plain before the castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their Army with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath, 9
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

[*Enter young* SIWARD.

Y. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Y. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name 's Macbeth.
Y. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Y. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword 10
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.]
[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either[3] thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded.[4]—[There thou shouldst be; 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited.] Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

[1] *Cling*, shrink, shrivel. [2] *Estate*, state, order.
[3] *Either*, pronounced as a monosyllable.
[4] *Undeeded, i.e.* having done nothing.

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!—(Act v. 8. 3.)

[SCENE VIII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; 11
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

That palter with us in a double sense; 20
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope!—I will not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit
"Here may you see the tyrant."
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse. 29
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

All. Hail, King of Scotland!—(Act v. 8. 59.)

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last:—before my body
I throw my warlike shield:—lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"
[*They fight. Macbeth is slain.* [*Macduff drags his body off.*]

[*Retreat. Flourish.*] *Enter, with drum and colours,* MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, *and Soldiers.*

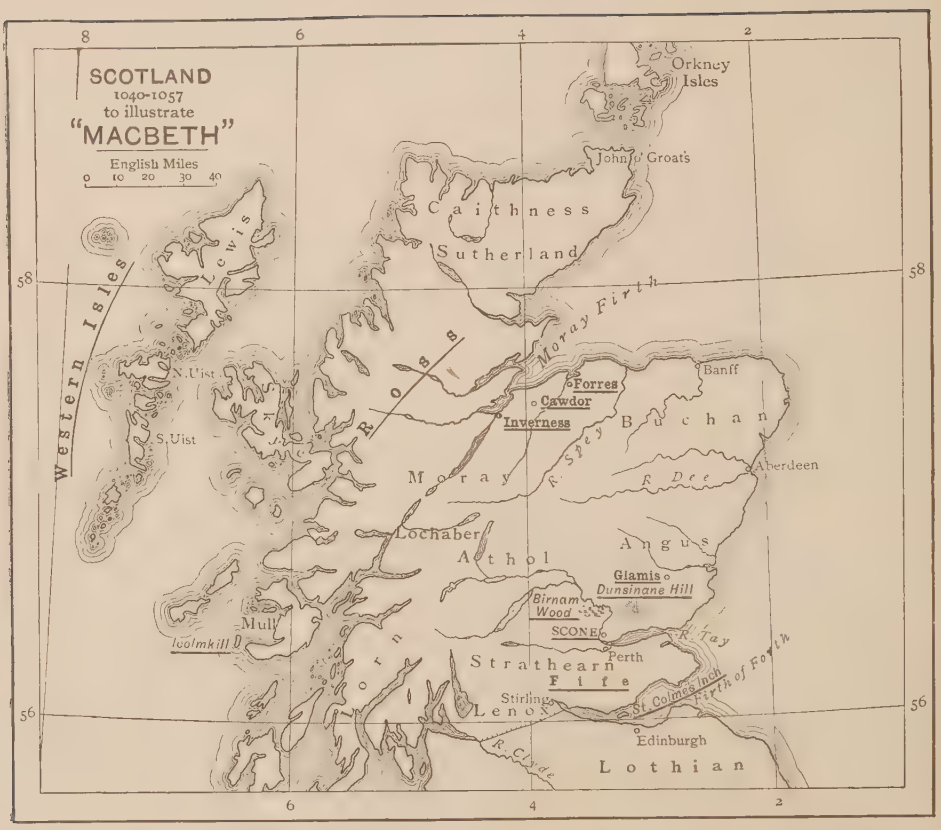
[*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man; 40
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death: 49
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more:
They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head on a pole.*]

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: [behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!]
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

[*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time 60
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers 68
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]



NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 1: *When shall we three meet again.*—Ff. have a note of interrogation after *again.* The punctuation in the text is due to Hanmer, who rightly saw that the question has regard to the time, not to the season, of the witches' next meeting.

2. Line 3: *hurlyburly.*—Cotgrave has "*Grabuge:* f. A great coyle, stirre, garboyle, turmoyle, *hurlyburly.*" Henderson (Var. Ed. vol. xi. p. 11) quotes Peacham's Garden of Eloquence, 1577: "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name intimating the sownd of that it signifieth, as *hurlyburly* for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre.*" Shakespeare uses the word as an adjective in I. Henry IV. v. 1. 78. Compare Marlowe and Nash, Dido Queen of Carthage (ed. Dyce, p. 265):

> I think it was the Devil's revelling night,
> There was such *hurly burly* in the heavens.

3. Lines 8, 9:

> First Witch. *I come, Graymalkin!*
> Sec. Witch. PADDOCK *calls.*

Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 190: "a *paddock*, a bat, a gib." Herrick has the word in "Another Grace for a Child" in Noble Numbers:

> Heaving up my either hand,
> Cold as *paddocks* though they be.
> —Works, ed. Grosart, vol. iii. pp. 158, 159.

The Clarendon Press edd. say that in Cumberland toadstools are still called *paddock*-stools. The word is the diminutive of *pad*, the Anglo-Saxon for a toad. Cats and *toads* are among the principal attendants on witches; for, as Scot says in the Discoverie of Witchcraft (p. 8): "Some say they can keepe divels and spirits in the likenesse of *todes* and cats;" and again (p. 163): "But among the innumerable number of the portentous beasts, fowles serpents, and other creatures, the *tode* is the most excel-

lent object, whose ouglie deformitie signifieth sweete and amiable fortune: in respect whereof some superstitious witches *preserve todes for their familiars.* And some one of good credit (whom I could name) having converted the witches themselves, hath starved diverse of their divels, which they kept in boxes in the likenesse of *todes.*"

The cats, it seems on the indisputable authority of Bodin, are witches in disguise, though "Whie witches are turned into cats," observes Scot, "he alledgeth no reason, and therefore (to helpe him foorth with that paraphrase) I saie, that witches are curst queanes, and manie times scratch one another, or their neighbours by the faces; and therefore perchance are turned into cats. But I have put twentie of these witchmongers to silence with this one question; to wit, Whether a witch that can turne a woman into a cat, &c: can also turne a cat into a woman?" (Reprint, Nicholson, 1886, pp. 73, 74).

The arrangement of lines in the text is that of Hunter's conjecture. Ff. read: "*All.* Padock calls anon: faire is foule," &c.

ACT I. Scene 2.

4. Line 6: *the* BROIL.—*Broil* is not unfrequently used by Shakespeare as almost a synonym for war or battle. Compare Othello, i. 3. 86, 87:

> And little of this great world can I speak,
> More than pertains to feats of *broil* and battle.

5. Line 9: *And choke their art.*—The Clarendon Press edd. paraphrase, "drown each other by rendering their skill in swimming useless;" and compare Mark v. 13, where *choke* is used of suffocation by water: "The herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea . . . and were *choked* in the sea."—*Macdonwald,* the reading of F. 1, is in the later Ff. *Macdonnel.* Holinshed spells it *Macdowald.*

6. Line 13: *kerns and gallowglasses.*—"*Gallowglasses,* equites triarii qui securibus utuntur acutissimis. *Kernes* sunt pedites qui jaculis utuntur."—Coke, 4 Inst. 358 (ap. Furness, p. 290). See Richard II. ii. 1. 156: "rug-headed *kerns,*" and note 127. Furness, in his New Variorum ed. pp. 9, 10, quotes detailed accounts of both varieties of Irish foot-soldiers.

7. Line 14: *And fortune, on his damned* QUARREL *smiling.*—Ff. print *damned quarry,* which has been taken to mean "doomed prey," *i.e.* Macdonwald's army. But the word *quarrel,* which certainly gives a better sense, is used by Holinshed in the very passage of which Shakespeare is here making use: "for out of the Western Isles there came vnto him a great multitude of people, offering themselves to assist him in that rebellious *quarrel,* and out of Ireland in hope of the spoil came no small number of Kernes and Gallowglasses."

8. Lines 20–23:

> *Till he fac'd the slave;*
> *And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,*
> *Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,*
> *And fix'd his head upon our battlements.*

The first two lines are printed and punctuated thus in F.1:

> Till he fac'd the Slaue:
> *Which* neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him.

The simple emendation adopted in our text is that of Capell. Most commentators have suspected that this passage is corrupt, or that something is omitted. The difficulty is not as to making the *which* refer to a person, for that is common enough in Shakespeare; but, as the Clarendon edd. rightly observe, "As the text stands, the meaning is, Macdonwald did not take leave of, nor bid farewell to, his antagonist till Macbeth had slain him." Certainly, if we follow the reading of Ff., *which* must refer to *the slave,* that is to the rebel Macdonwald; but it is quite clear that it should refer to Macbeth, for it would be very awkward were we to suppose line 21 to refer to Macdonwald, as the *he* in the next line, 22, must undoubtedly refer to Macbeth. The three first Folios all agree in the punctuation of the passage and in the text; but F. 4 reads *never* for *neu'r* and *bid* for *bad,* neither of which variations can be said to be improvements. It will be observed that (in Ff.) line 21 commences with *Which,* as does line 18 above; also that the imperfect line 20 and the perfect line 22 both begin with *Till he.* It is therefore quite possible that the copyist's eye might have caught the *which* in line 18; and that some portion of line 20 may be missing, as we should have expected "*Until* he fac'd the slave," instead of "*Till* he fac'd the slave;" but this may be an instance of the omission of the first syllable at the beginning of a line. (See Measure for Measure, note 77.) On the other hand, there is this to be said for the reading of Ff., that the "bleeding *Captaine,*" as he is called—rightly changed to *Sergeant* by most modern editors (see line 3 above)—having been severely wounded, would be naturally short of breath; and the imperfect line 20 having, as it has, a colon at the end, may have been meant by the author to signify that the speaker paused from exhaustion, and then resuming his story, but forgetting how he had begun his last sentence, commenced the next one with *which,* intending to refer to Macbeth and not to *the slave* or rebel Macdonwald.—F. A. M.

9. Line 22: *Till he unseam'd him from the* NAVE *to the chaps.*—*Nave* for "navel" has not been met with except in this passage. The curious character of the stroke has exercised the minds of the commentators. Steevens, however, quotes a closely parallel passage from Marlowe's Dido Queen of Carthage, ii. 1:

> Then *from the navel to the throat* at once
> He ript old Priam. —Works, p. 258.

10. Line 26: *Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders* BREAK.—The word *break* is added from F. 2. In F. 1 the line ends at *thunders.*

11. Line 34: *captains.*—This should probably be pronounced *capitains,* as in III. Henry VI. iv. 7. 30. (See note 274 to that play.) The arrangement in the text is Pope's. Ff. print the lines as prose.

12. Line 38: *So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.*—This is the reading of Ff., and it is preferable, I think, to any of the changes which have been made or suggested—as putting *So they* in a separate line, or coupling them with the line before. *Doubly redoubled* occurs also in Richard II. i. 3. 80–82:

> And let thy blows, *doubly redoubled,*
> Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
> Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

13. Line 40: *memorize.*—Compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 50–52:

> from her
> Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
> In it be *memorized.*

14. Line 45: *thane.*—The Anglo-Saxon title of *thane* denoted a rank midway between earl and ealdorman. The word is used by Shakespeare only in this play, where it seems to be equivalent to earl. The stage-direction of the Ff. is *Enter Ross and Angus;* but as Angus neither speaks nor is spoken to in the scene, his name was omitted by Capell and most succeeding editors.

15. Lines 49, 50:

> *Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky*
> *And fan our people cold.*

Compare John, v. 1. 72:

> Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

The meaning here is evidently that the Norweyan banners insult the sky in their pride, and chill the Scottish host with fear. The lines are only conjecturally arranged, and here, as elsewhere, the text is probably corrupted.

16. Line 54: *Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in* PROOF; *i.e.* clad in armour of *proof.* Compare Richard II. i. 3. 73:

> Add *proof* unto mine armour with thy prayers;

and see below note 68. Bellona's bridegroom is not, as Steevens seems to think, *Mars* but *Macbeth.*

17. Line 56: *Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.*—This punctuation is Theobald's, and is generally adopted in preference to that of the Ff., which read:

> Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme.

Ross would not be likely to speak of the arms of Macbeth's soldiers, who were fighting for the king, as *rebellious.*

18. Line 57: *Curbing his* LAVISH *spirit.*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 62–64:

> For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
> When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
> When means and *lavish* manners meet together.

19. Line 59: *Sweno.*—"There is near Forres a remarkable monument with Runic inscriptions, popularly called 'Sweno's Stone,' and supposed to commemorate the defeat of the Norweyians" (Clarendon Press edd.).

ACT I. SCENE 3.

Holinshed's narrative of the meeting of Macbeth and Banquo with the witches is as follows: "Shortly after happened a straunge and vncouth wonder, whiche afterwarde was the cause of muche trouble in the realme of Scotlande as ye shall after heare. It fortuned as Makbeth & Banquho iourneyed towarde Fores, where the king as then lay, they went sporting by the way togither without other companie, saue only themselues, passing through the woodes and fieldes, when sodenly in the middes of a launde,[1] there met them .iij. women in straunge & ferly[2] apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde, whom when they attentiuely behelde, wondering much at the sight, The first of them spake & sayde: All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis (for he had lately entred into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Synel.) The .ij. of them said: Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder: but the third sayde: All Hayle Makbeth that hereafter shall be king of Scotland.

"Then Banquho, what maner of women (saith he) are you, that seeme so litle fauourable vnto me, where as to my fellow here, besides highe offices, yee assigne also the kingdome, appointyng foorth nothing for me at all? Yes sayth the firste of them, wee promise greater benefites vnto thee, than vnto him, for he shall reygne in deede, but with an vnluckie ende: neyther shall he leaue any issue behinde him to succeede in his place, where[3] contrarily thou in deede shalt not reygne at all, but of thee those shall be borne whiche shall gouerne the Scottishe kingdome by long order of continuall discent. Herewith the foresayde women vanished immediatly out of theyr sight. This was reputed at the first but some vayne fantasticall illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, in so muche that Banquho would call Makbeth in ieste kyng of Scotland, and Makbeth againe would call him in sporte likewise, the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were eyther the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) ye Goddesses of destinie, or els some Nimphes or Feiries, endewed with knowledge of prophesie by their Nicromanticall science, bicause euery thing came to passe as they had spoken.

"For shortly after, the Thane of Cawder being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed, his landes, liuings and offices were giuen of the kings liberalitie vnto Makbeth.

"The same night after, at supper Banquho iested with him and sayde, now Makbeth thou haste obtayned those things which the twoo former sisters prophesied, there remayneth onely for thee to purchase[4] that which the third sayd should come to passe.

"Wherevpon Makbeth reuoluing the thing in his minde, began euen then to deuise howe he mighte attayne to the kingdome: but yet hee thought with himselfe that he must tary a time, whiche shoulde aduaunce him thereto (by the diuine prouidence) as it had come to passe in his former preferment" (Reprint, vol. v. pp. 268, 269).

20. Line 6: "ARONT *thee, witch!" the* RUMP-FED RONYON *cries.*—The phrase *aroint thee* is used by Shakespeare in Lear, iii. 4. 129: *aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!* In both passages it must have the same meaning. The etymology of the word may be doubtful, but not the signification. All the commentators quote Ray's Glossary.[5] "*Rynt ye;* by your leave, stand handsomly. As *Rynt you Witch,* quoth Besse Locket to her Mother, Proverb, Cheshire." Nares (*sub voce*) says: "A lady well acquainted with the dialect of Cheshire, informed me that it is still in use there. For example, if the cow presses too close to the maid who is milking her, she will give the animal a push, saying at the same time, "*Roint thee!*"" Halliwell (Provincial and

1 Lawn. 2 Wonderful.

3 Whereas. 4 Acquire.

5 Commonly so called. The title is "A Collection of English Words, Not generally used, with their Significations and Original, in two Alphabetical Catalogues," &c. The twofold division is into words used in the Northern and Southern counties. *Rynt* is among the Northern words.

Archaic Dict. *sub voce*) says a more plausible derivation is from "the Latin *averrunco*, the participle of which may have been formed into *aroint*, in the same way that *punctum* has become *point; junctum, joint.*" Andrews defines *averrunco* as "A very ancient word, peculiar to the lang. of religion: *To avert, hinder, remove;*" quoting, among other instances, Cicero's Letters to Atticus 9, 2. A: "quorum (prodigiorum) *averruncandorum* causa supplicationes senatus decrevit." The word is most probably the same as *arongt* found on an old drawing of Christ's visit to Hell (commonly called "the harrowinge of hell"), the words "Out out *arongt,*" being addressed to our Lord by Satan.

As to *rump-fed* the meaning of this epithet has always presented great difficulties to the commentators. I cannot think that it means "fed on the best part of the meat." Steevens makes out a good case for believing that the *rump* was included with the kidneys, &c., amongst the perquisites of the kitchen (see Var. Ed. vol. xi. pp. 30, 31); and therefore *rump-fed* would be equivalent to "fed on scraps, or offal," or perhaps to "grossly fed." Taking *ronyon* to mean, as it undoubtedly does, "a mangy or scabby person" (from the French *rogneux*), *rump-fed* (in that sense) would be a very appropriate epithet; but then people, when they are using terms of abuse, are not always very particular as to their appropriateness. Nares is very decided in favour of taking *rump-fed* as meaning simply "fat-rumped," and Schmidt agrees with him. Dyce favours the meaning of "nut-fed;" he quotes from Kilian's Dict. "*Rompe.* Nux myristica vilior, cassa, inanis." It is worth mentioning, in connection with this word, that I came across a very curious expression in an old book called the Fardle of Facions, published at London in 1555, and reprinted by Goldsmid in the Bookworms' Garner (Edinburgh, 1888). In the 8th chapter, where the author is describing the manners of the people of Ynde, he says: "Thei haue many wiues. . . . Some to serve them as their vndrelynges, and some for pleasure and issue. Whiche maie neuerthelesse vse *bottoke banquetyng* abrode (for any lawe or custome there is to restreine theim) excepte their housebandes by fine force, can compelle them to kepe close" (vol. iii. p. 67). If the forcible expression "buttock-banqueting" had any vulgar synonym, the meaning of *rump-fed* would not be very far to seek; and perhaps, considering the moral character rightly or wrongly attributed to most sailors' wives, would not be an inappropriate epithet of abuse.—F. A. M.

21. Line 7: *master o' the* TIGER.—Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 65:

> And this is he that did the *Tiger* board.

The Clarendon Press edd give several references to ships of that name in contemporary documents.

22. Line 8: *But in a* SIEVE *I'll thither sail.*—Steevens quotes an instance of witches going to sea in a sieve from a pamphlet entitled Newes from Scotland: Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer who was burned at Edinbrough in Januarie last, 1591; &c.: "all they together went by sea, each one in a riddle or *cive.*" Scot, in his Discoverie of Witchcraft, tells us that some affirm of witches that "they can go in and out at awger holes, & saile in an egge shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas" (Reprint, 1886, p. 8).

23. Line 9: *And, like a rat without a tail.*—Steevens says "that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting" (Var. Ed. vol. xi. p. 32). He then goes on to state "the reasons given by some of the old writers.' I cannot find anything on this subject in Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, though he has a great deal to say about the transformation of witches (book v.). In Thiselton Dyer's Folk Lore of Shakespeare (p. 30) the author says: "In German legends and traditions, we find frequent notice of witches, assuming the form of a cat, and displaying their fiendish character in certain diabolical acts. It was, however, the absence of the tail that only too often was the cause of the witch being detected in her disguised form." That horrible creature of superstition, the were-wolf, or human being changed into a wolf, was distinguished by having no tail. The most usual form for a witch to take was that of a cat, or wolf, or mouse, or goat, sometimes of a hare, not very often of a *rat;* though *rats* have always been looked upon as uncanny creatures and connected, more or less, with the devil. The only historical demon-rat that I remember is that one in Dickens's amusing article Nurses' Stories, in The Uncommercial Traveller. How that diabolical animal persecuted the unfortunate Chips will be remembered by readers of that amusing work. Capell suggests another explanation of *without a tail,* that, as tails are the rudders of such animals as the water-rat, the witch means she could do without a rudder as well as sail in a sieve.—F. A. M.

24. Line 15: *And the very ports they* BLOW; *i.e.* blow upon. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 109:

> Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may *blow.*

Pope changes *ports* into *points.*

25. Line 20: PENT-HOUSE *lid.*—Malone compares Dekker, The Gull's Hornbook, ch. iii.: "The two eyes are the glasse windowes at which light disperses itselfe into every roome, having goodly *penthouses* of hair to overshaddow them" (Reprint, 1812, pp. 78, 79).

26. Lines 22, 23:

> *Weary se'nnights nine times nine*
> *Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.*

Few of the enchantments of witchcraft are more popularly known than that which consisted in placing a waxen image before a fire; as the wax melted, the body of the victim wasted away. See Two Gentlemen, note 53; Much Ado, note 107. Compare Webster, Duchess of Malfy, iv. 1, vol. i. pp. 262, 262. The immediate suggestion for these lines was probably the passage in Holinshed telling of the bewitching of King Duff.

27. Line 32: *The* WEIRD *sisters.*—The Ff. have *weyward,* which Theobald changed to *weird.* Holinshed, in telling the story of Macbeth's encounter, gives some account of "these women," which we have quoted in the note at the beginning of this scene. The word *weird* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrd,* fate.

28. Line 39: *Forres.*—Ff. have *Soris.* Holinshed tells us that Macbeth and Banquo were journeying "toward *Fores,* where the King then lay."

29. Line 46: *your* BEARDS.—*Beards,* it seems, were supposed to belong to witches. Staunton compares Beaumont and Fletcher, Honest Man's Fortune, ii. 1:

> And the women that
> Come to us, for disguises must wear *beards;*
> And that 's, they say, a token of a witch.
> —Works, vol. ii. p. 479.

Compare Dekker, Honest Whore,[1] Part I. iv. 1: "Some women have BEARDS; marry, they are half-witches" (Works, vol. ii. p. 59).

30. Lines 48–50: This triple prophecy is taken almost word for word from Holinshed. See extract at the beginning of this scene.

31. Line 56: *Of noble* HAVING.—Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 379: "my *having* is not much;" and Merry Wives, iii. 2. 73: "The gentleman is of no *having.*"

32. Line 71: *By* SINEL'S *death I know I am thane of Glamis.*—Holinshed gives the name of Macbeth's father as *Sinel.* It is otherwise given as Finleg, or Finlay, and Sinane; and in Fordun's Scotichronicon, bk. iv. c. 44 (quoted by the Clarendon Press edd.) Macbeth is called "Machabeus filius Finele."

33. Line 81: *corporal.*—Shakespeare uses *corporal* in several places, never "corporeal." "Incorporal" occurs in Hamlet, iii. 4. 118; see note on that passage.

34. Lines 84, 85:

> *Or have we eaten on the* INSANE ROOT
> *That takes the reason prisoner?*

The *insane root,* or root producing insanity, may mean hemlock, henbane, or some other herb. Steevens quotes Greene's Never Too Late, 1616: "You have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes men's eyes conceit strange objects;" and Douce cites Batman Uppon Bartholome de Proprietatibus Rerum, lib. xvii. ch. 87: *Henbane* . . . is called *Insana,* mad, for the use thereof is perilous; for if it be eate or dronke, it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly *Mirilidium,* for it taketh away wit and reason."

35. Line 96: *Nothing* AFEARD.—*Afeard,* now a vulgarism of constant occurrence among the lower classes, was formerly as legitimate a word as *afraid.* See i. 7. 39, and v. i. 42, below. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders *afeard* by "*pavidus, timidus.*"

36. Lines 97, 98:

> *As thick as* HAIL
> CAME *post with post.*

Ff. have

> as thick as *Tale*
> *Can* post with post.

The reading in the text, now generally accepted, is Rowe's emendation. *As thick as tale* has not been without its defenders, who consider *thick* to mean fast, and *tale* to be used in the sense of "the *tale* of bricks," Exodus v. 18, and the expression thus to mean that the men arrived as fast as they could be told. The expression seems very awkward, and is most unlikely to have been used.

37. Line 106: *In which* ADDITION, *hail.*—*Addition* is a technical term for *title.* See Troilus and Cressida, note 28.

38. Line 112: *line.*—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 86: "To *line* his enterprise;" and Henry V. ii. 4. 7:

> To *line* and new repair our towns of war.

39. Line 120: *trusted* HOME.—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 328: "That confirms it *home;*" Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 148; All's Well, v. 3. 4; Tempest, v. 1. 71.

40. Line 135: *Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair.*—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 318:

> Mine hair be *fix'd* on end, as one distract;

and Hamlet, iii. 4. 121, 122:

> Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
> Starts up and stands on end.

41. Line 136: *my* SEATED *heart.*—Compare Milton, Paradise Lost, vi. 644:

> From their foundations loosening to and fro
> They pluck'd the *seated* hills.

42. Line 137: *Present* FEARS; *i.e.* objects of fear, as in Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 21, 22:

> Or in the night, imagining some *fear,*
> How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

43. Line 140: *my* SINGLE *state of man.*—"Macbeth means his *simple condition of human nature*" (Singer). "'Single' here bears the sense of *weak;* my *feeble government* (or *body politic*) of man" (Staunton). "Man is compared to a kingdom or state, which may be described as *single,* when all faculties are at one, or act in unison, undistracted by conflicting emotions" (Clarendon Press edd.). Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 63–69.—*Function,* later in this line, means "the active faculties." Compare Othello, ii. 3. 354.

44. Line 147: *Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.*—*Time and the hour* seems to be a proverbial expression, meaning Time and opportunity. Dyce quotes Michelangelo, Sonnet xix:

> Ferminsi in un momento *il tempo e l'ore.*

45. Line 148: *Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.*—Compare All's Well, iii. 5. 48:

> I thank you, and will *stay upon your leisure.*

46. Line 149: *Give me your favour.*—Compare Tempest, iv. 1. 204:

> Good my lord, *give me thy favour* still.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

47. Line 1: *Are.*—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 has *Or.*

48. Lines 26, 27:

> *Which do but what they should by doing every thing*
> SAFE *toward your love and honour.*

Safe, as the Clarendon Press edd. note, is still used provincially for "sure, certain." Compare such a phrase as,

[1] This play, on the authority of Henslowe, was the joint work of Dekker and Middleton, and will be found in Dyce's Middleton's Works, vol. iii., where it is divided into acts and scenes. In the edition of Dekker's works it is not so divided.

"He 's *safe* to do that." Schmidt queries: "Everything that is sure to show you love and honour? Or everything consistent with the love and honour we bear you? An expression undoubtedly strained and obscure on purpose."

49. Lines 37–39:

We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland.

This enactment of Duncan, which of course destroyed Macbeth's chance of succession, is given in Holinshed, who also notes its effect upon the mind and plans of Macbeth. "But shortely after it chaunced that king Duncane hauing two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Sywarde Earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them cleped[1] Malcolme prince of Cumberlande, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediatly after his deceasse.

"Makbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he sawe by this meanes his hope sore hindered, (where[2] by the olde lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that shoulde succeede were not of able age to take the charge vpon himselfe, he that was nexte of bloud vnto him, shoulde be admitted) he beganne to take counsell howe he might vsurpe the kingdome by force, hauing a iuste quarell so to do (as he tooke the mater,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraude him of all maner of title and clayme, whiche hee mighte in tyme to come, pretende vnto the crowne" (Reprint, vol. v. p. 269).

50. Line 45: *I'll be myself the* HARBINGER.—*Harbinger* is used here in the technical sense, not merely with the general meaning of forerunner. The *harbinger*, say the Clarendon Press edd., was "an officer of the royal household, whose duty it was to ride in advance of the king and procure lodgings for him and his attendants on their arrival at any place."

ACT I. SCENE 5.

51. Line 6: *missives; i.e.* messengers.—The word is used again by Shakespeare in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 72–74:

you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my *missives* out of audience.

All-hail'd. Florio translates *salutare*, "to salute, to greet, to *alhaile.*"

52. Lines 23–26:

thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;"
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.

In F. 1 this passage is printed thus:

Thould'st haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be vndone.

Modern editors print the passage after *cries* in inverted commas, or in italics, partly or wholly; some putting the second quotation mark after *have it*, and some at the end of the sentence after *undone*. It is very difficult to decide which is the better arrangement of these two. The first *That which* must refer to the crown, which is supposed to say to Macbeth: "*Thus thou must do, if thou* wouldest *have* me." Johnson, who is followed by some editors, altered *it* to *me*. If the whole passage is included in inverted commas, then the second *that which* must be governed by the *do* in the line above.

As to the phrase *if thou have it*, we should doubtless rather expect "if thou *would'st* have it;" but Shakespeare might well seek to avoid too many *woulds* and *shoulds* in the sentence; and, taking *if thou have it* to equal "*if thou* art to *have it*," the omission of the auxiliary verb adds to the force of the passage; the use of the present tense makes more real the fact of possession, anticipating, as it were, the steps that are to lead to it. If we are to suppose lines 25, 26 to be Lady Macbeth's own comment, and not part of the supposed cry of the half-personified crown, then the meaning of them will be clear, namely, "What *thou must do* to attain thy end is *that which rather thou dost fear to do*," &c., and perhaps the simplest emendation which has been proposed is "And that's *what*" instead of *And that which*. It seems better, on the whole, not to include lines 25, 26 between inverted commas. Indeed the Folio is perhaps right in printing the passage without any at all, and with no italics; as the personification of the crown is so imperfectly carried out. Very probably there may have been some corruption in the text through the occurrence of the two words *That which* close together. By a very slight alteration we might make the passage perfectly clear, if we read:

Thus thou must do if thou have it
An act which rather thou dost fear to do, &c: —F. A. M.

53. Lines 26, 27:

Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear.

Compare Holinshed: "The woordes of the three weird sisters also, (of whome before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him herevnto, but specially his wife lay sore vpon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious brenning in vnquenchable desire to beare the name of a Queene" (vol. v. p. 269).

54. Line 30: *fate and* METAPHYSICAL *aid.*—The word *metaphysical*, used by Shakespeare only here, means supernatural. Minsheu has "*Metafisica*, things supernaturall, the *metaphisickes.*" S. Walker quotes Ford, The Broken Heart, i. iii. (ed. Dyce, vol. i. 233):

The *metaphysics* are but speculations
Of the celestial bodies.

55. Line 34: *Would have* INFORM'D.—*Inform'd* is here used absolutely; or perhaps we should rather say elliptically, *me* being understood. In ii. 1. 48 below *informs* is used absolutely, but in a somewhat different sense, in Macbeth's soliloquy, where it means "takes form." The Clarendon Press edd. seem to think that the sense of the word in the two passages is the same. The word *inform* is used without object of the person in Richard II. ii. 1. 242, and Coriolanus, i. 6. 42.

56. Line 43: *top-full.*—*Top-full*, full to the brim, is used by Shakespeare again in King John, iii. 4. 180:

Now that their souls are *topfull* of offence.

1 Called. 2 Whereas.

57. Line 45: *Stop up the accéss and passage to* REMORSE. —*Remorse* here means compunction, pity, not the "ayenbite of inwyt." The meaning is very frequent in Shakespeare. Compare Measure for Measure, v. 1. 100:

> My sisterly *remorse* confutes mine honour.

58. Line 48: *The effect and* IT.—So F. 3; F. 1, F. 2 have *hit.*

59. Line 50: SIGHTLESS *substances.*—Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 124:

> To be imprison'd in the *viewless* winds;

i.e. the *invisible* winds, as here is meant the *invisible* forms.

60. Line 54: *Nor heaven peep through the* BLANKET *of the dark.*—Steevens quotes Drayton, Mortimeriados, 1596:

> The sullen night in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd;

which appears in the later version in the Barons' Wars, bk. iii. l. 129:

> The sullen night had her *black curtain* spread.

C. M. Ingleby (Notes and Queries, 1853, vii. 546) very aptly quotes the well-known passage in Sartor Resartus (bk. i. ch. iii.), "Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours," &c.; and see later, "*Such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!"

61. Line 58: *This ignorant present, and I feel now.*—Perhaps a word has dropped out. Pope read *present time*, and Hunter suggested *e'en now.*

62. Lines 64, 65:

> *to beguile the time,*
> *Look like the time.*

The Clarendon Press edd. quote Richard III. v. 3. 91, 92:

> I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot,—
> With best advantage will *deceive the time;*

i.e. delude observers. Steevens quotes Daniel, Civil Wars, bk. viii. l. 709:

> He drawes a Trauerse 'twixt his greeuances:
> *Looks like the time:* his eye made not report
> Of what he felt within.

ACT I. SCENE 6.

63. Line 4: *The temple-haunting* MARTLET.—This is Rowe's emendation of the *Barlet* of Ff. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 28, 29:

> like the *martlet,*
> Builds in the weather on the outward wall.

Hunter quotes Braithwaite's Survey of History, 1638: "As the *martin* will not build but in fair houses, so this man will not live but in the ruins of honour." See Merchant of Venice, note 190.

64. Line 5: *mansionry.*—Ff. have *mansonry,* which Theobald changed to *mansionry,* a word which is not found elsewhere.

65. Line 9: *Where they* MOST *breed and haunt.*—*Most* is Rowe's correction of the *must* of Ff.

66. Line 13: *God 'ild.*—*God 'ild,* a common contraction of *God yield* (*i.e.* reward), is used by Shakespeare in As You Like It, iii. 3. 76: "*God 'ild* you for your last company;" again in v. 4. 56: "*God 'ild* you, sir;" and in Hamlet, iv. 5. 41. In Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 33, it is used in its uncontracted form: "the *gods yield* you for 't." Steevens quotes a similar use of the expression in the metrical romance of Guy of Warwick. It was often spelt *God dild,* as in Sir John Oldcastle, *passim.* See quotations in Nares, *sub voce.*

67. Line 16: *poor and* SINGLE *business.*—Compare Tempest, i. 2. 432: "A *single* thing, as I am."

68. Line 22: *To be his* PURVEYOR.—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Cotgrave: "*Pourveyour:* m. a prouider, a *purueyor,*" and add: "He was sent before to provide food for the king and suite as the harbinger provided lodging."

69. Line 23: *holp.*—Compare Richard II. v. 5. 62.

70. Line 26: *in compt.*—This is the usual reading for the passage in Timon of Athens, ii. 1. 35, which the Ff. obviously distort. *Compt* is used in All's Well, v. 3. 57, and Othello, v. 2. 273.

ACT I. SCENE 7.

71. Stage-direction: *Enter . . . a Sewer.*—Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "*Sewer.* A Gentleman *Sewer* (*or* Carver), *Un Ecuyer tranchant.*" The name was generally applied to the head servant who directed the placing of the dishes on the table. The office at court (perhaps equivalent to cup-bearer) was anything but a mean one. Thomas Carew is described on the title-page of his poems as *Sewer* to Charles I. The word is variously derived from *essayeur* and *escuyer.*

72. Lines 1–3:

> *If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well.*
> *'T were done quickly if th' assassination*
> *Could trammel up the consequence.*

In F. 1 the passage is punctuated thus:

> If it were done, when tis done, then 't wer well,
> It were done quickly: If th' Assassination
> Could trammel vp the Consequence.

This passage has caused much discussion. We may reject at once the unnecessarily commonplace interpretation of the first part of the speech "If it should be done at all when I do it, it would be well to do it quickly." There can be no doubt that the first *done* here has the sense which it often has in Shakespeare of "finished," "ended once for all." We here follow Grant White and an anonymous writer in the Boston Review, quoted by Furness (Appendix to vol. on Macbeth, pp. 441–443), in putting a full stop after *well* and joining *It were done quickly* to the next sentence. Kemble (ed. 1803) read the passage thus; and so does Mr. Irving. The only point on which I am doubtful is whether *It were done quickly* should form part of the same sentence as the rest of line 3 and the following one (line 4). Let us look at the passage in F. 1 and see whether the punctuation there will help us. It certainly seems to me that it is difficult to get over the fact of the colon after *quickly,* and of *If* being printed with a capital letter. Both these facts seem to leave no doubt that the author's intention was that there should be a decided pause after *quickly;* and I would venture to suggest that the passage should be read thus:

> If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well:
> It were done quickly: if the assassination

the speaker pausing slightly after the first *done* (I take it that the comma in F. 1 is meant to indicate this); the next sentence *It were done quickly* stands by itself, and is equivalent to "In that case I should do it quickly, without hesitation." This arrangement seems to me, while not disregarding the punctuation of the Folio, at the same time to preserve what I may call the meditative aspect of the speech, which is somewhat lessened by running the words *It were done quickly* into either the sentence before or the sentence after it.—F. A. M.

73. Lines 6, 7:

But here, upon this bank and SHOAL *of time,*
We'd JUMP *the life to come.*

Shoal is Theobald's emendation; Ff. read *schoole*. *Jump* means hazard, as in Cymbeline, v. 4. 188: "*jump* the after inquiry on your own peril." See also Coriolanus, iii. 1. 154. *Jump* is sometimes used (like *skip*) for pass over without notice: so here, "We would pass over (and so risk) the thought of the future life."

74. Line 11: *ingredients.*—"The Folios, both here and iv. 1. 34, have *ingredience*, and it is not unlikely that Shakespeare so wrote the word, using it in the sense of 'compound,' 'mixture'" (Clarendon Press edd.).

75. Lines 22, 23:

heaven's CHERUBIN *hors'd*
Upon the SIGHTLESS *couriers of the air.*

Malone quotes the Prayer-Book Version of Psalm xviii. 10: "He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly; he came flying upon the wings of the wind." Many editors follow Jennens in reading *cherubim*. *Sightless*, as in i. 5. 50, means invisible.

76. Line 25: *That tears shall drown the wind.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 55:

Where are my tears? rain, to *lay this wind.*

77. Lines 27, 28:

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

In Furness' New Variorum Ed. may be read two or three pages (pp. 73–75) of contradictory comment on this passage. Hanmer's addition of *side* makes decidedly easier sense and metre alike in the most perplexing part of the puzzle. But I am inclined to think that Steevens is right in holding that Shakespeare, having used the word *sides* two lines above, would not have written *side* here. I think, too, that *side* was meant to be understood, and that Macbeth is supposed to connect the word he has just used with the word he now has in his mind. The break in the metre comes very naturally at the entrance of Lady Macbeth.

78. Lines 35, 36:

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?

Compare King John, iv. 2. 116, 117:

O, where hath our intelligence been *drunk?*
Where hath it *slept?*

79. Line 45: *Like the poor cat i' th' adage.*—"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas;" or, as Heywood gives it (Proverbs, 1562): "The cat would eate fyshe, and would not wet her feete."

80. Lines 46, 47:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares DO *more is none.*

Ff. read "*no* more;" the emendation, as sure a one as was ever made, is due to Rowe. Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 134, 135:

Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're *none.*

81. Line 47: *What* BEAST *was't, then,* &c.—The Collier MS.'s emendation, *boast*, for the admirably appropriate *beast* of the Ff., is surely one of the unhappiest efforts of the respected Corrector. Macbeth has just said that one who would do more than becomes *a man is none.* "What *beast* was't, then," retorts his wife, "that broke the enterprise to me?"

82. Line 59:

Macb. *If we should fail—*
Lady M. WE FAIL.

These two words of Lady Macbeth *We fail* are capable, as Mrs. Siddons showed, of three separate and distinct interpretations. In F. 1 there is a note of interrogation after *We fail*, in which case the actress can only speak the words as if scornfully asking the question; or, putting a note of exclamation after the words, she may then treat them as a contemptuous interjection; or with simply a full stop after *fail*—which is, perhaps, the preferable reading,—the words will mean "*We fail*, and there's an end of it." Some commentators object to Lady Macbeth admitting even the possibility of failure in the then unsettled state of her husband's resolution. But the admission is instantly qualified:

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail;

her meaning being, "You are not alone in this business; you and I are to carry it out. I am not afraid of doing my part; it is for you to screw *your* courage up to the same point of resolution as mine, and failure is impossible." Admitting this interpretation, Lady Macbeth should emphasize *your*. She might, if she prefers to speak the words *We fail* as a contemptuous exclamation, also emphasize *We;* giving thereby to the words the meaning "You forget I am with you; alone you might fail, but together we cannot fail."—F. A. M.

83. Line 60: *But screw your courage to the* STICKING-PLACE.—A metaphor perhaps taken "from the *screwing-up* the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place*, *i.e.* in the place from which it is not to move" (Steevens). Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 125, 126:

And that I partly know the instrument
That *screws* me from my true place in your favour;

and see also Coriolanus, i. 8. 11, and Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 22–25.

84. Line 64: *wassail.*—*Wassail* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *waes hael*, "be of health." Singer quotes Bullokar's Expositor, 1616: "*Wassaile*, a term usual heretofore for *quaffing* and *carowsing.*"

85. Line 64: *convince; i.e.* the Latin *convincere*, to overpower, as in iv. 3. 142 below.

86. Line 67: *limbeck.*—This is a corrupt form of the word *alembic*, a still. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Fairfax, Tasso, bk. iv. st. 75:

> This streaming nectar fell,
> 'Still'd through the *limbeck* of her diamond eyes.

87. Line 72: *quell.*—This word, meaning murder, is not met with elsewhere, though *man-queller* is used in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 58. *Quell* and *kill* are both from the same root, the Anglo-Saxon *cwellan*. Nares quotes two examples of *quell* as a verb, in which form it was more common.

88. Lines 80, 81:

> *I am settled, and bend up*
> *Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.*

The metaphor in *bend up* is from the stringing of a *bow*. The same figure is used in Henry V. iii. 1. 16, 17:

> Hold hard the breath and *bend up* every spirit
> To his full height.

ACT II. Scene 1.

89. Line 5: *Their candles are all out.*—So in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 9: "Night's *candles* are burnt out." Shakespeare also compares the stars to *candles* in the Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 220:

> For, by these blessed *candles* of the night;

and Sonnet xxi. 12:

> As those gold *candles* fix'd in heaven's air.

90. Line 14: *Sent forth great largess to your* OFFICES.—Rowe took *offices* to be a misprint for *officers*, and he has been followed by many editors. Steevens, however, seems to have been right in saying that "*Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes." Compare Richard II. i. 2. 69, and see note 56 of that play.

91. Lines 15–17:

> *This diamond he greets your wife withal,*
> *By the name of most kind hostess; and* SHUT UP
> *In measureless content.*

In Ff. the passage is printed thus:

> This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
> By the name of most kind Hostesse,
> And shut up in measurelesse content.

Macbeth's first words in the following speech, *Being unprepar'd*, form a broken line by themselves. I much prefer the arrangement of the Folio, and do not know what induced commentators at first to meddle with it at all. The difficulty here is as to the exact meaning of *and shut up*. Some hold that it means "and concluded," *i.e.* the message; examples of the use of the word in this sense are plentiful, *e.g.* in Spenser's Fairy Queen, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 15: "*shut up* all in friendly love." Others take it to mean that the king, as Boswell expresses it, was "*enclosed* in content;" and he quotes a passage from Barrow's Sermons, 1683 (vol. ii. p. 231): "Hence is a man *shut up* in an irksome bondage of spirit." Line 17, as it stands in F. 1,

> And *shut* up in measureless content,

wants a syllable, which F. 2 supplied by printing "And shut *it* up;" explained thus by Hunter: "Undoubtedly" *shut up* "the jewel in its case." This is practical, but scarcely poetical. If the missing syllable is to be supplied at all—and it is really needless to instance omissions by Shakespeare of the auxiliary verb—I would propose "And *is* shut up," taking Boswell's explanation of the words. We must remember that Duncan has retired to rest, and the sentence is really equivalent to "has retired to rest immeasurably contented with his reception."—F. A. M.

92. Line 25: *If you shall cleave to my* CONSENT.—Schmidt takes *consent* here to mean "vote, voice, counsel;" Steevens takes it (more reasonably, as I think) in the force of the Latin *concentus*, or agreement together in a party, quoting II. Henry IV. v. 1. 78: "they flock together in *consent* (*i.e.* in a *party*), like so many wild geese." Taking *consent* in this sense, the meaning of the passage would be: "If you adhere to my party, your doing so shall make honour for you when the result is attained." See Furness, New Variorum, pp. 87, 88, for enough conjectures and contradictory explanations.

93. Line 46: *And on thy blade and* DUDGEON GOUTS *of blood.*—The *dudgeon* means the handle of a dagger. The word was used of handles made of box. Gerarde, Herball, 1597, p. 1225, says: "Turners and cutlers, if I mistake not the matter, do call this woode [the root of the box-tree] *dudgeon*, whence they make *dudgeon* hafted daggers." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Cotgrave: "*Dague à roëlles.* A Scottish dagger; or *Dudgeon* haft dagger."[*Gout*, the anglicized form of Fr. *goutte*, is only used by Shakespeare in this passage in its original sense; but *gout*, the disease, which occurs four or five times in Shakespeare, is supposed to be the same word (see Skeat *sub Gout*).—F. A. M.]

94. Line 53: ALARUM'D *by his sentinel, the wolf.*—*Alarum* is again used as a verb in Lear, ii. 1. 55. "'Alarum' is formed from the French *alarme*, Italian *alarma*, a new syllable being introduced between the two liquids. The original word was doubtless Italian, *all' arme*" (Clarendon Press edd.).

95. Line 55: *With Tarquin's ravishing* STRIDES.—Ff. read *sides*. The very happy emendation in the text, followed by most editors, is Pope's. It has been baselessly objected that neither a ravisher nor a ghost would advance by *strides*, which, says Knight, "does not convey the notion of stealthy and silent movement." But the word is used in just this sense in Richard II. i. 3. 268; and in The Rape of Lucrece, line 365, Shakespeare had already described Tarquin as *stalking* into the chamber. Grant White well says, "Pope's emendation will seem very happy to every cautious person who has stepped through a sick chamber, or any apartment in which there were sleepers whom he did not wish to awaken, and who remembers how he did it."

96. Line 56: *Thou* SURE *and firm-set earth.*—*Sure* was first introduced into the text by Capell, upon the conjecture of Pope. F. 1 has *sowre*. *Sure* might very likely, as Collier observes, have been written in the MS. *sewre*, which offers itself easily to a misprint.

97. Line 57: *Hear not my steps, which* WAY THEY *walk.*—This reading is Rowe's; Ff. have "which *they may* walk."

98. Line 58: *The very stones prate.*—An allusion, probably, to Luke xix. 40: "the stones would immediately cry out." [The whole of this magnificent soliloquy is a capital instance of the way in which Shakespeare expresses his stage-directions in the words of his text. The actor here needs no marginal notes; he finds every movement set down in the words which he speaks. One sees the murderer abruptly arrested on his way to the chamber, where his victim lies asleep, by the phantom dagger; one sees him following it with his eyes, which are riveted on it with a questioning but horror-stricken stare; then he endeavours to shut out the vision with his hands, and it vanishes; then he begins again to move amidst the appropriate howls of the wolves heard from the not far distant forest. His legs almost refuse to carry him; with noiseless footfall, with stealthy half-reluctant strides, he creeps to the door of the fatal chamber, whence he is to return a blood-stained murderer.—F. A. M.]

ACT II. Scene 2.

The narrative of Duncan's murder in Holinshed is very brief, as follows: "At length therefore communicating his purposed intent with his trustie frends whom Banquho was the chiefest, vpon confidence of theyr promised ayde, he slewe the king at Enuernes, (or as some say at Botgosuane,) in the .vj. yeare of his reygne" (vol. v. p. 269): Some of the details of the murder, however, are taken from Holinshed's account, a little previously, of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald. This Donwald was captain of the castle of Forres, where the king "was accustomed to lie most commonly" when he was "in that countrie." Some relations of his having been implicated in a rebellion, Donwald "made earnest labour and suyte to the king to haue begged theyr pardon, but hauing a playne deniall, he conceyued suche an inwarde malice towardes the king, (though he shewed it not outwardly at the firste) that the same continued still boyling in his stomake, and ceased not, till through setting on of his wife and in reuenge of such vnthankfulnesse, he founde means to murder the king within the foresayd Castell of Fores" (vol. v. p. 234). "Donwalde thus being the more kindled in wrath by the woordes of his wife, determined to follow hyr aduise in the execution of so haynous an acte. Wherevpon deuising with himselfe for a while, whiche way he might best accomplishe his cursed intention, at length he gate oportunitie and sped his purpose as followeth. It chaunced, that the king vpon the day before he purposed to departe forth of the Castell, was long in his oratorie at his prayers, and there continued till it was late in the night, at the last comming foorth he called suche afore him, as had faithfully serued him in pursute and apprehention of the rebelles, and giuing them hartie thankes, he bestowed sundry honorable giftes amongst them, of the which number Donwald was one, as he that had bene euer accompted a moste faithfull seruaunt to the king. At length hauing talked with them a long time, he got him into his pryuie chamber, only with two of his chamberlaynes, who hauing brought him to bedde came foorth againe, and then fell to banqueting with Donewald and his wife, who had prepared diuers delicate dishes, and sundry sorts of drinke for theyr arere supper[1] or collation, whereat they sat vp so long, till they had charged theyr stomakes with suche full gorges, that theyr heades were no sooner got to the pyllow, but a sleepe they were so fast, that a man might haue remoued the chamber ouer them, rather than to haue awaked them out of theyr drunken sleepe. Then Donewalde though he abhorred the acte greatly in his harte, yet through instigation of his wife, he called foure of his seruants vnto him (whom he had made priuie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large giftes) and now declaring vnto them, after what sorte they should worke the feate, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and speedely going about the murder, they enter the chamber (in which the king lay) a litle before cockes crow, where they secretely cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without any buskling[2] at all" (*ut supra*, pp. 234, 235). Then, after describing the precautions taken to throw off the scent of the murder, the narrative continues: "Donewalde aboute the time that the murder was a doing, got him amongst them that kepte the watch, and so continewed in companie with them al the residue of the night. But in the morning when the noyse was reysed in the kings chamber how the king was slaine, his body conueyed away, and the bed all berayed[3] with bloud, he with the watche ran thither as though he had knowen nothing of the mater, and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed & on the floore about the sides of it, he foorthwith slewe the chamberlaynes, as giltie of that haynous murder, and then like a madde man running to and fro, hee ransacked euery corner within the castell, as though it had bene to haue seene if he might haue founde either the body or any of ye murtherers hid in any pryuie place: but at length comming to the posterne gate, & finding it open, he burdened the chamberlaines whom he had slaine with al the fault, they hauing the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping al the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (sayd he) but that they were of counsel in the committing of that moste detestable murder. Finally suche was his ouer earnest diligence in the inquisition and triall of the offendours herein, that some of the Lordes began to mislike the mater, and to smell foorth shrewed tokens, that he shoulde not be altogither cleare himselfe: but for so much as they were in that countrey, where hee had the whole rule, what by reason of his frendes and authoritie togither, they doubted to vtter what they thought till time and place shoulde better serue therevnto, and herevpon got them away euery man to his home" (*ut supra*, p. 235).

99. Lines 3, 4:

> *the fatal* BELLMAN,
> *Which gives the stern'st good-night.*

The Clarendon Press edd. compare Webster, The Duchess of Malfy, iv. 2–4:

> I am the common *bellman*,
> That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
> The night before they suffer.

100. Line 6: *I have drugg'd their* POSSETS.—Malone quotes Randle Holmes, Academy of Armoury, 1688, bk.

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1 Literally, an after-supper; a late meal after the usual supper.
2 Bustling. 3 Smeared.

iii. p. 84: "*Posset* is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd." It was customary to take a *posset* immediately before going to bed. There is an allusion to it in ii. 1. 31.

101. Line 16: I HEARD THE OWL SCREAM *and the crickets cry.*—Compare Ovid, Metamorphoses, x. 452, 453, where, just as the fated woman is entering the abhorred chamber,

> ter omen
> Funereus *bubo* letali carmine fecit;

thus translated by Sandys:

> The funerall *Owle* thrice rent
> The ayre with ominous *shreekes.*
> —Edn. 1632, p. 347.

George Meredith, in Margaret's Bridal-Eve, Part IV., has a wonderfully effective use of the same figure, when the bride is going to tell her bridegroom the secret of her shame:

> She heard from the woods *the hooting owl.*
> —Modern Love, &c., 1862, p. 140.

102. Lines 35, 36:

> *Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!*
> *Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,* &c.

This arrangement is Johnson's, and seems greatly preferable to that of Hanmer, who gave all the lines from "sleep" down to "feast" to the voice.

103. Line 37: *Sleep that knits up the ravell'd* SLEAVE *of care.*—Ff. print *sleeve*, which was probably intended to mean the same as *sleave.* The word means the soft, raw, untwisted silk; it is sometimes known as floss-silk. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Florio: "*Bauella*, any kind of *sleaue* or raw silke."

104. Lines 56, 57:

> *I'll* GILD *the faces of the grooms withal;*
> *For it must seem their* GUILT.

Gild was often employed to represent smearing with blood. Compare ii. 3. 118: "*golden* blood;" and King John, ii. 1. 316. A similar pun on *guilt* and *gilt* occurs in II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 129:

> England shall double *gild* his treble-*guilt.*

105. Lines 62, 63:

> *The multitudinous seas incarnadine,*
> *Making the green-one red.*

Incarnadine (from the Italian *incarnadino*, flesh colour) is used here in the sense of to dye red; the only example of the word as a verb up to the time of Shakespeare. Carew uses it in his Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay, but no doubt with Shakespeare in mind. In the first three Ff. the second line is printed: *Making the Greene one, Red,*" a slight and obvious printers' error in punctuation which some editors have actually had the incredible denseness to defend and even adopt! The three and more pages on these two lines in the Variorum Shakespeare are, so far as I know, quite the most amusing reading in any of those volumes. Whether waters might admit of discoloration; whether the allusion was not rather to the fishes, whose hue, however, "could suffer no change from the tinct of blood;" corrective remarks concerning some "ingenious author" who had suggested that "Making the green-one red" might really be the right reading—a construction quite "unexampled;" these, and other such divagations of the learned fancy, will be found in these exhilarating pages. [It is evident, from the use of the capital letters to both *Greene* and *Red* in Ff., that the interpretation given above is the right one.—F. A. M.]

ACT II. Scene 3.

106. Lines 1–47.—The authenticity of this scene, from lines 1–47, the one humorous passage in the play, has been vigorously denied and vigorously upheld. Coleridge (Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare, 1849, vol. i. p. 249) says: "This low soliloquy of the Porter, and his few speeches afterwards, I believe to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent; and that, finding it take, he, with the remaining ink of a pen otherwise employed, just interpolated the words, 'I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.' Of the rest not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakespeare."

Against this emphatic declaration of a great poet may be set the emphatic declaration, on the opposite side, of another great poet—Mr. Browning, who, in a letter printed in the New Shakspere Society's Transactions, affirms his belief that the passage must have come from the hand of Shakespeare. For my part, I can see no particular reason to doubt that it is Shakespeare's, while I entirely fail to see that it is a very brilliant specimen of his humour, or at all above the capacity of Middleton, to whom some would assign it. In comparison with the Grave-digger's scene in Hamlet, to which the enthusiastic advocates of the Porter's scene would compare it, the humour here is, to my mind at least, of very middling quality. But I am far from being able to see that "not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakespeare." On the contrary, I think it is a roughly-written passage introduced by Shakespeare partly for the sake of dramatic contrast, partly to provide a part for the comic actor or low comedian, the clown. [After again seeing the play acted, it is evident that some such scene is necessary here in order to give time for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to get rid of all traces of the murder from their hands, and for the former to recover his self-possession. Davenant, who makes Macduff and Lady Macduff both guests of Macbeth at this time, introduces a short scene between Lennox and Macduff, in which occur the following exquisite lines:

> *Macd.* Rising this morning early, I went to look out of my
> Window, and I cou'd scarce see farther than my breath;
> The darkness of the night brought but few objects
> To our eyes, but many to our ears.
> —Davenant's Works, vol. v. p. 340.

This is "po'try" with a vengeance! I think most persons will prefer the Porter's prose, coarse though it be.—F. A. M.]

107. Line 2: *he should have* OLD *turning the key.*—Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 2. 15: "We shall have *old* swearing," for a similar use of *old* as an emphatic expletive. In Arden of Feversham, ii. 2. p. 34 (Bullen's reprint) we have "For heere will be *ould* filching when the presse comes foorth of *Paules.*"

108. Line 5: *Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty.*—Malone compares Hall, Satires, iv. 6–8:

> Ech muck-worme will be riche with lawlesse gaine,
> Altho he smother vp mowes of seuen yeares graine,
> And *hang'd himself when corne grows cheap again.*

109. Line 16: *a French hose.*—Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses, thus describes the *French hose:* "The *frenche-hose* are of two diuers makinges, for the common *frenche-hose* (as they list to call them) contayneth length, breadth, and sidenes sufficient, and is made very rounde. The other contayneth neither length, breadth nor sidenes (being not past a quarter of a yarde side), whereof some be paned, cut and drawne out with costly ornamentes, with Canions annexed reaching down beneath their knees" (New Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 56). Shakespeare refers to *French hose* in Henry V. iii. 7. 56; and in The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 80, Portia says: "I think he bought . . . his *round hose* in *France.*"

110. Lines 21, 22: *the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 3. 50: "the *primrose path* of dalliance;" and All's Well, iv. 5. 57: "they'll be for *the flowery way* that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

111. Line 27: *the second cock.*—See Romeo and Juliet, iv. 4. 3, 4:

> the *second cock* hath crow'd,
> The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock.

112. Line 63: *combustion.*—Compare Henry VIII. v. 4. 51: "kindling such a *combustion* in the state." Cotgrave has "*Combustion:* f. A combustion, burning, or consuming with fire; also, a tumult; and hence *Entrer en combustion avec.* To make a stirre, to raise an uproare, to keepe an old coyle against."

113. Lines 72–74:

> *Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope*
> *The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence*
> *The life o' the building!*

"There is a confusion of metaphor here. Reference is made in the same clause to 1 Samuel xxiv. 10, 'I will not put forth mine hand against my lord, for he is *the Lord's anointed;*' and to 2 Corinthians vi. 16, 'For ye are *the temple* of the living God'" (Clarendon Press edd.).

114. Line 81: *Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit.*—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 364: "*death-counterfeiting* sleep."

115. Line 85: *Ring the bell.*—Theobald considered this to be a mere stage-direction that had crept into the text from the prompter's book; and a number of very respectable editors have followed him in omitting it. But it seems to me that the reiteration of the order is a very natural one, and the break in the metre not more serious than many others in the play.

116. Lines 96, 97:

> *Had I but died an hour before this chance,*
> *I had liv'd a blessed time.*

Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 472, 473:

> If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
> To die when I desire

117. Line 107: *Their hands and faces were all* BADG'D *with blood.*—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 200: "murder's crimson *badge.*"

118. Line 118: *His silver skin lac d with his golden blood.*—See note 104 above for the likening of *blood* to *gold* (compare the *red gold* of old ballads). Johnson was certainly right in taking these curiously artificial metaphors as intended to convey a sense of Macbeth's dissimulation—"the studied language of hypocrisy."

119. Lines 121, 122:

> *their daggers*
> UNMANNERLY BREECH'D *with gore.*

Farmer quotes from the 6th Dialogue of Erondelle's French Garden, 1605: "Boy, go fetch your master's silver-hatched daggers, you have not brushed their *breeches,* bring the brushes," &c. Douce, on the other side, perhaps preferably, takes the more familiar *breeches* to be meant, and that "the expression, though in itself something *unmannerly,* simply means covered as with *breeches.*" The Clarendon Press edd. compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 274: "strip your sword stark naked."

120. Lines 127, 128:

> *What should be spoken here, where our fate,*
> HID IN AN AUGER-HOLE, *may rush, and seize us?*

Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft, speaking of the pretended powers of witches, mentions among other difficult feats, "They can go in and out at *auger holes*" (book i. chap. 4, Reprint, p. 8). The meaning here is that our fate may be concealed in the smallest hole or cranny.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

With the portents described in this scene compare Holinshed's description of those which followed the murder of King Duffe: "For the space of .vj. moneths togither after this haynous murder thus committed, there appeared no sunne by day, nor Moone by night in any parte of the realme, but stil was the skie couered with continual clowdes, and sometimes suche outragious windes arose with lightnings and tempestes, that the people were in great feare of present destruction" (vol. v. p. 235). And again further on: "Monstrous sightes also that were seene within the Scottishe kingdome that yeare were these, horses in Lothian being of singuler beautie and swiftnesse, did eate their owne flesh, & would in no wise taste any other meate. In Angus there was a gentlewoman brought forth a child without eyes, nose, hande, or foote. There was a Sparhauke also strangled by an Owle" (*ut supra,* p. 237).

121. Line 7: *And yet dark night strangles the* TRAVELLING *lamp.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *travailing,* F. 3, F. 4 *travelling,* as most editors now print. It is possible there may be an allusion to both meanings—"struggling with difficulty onward." What are now two distinct words of different spelling were formerly used interchangeably, as were, *e.g.* "metal" and "mettle."

122. Line 8: *Is't night's* PREDOMINANCE.—*Predominance* is an astrological term, referring to the planets whose power is at its height. Compare Lear, i. 2. 134.

123. Line 12: *A falcon*, TOWERING *in her pride of* PLACE. —Both *towering* and *place* are technical terms in falconry. *Place* means "the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its flight" (Gifford). Compare Massinger, The Guardian, i. 1:

> Then, for an evening flight,
> A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
> As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
> In such a *place* flies, as he seems to say,
> See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
> He makes his stoop. —Works, p. 462, vol. i.

124. Line 28: *ravin up* —"Ravin down" is used in the same sense in Measure for Measure, i. 2. 133. See note on that passage.

125. Lines 31, 32:

> *He is already nam'd, and gone to* SCONE
> *To be invested.*

Scone was called the Royal City of *Scone* or *Scoan* as early as the first decade of the tenth century after Christ. It was situated a little distance to the north of the town of Perth, and is now called Old Scone; New Scone being a little to the S.E. of it, nearer Perth. The Stone of Destiny was transferred to Scone, from Dunstaffnage in Argyleshire, by Kenneth Macalpine, soon after the foundation of an abbey there in 838. Many of the Scottish kings were crowned on this stone; till Edward I., having conquered Baliol, removed it to Westminster. In a separate stipulation, at the time of the Treaty of Northampton, the stone was to be restored to Scotland; but the restoration was never carried out. Sir Walter Scott tells us that it was originally brought from Ireland by "Fergus the son of Eric, who led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyleshire." It was used at the coronation of the present Queen, the chair of Edward the Confessor being placed upon it; and it is said that at that ceremony some small fragments of the stone were broken off. Charles II. was crowned at Scone, as a compliment perhaps to the Scotch, January 1st, 1651. This was after the defeat of the Scotch Cavaliers by Cromwell at Dunbar, but before the more decisive battle of Worcester.—F. A. M.

126. Line 33: *Colme-kill.*—The meaning of this word (according to Jamieson's Dict. *sub voce*) is the cell or chapel of St. Columba or Colum, who landed on this little island (better known as Iona) in the year 563, in order to preach Christianity. The ruins of the cathedral and monastery which were built on the island may still be seen. All the Scottish kings, from Kenneth III. to Macbeth inclusive, *i.e.* from 973 to 1040, were buried at *Colme-kill.* "To the Highlanders of the present day Iona is known as 'Innisnan-Druidhneach' or *the Island of the Druids*—as 'Ii-cholum-chille,' or *the Island of Colum, of the Cell*, or *Cemetery*, whence the English word Icolymkill is derived" (New Statistical Account of Scotland, 1845, vol. vii. p. 313). —F. A. M.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

The murder of Banquo, plotted in this scene and the next, and carried out in scene 3, is thus told in Holinshed: "These and the like commendable lawes, Makbeth caused to be put as then in vse, gouerning the realme for the space of tenne yeares in equall iustice. But this was but a counterfayte zeale of equitie shewed by him, partely against his naturall inclination to purchase thereby the fauour of the people. Shortly after, he beganne to shewe what he was, in steede of equitie practising crueltie. For the pricke of conscience (as it chanceth euer in tyrantes, and suche as attayne to any astate by vnrightuous meanes) caused him euer to feare, least he should be serued of the same cuppe, as he had ministred to his predecessour. The woordes also of the three weird sisters, wold not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, so lykewise did they promise it at the same time, vnto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed therefore the same Banquho with his sonne named Fleaunce, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was in deede, as he had deuised, present death at the handes of certaine murtherers, whome he hyred to execute that deede, appoynting them to meete with the same Banquho and his sonne without the palayce, as they returned to theyr lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he woulde not haue his house slaundered, but that in time to come he might cleare himselfe, if any thing were layde to his charge vpon any suspition that might arise.

"It chaunced yet, by the benefite of the darke night, that though the father were slaine, the son yet by the helpe of almightie God reseruing him to better fortune, escaped that daunger: and afterwardes hauing some inckling (by the admonition of some frendes which he had in the courte,) howe his life was sought no lesse then his fathers, who was slayne not by chaunce medley (as by the handling of the mater Makbeth would haue had it to appeare,) but euen vpon a prepensed[1] deuise, wherevpon to auoyde further perill he fledde into Wales" (Reprint, vol. v. p. 271).

127. Line 10: Sennet sounded.—The Ff. print *senit.* The word was variously spelt, and of frequent occurrence, in the stage-directions of old plays. See III. Henry VI. note 66.

128. Line 13: *And* ALL-THING *unbecoming.*—"The adjectives *all, each, both, every, other*, are sometimes interchanged, and used as pronouns in a manner different from modern usage. In this instance 'all' is used for *every*" (Abbott, Sh. Grammar, § 12). Elwin quotes the Hymn in the Compline from Henry the Eighth's Primer:

> O Lorde, the maker of *all-thing*,
> We pray the nowe in the evening.

129. Lines 41–44:

> *Let every man be master of his time*
> *Till seven at night; to make society*
> *The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself*
> *Till supper-time.*

The punctuation in the text is Theobald's, and seems very preferable to that of the Ff., which place a comma after *night* and a colon after *welcome.*

130. Lines 55–57:

> *and under him*
> *My Genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,*
> *Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.*

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[1] Preconceived, predetermined.

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 18–22:

> Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
> Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
> Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
> Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
> Becomes a fear, as being overpower'd.

This is closely copied from North's Plutarch (ed. 1631, p. 926, lines 8–10).

131. Line 63: *Thence to be wrench'd* WITH *an unlineal hand.*—Compare Winter's Tale, v. 2. 68: "He was torn to pieces *with* a bear." Compare note 139 below.

132. Line 65: *fil'd.*—This word, meaning *defiled,* of which it is apparently an abbreviation, is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, iii. 1. 62:

> She lightly lept out of her *filed* bedd.

133. Line 70: *To make them kings, the* SEED *of Banquo kings!*—Ff. have *seedes,* which some editors adopt. Very many more agree in taking the plural to be a mere error of the press. No similar example has been adduced, except a few confessedly problematical ones from plays whose text is anything but dependable.

134. Line 72: *And champion me to th'* UTTERANCE!—This is, fight with me *à l'outrance.* Cotgrave has "*Combattre à oultrance.* To fight at sharpe, to fight it out, or to the vttermost; not to spare one another in fighting." The wood *utterance* is used again, in the same sense, by Shakespeare in Cymbeline, iii. 1. 73.

135. Line 81: *How you were* BORNE IN HAND.—See Taming of the Shrew, note 146; Measure for Measure, note 46. Compare also Hamlet, ii. 2. 65–67:

> whereat griev'd,
> That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
> Was falsely *borne in hand.*

136. Line 88: *Are you so* GOSPELL'D.—Probably an allusion to the precept in the *gospel,* "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you" (Matt. v. 44).

137. Line 110: HAVE *so incens'd.*—Ff. print *hath;* the reading is Rowe's.

138. Line 116: *distance.*—This word is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare in the sense it here has, "hostility," "antagonism as of opposing enemies." The Clarendon Press edd. give an instance of it in Bacon, Essays, xv. 62: "setting them at *distance,* or at least distrust among themselves." Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "*Distance* [discord], *dissidium, discordia.*"

139. Lines 129–131:

> *I will advise you where to plant yourselves,*
> *Acquaint you,* WITH A PERFECT SPY, O' THE TIME,
> *The moment on't.*

We have adopted a very simple emendation, first suggested by Johnson, of *a* for *the,* and the punctuation of Collier as said to be given by the Old Corrector. This passage has been made the subject of much discussion by the commentators, but the meaning of it seems to be clear. The difficulty, supposed or real, lies in line 130; but if we take *with* to mean "by," "by means of," as it frequently does in Shakespeare (see line 63 above, and note 131), it is plain that Macbeth refers to his intention to acquaint the two Murderers, by means of one who may be trusted to watch Banquo closely, *of the time* when to commit the murder; and this interpretation is fully borne out by a passage in the third scene of this act. When the Three Murderers enter, it is evident that the first distrusts the man who has joined them, for he asks, "But who did bid thee join with us?" to which the Second Murderer answers:

> He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
> Our offices, and what we have to do,
> To the direction just.

This passage evidently means that the Third Murderer has brought them exactly *the direction,* which Macbeth promised to send them *by the perfect spy, o' the time.* The alteration of *the* to *a* makes the meaning clearer, though it is possible the right reading may be "By the *perfect'st* spy." Compare above, in the letter from her husband read by Lady Macbeth: "I have learn'd by the *perfect'st* report."

Steevens proposed to put a full stop after line 129, and to take *Acquaint you* as = "Acquaint yourselves," and the *perfect spy o' the time* as = "the exact time, the time most favourable to your purposes," which they were to *spy* out. Undoubtedly *you* is frequently used for *yourselves,* but, on the whole, I think the interpretation given above is the preferable one.—F. A. M.

140. Line 134: *To leave no* RUBS *nor botches in the work.*—Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 4, and note 242.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

141. Line 13: *We have* SCOTCH'D *the snake, not kill'd it.*—*Scotch'd* is Theobald's almost universally-accepted emendation of Ff.'s *scorch'd. Scotch'd* occurs again in Coriolanus, iv. 5. 198: "he *scotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado." *Scotches* occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 7. 10, as a substantive of similar meaning to the verb, which means "to cut slightly."

142. Lines 19, 20:

> *better to be with the dead,*
> *Whom we, to gain our* PEACE, *have sent to peace.*

This is the reading of F. 1; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, with a large proportion of modern editors, print *place;* to my mind a much less impressive and a much less Shakespearean word. [There is no doubt much to be said in favour of the correction made by F. 2, obvious as it is, and perhaps suspiciously simple. Macbeth did not murder Duncan to gain *peace,* but to gain the throne. If this sentence referred to the murder of Banquo, *peace* would be the more appropriate word. For the use of *place* in the sense of a high dignity, we may compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 92:

> Whose credit with the judge, or own great *place.*

Mr. Irving, it may be mentioned, retains in his acting-edition the reading of F. 1; in favour of which reading it may be said that Macbeth was not only thinking of the murder of Duncan, but also of the two grooms whom he had killed in order to secure his own safety.—F. A. M.]

143. Lines 26–35.—F. 1 prints these lines as in our text, except that in line 28 it has *among* instead of *'mong,* the

latter being the correction of F. 2, which, however, in line 29 unnecessarily introduces the word *still*, reading:

Let your remembrance *still* apply to Banquo.

There is no need for the insertion of this word, as *remembrance* was, in Shakespeare's time, often pronounced as a quadrisyllable. Steevens, in his edition, 1793, who is followed by the Cambridge edd. and others, divided the two imperfect lines (31, 32) thus:

Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams.

Malone arranges the passage thus:

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo: present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue; unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams.

Steevens thought that something had been omitted from the text after the words *Unsafe the while*, and suggested that Shakespeare might have written:

Unsafe the while *it is for us*, that we.

I would suggest that *while* was intended to be connected closely with the words *that we*, and that line 31 in Ff. should have read something like this:

Unsafe, *alas! we rest* the while that we,

or

Unsafe *we needs must rest* the while that we;

the meaning being, not that Macbeth and his wife were unsafe *because* they had to flatter Banquo, but that they were unsafe in spite of their stooping to that; and therefore there was a stronger motive for his removal; as, while he lived, flatter him as they might, they could never be safe.—F. A. M.

144. Line 38: *But in them nature's copy's not eterne.*—This is very likely an allusion to legal phraseology, though some have supposed *nature's copy* to mean man, formed in the image of God. Cowell, in his Interpreter, has "Copie hold (*tenura per copiam rotuli curiae*) is a tenure, for the which the tenent hath nothing to shew, but the *copie* of the Rolls made by the Steward of his Lord's court. . . some copyhold is fineable, and some certaine: that which is fineable, the lord taketh at his pleasure" (First Edn. (1607) *sub voce*). The word *eterne*, for eternal, is only used by Shakespeare here, and in Hamlet, ii. 2. 512.

145. Line 42: *The shard-borne beetle.*—F. 3, F. 4 print *shard-born*, which some suppose to mean born among shards, or in dung. But in one or two places Shakespeare has linked *shard* with *beetle* in a way that leaves no doubt as to the meaning—the scaly wings of the beetle. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 20:

They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle;*

and Cymbeline, iii. 3. 20: "The *sharded beetle.*" [The scientific name for the wing-cases is *elytra;* anyone, who has observed beetles, knows the startling effect when these hard *elytra* are suddenly opened, and the membranous underwings (which in some beetles are very large in proportion to their body) are suddenly unfolded, and the insect, that was just now walking or running, is borne away in rapid flight. The *shards* or *elytra* remain immovable during flight, but probably help to buoy up the insect while on the wing.—F. A. M.]

146. Lines 46, 47:

Come, SEELING *night,*
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.

Seel is a term in falconry, meaning to sew up the eyes of a hawk. Compare Othello, i. 3. 270; iii. 3. 210; and Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 112. Cotgrave has "*Siller les yeux.* To *seele*, or sow vp, the eye-lids, (& thence also), to hoodwinke, blind, keepe in darknesse, depriue of sight."

147. Lines 50, 51:

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the ROOKY *wood.*

Rooky may be meant for "frequented by rooks" (which to me seems rather the *preferable* interpretation, so far as sense is concerned), or for "dusky, gloomy," or "foggy." The Clarendon Press edd. cite the Promptorium Parvulorum: "*Roky*, or mysty. Nebulosus." [*Rooky* is given in Grose's Provincial Glossary as="misty," and in Bailey as="musty;" both authorities state it to be a North-country word. It is given in Brockett, but not in the Yorkshire, Westmoreland, or Tyneside Glossaries; and I have always heard *reek*, not *rook* or *ruk*, used for "smoke" in the North. Steevens proposes to read "makes wing *to rook* i' the wood," and quotes III. Henry VI. v. 6. 47:

The raven *rook'd* her on the chimney's top

(see note 333 of that play). Chaucer uses *rouke* and *rucking* in the sense of "to lie close;" and Gower in the Confessio Amantis, bk. iv., has, speaking figuratively of the priests or monks:

And now they *rucken* in her nest
And resten as hem liketh best.
—Works, vol. ii. p. 57, edn. 1857.

Rooky wood may mean here the wood into which the *crow* went to *rook* or *roost*.—F. A. M.]

ACT III. Scene 3.

148. Line 6: *Now spurs the* LATED *traveller apace.*—*Lated*, for belated, occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 11. 3.

ACT III. Scene 4.

149. Line 5: *Our hostess keeps her* STATE.—The *state* was a chair of state, placed on a raised platform at the head of the table, and covered with a canopy. Cotgrave has "*Dais*, or *Daiz.* A cloth of Estate, Canopie, or Heauen, that stands ouer the heads of Princes thrones also, the whole *State*, or seat of Estate." Compare Coriolanus, v. 4. 22; Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 50; and I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 415.

150. Line 6: *We will* REQUIRE *her welcome.*—*Require*, here, as in some other places in Shakespeare, means simply "ask," not "demand." Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 12. 12.

151. Line 14: *'T is better thee without than he within.*—The grammar of this line is faulty, however we take it; but the meaning is either "It is better outside thee than inside him," or "It is better for his blood to be on thy face than for him to be within."

152. Line 24: *cabin'd, cribb'd.*—*Cabin* as a verb occurs in Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 179: "And *cabin* in a cave." *Crib*, in the present sense, is not known to occur anywhere but in this passage.

153. Line 27: *With twenty* TRENCHED *gashes on his head.*—Compare Arden of Feversham, iii. 1. (ed. Bullen, p. 42):

> And *Mosbies* name, a scandale vnto mine,
> Is deeply *trenched* in my blushing brow.

154. Line 32: *We'll hear ourselves again.*—Punctuated as in the text (the punctuation of the Ff.) the meaning may be taken to be, We'll talk with one another again. *Ourselves again* has been understood as the ablative absolute, "when we are ourselves again;" and Dyce rendered the sense certainly easier, but perhaps not better, by punctuating, *We'll hear, ourselves, again.*

155. Line 41: *Were the* GRAC'D *person of our Banquo present.*—Compare Lear, i. 4. 267, where *graced* is used, as here, in the sense of "gracious."

156. Line 55: *upon a thought.*—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 241: "and *with a thought* seven of the eleven I paid;" *i.e.* as quick as thought.

157. Line 63: *O, these* FLAWS *and starts.*—Compare Hamlet, v. 1. 239, and see note on that passage.

158. Line 76: *Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal.*—Ff. read *humane*, which in Shakespeare's time was often spelt *human.* The latter is Theobald's reading, and seems preferable. "*Gentle,*" say the Clarendon Press edd., "is to be taken prophetically. 'Ere humane statute purged the common weal and made it gentle.'"

159. Line 78: *the time has been.*—F. 1 prints *times has*, which the later Ff. correct into *times have*, a reading less easily explained as a printer's error, and not so good in sense.

160. Line 84: *Your noble friends do* LACK *you.*—Compare As You Like It, iv. 1. 182: "I cannot *lack* thee two hours."

161. Line 95: *Thou hast no* SPECULATION *in those eyes.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 109. Singer quotes Bullokar, Expositor, 1616: "*Speculation,* the inward knowledge, or beholding of a thing."

162. Line 101: *the Hyrcan tiger.*—Compare III. Henry VI. i. 4. 155: "tigers of Hyrcania;" and Hamlet, ii. 2. 472: "the Hyrcanian beast." See Merchant of Venice, note 176.

163. Lines 105, 106:

> *If trembling I* INHABIT, *then protest me*
> *The* BABY *of a girl.*

This is one of the many difficult passages in the text of Macbeth, perhaps the most difficult. Is *inhabit* a printer's or copyist's error or not; and if not, what does it mean? Many emendations have been proposed, the most generally accepted of which is "If trembling I *inhibit thee,*" the meaning of which is, I suppose, "If trembling with fear I bid thee avaunt, or fear to encounter thee." Shakespeare uses *inhibited* twice in the sense of "forbidden," in All's Well, i. 1. 157, and Othello, i. 2. 79. But if this emendation be right, the word would have something of its legal sense here, much the same as that in which the noun *inhibition* is used in the well-known passage in Hamlet, ii. 2. 346. One would certainly have expected this very slight alteration (*inhibit thee*) to have been made in the text by one of the later Folios, if the line had ever been spoken thus; but it looks here very much as if Shakespeare had used a very unusual word—or rather expression—purposely; and that we must search for its meaning, if any, in the context. Macbeth has already said to the spectre of Banquo (lines 100, 101):

> Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
> The arm d rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;

and it is possible that the wild beasts suggested the kindred idea of the desert inhabited by none but wild beasts; and that the meaning may be "If trembling I *inhabit,*" *i.e.* "keep in my cave or hiding place, instead of coming out into the open to meet you." Schmidt plausibly explains *inhabit* as "to put on a habit," but he produces no instance of the use of the word in that sense. In that case *trembling* is the accusative, and the meaning is "If I then put on the *habit* of fear." It is scarcely necessary to go into any of the other emendations proposed. The only question is whether we should adopt the punctuation of F. 1:

> If trembling I *inhabit* then, protest mee
> The Baby of a Girle.

Taking *inhabit* to have something of the sense we have assigned to it above, and to be used absolutely, we prefer the punctuation of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, which has the comma after *inhabit* and not after *then.* I can find no instance of *exhibit* being used as in modern times="to show" with regard to a feeling such as anger, fear, &c.; otherwise one might venture on the emendation "If trembling I *exhibit,*" which I find has been previously proposed by A. Hunter, and before him by Robinson, in The Gentleman's Magazine in 1769 (vol. lix. p. 1201).—F. A. M.

The BABY *of a girl; i.e.* a girl's doll; or perhaps it should be taken literally. For the former sense see Cotgrave under *Poupée* and its derivatives, and especially "*Poupetier.* A *babe*-maker, or puppet-maker."

164. Line 111: *And* OVERCOME *us like a summer's cloud.*—*Overcome* is used in the sense of "come over," "overshadow." Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, iii. 7. 4:

> All cover'd with thick woodes that quite it *overcame.*

165. Lines 115, 116:

> *And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,*
> *When mine* IS *blanch'd with fear.*

Malone and many subsequent editors change *is* to *are*, taking the word to apply to *cheeks.* But it may just as well relate to *the natural ruby, i.e.* the colour, of the cheeks.

166. Line 122: *It will have blood; they say blood will have blood.*—Ff. print:

> It will have blood they say:
> Blood will have blood.

The pointing in the text was first introduced by Whalley. A few editors follow the Ff.; but Johnson (Miscellaneous Observations on Macbeth) is probably right in his interpretation: "Macbeth justly infers that the death of Duncan cannot go unpunished, 'It will have blood!' then after a short pause declares it as the general observation of mankind, that murderers cannot escape." I cannot

help feeling, however, that, to the ear at least, the reading of the Ff. is more harmonious and more impressive.

167. Line 123: *Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.*—Mr. Paton (in Notes and Queries, Nov. 6, 1869) suggested that there was an allusion, in the first clause of this line, to the rocking-stones (one of which was near Glamis Castle), by which it was thought that the Druids tried persons suspected of crimes. In the *trees* that *speak* we have, perhaps, an allusion to the story in Virgil of the bleeding tree which revealed to Æneas the murder of Polydorus (Æneid, bk. iii. ll. 22–48).

168. Line 124: *Augurs and understood relations; i.e.* soothsayings and knowledge of the secret links of things. *Augurs* is spelt *Augures* in Ff. Florio, 1598, has "*Augurio*, an *augure*, a soothsaying, . . . a wishing of good hap, a forboding."

169. Line 140: *scann'd.*—This word is used, as here, for carefully examined into, in Hamlet, iii. 3. 75: "That would be *scann'd.*"

170. Line 144: *in deed.*—Ff. have *indeed*, as one word. The rectification was made by Theobald.

ACT III. Scene 5.

171. Stage-direction. "Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate."—Hecate, the "infernal" name of Diana in Roman mythology, was, in the middle ages, generally supposed to be the goddess or mistress of witches. In Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft (Booke 3, Chap. xvi.), we read that "Certeine generall councels, by their decrees, have condemned the confusions and erronious credulitie of witches, to be vaine, fantasticall and fabulous . . . to wit; their night walkings and meetings with *Herodias*, and the *Pagan* gods: &c. . . . The words of the councell are these; It may not be omitted, that certeine wicked women following sathans provocations, being seduced by the illusion of divels, beleeve and professe, that in the night times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddesse of the *Pagans*, or else with *Herodias*, with an innumerable multitude, upon certeine beasts, and passe over manie countries and nations, in the silence of the night, and doo whatsoever those fairies or ladies command, &c." (Reprint, p. 51).

172. Line 1: *Why, how now,* HECATE! *you look* ANGERLY. —*Hecate* is spelt in F. 1, F. 2 *Hecat*, as, of course, it must be pronounced.[1] The name is always so accented in Shakespeare. In I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 64 it is, however, a trisyllable. It is used as a dissyllable in Ben Jonson's Sad Shepherd, ii. 3, and in Milton's Comus. *Angerly*, for angrily, is used in two other passages: Two Gent. of Verona, i. 2. 62, and King John, iv. 1. 82.

173. Lines 23, 24:

> *Upon the corner of the moon*
> *There hangs a vaporous drop profound.*

"This *vaporous drop*," says Steevens, "seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs or other objects when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erictho using it (Pharsalia, vi. 666):

> Et *virus* large *lunare* ministrat."

174. Line 33: Stage-direction. Music and song within, "*Come away, come away.*"—This is substantially Capell's stage-direction. Ff. have *Musike and a song.* After line 35 is a second stage-direction: *Sing within. Come away, come away*, &c.

The words sung here in Mr. Irving's stage version are as follows:

> Come away come away
> Hecate, Hecate, come away!
> Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
> Over seas, our mistress' fountains;
> Over steeples, towers and turrets,
> We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits:
> No ring of bells to our ear sounds,
> No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds.
> No ring of bells, &c.

They are, however, transferred to the end of act iv. scene 1. These words are taken from a scene in Middleton's Witch (act iii. scene 3) transferred bodily by Davenant into his hideous deformation of Shakespeare's play. It shows what a false estimate of Davenant his contemporaries must have had, since they seem to have believed that he could have written the last eight lines of this song, which are infinitely superior to any of the desperately prosy rubbish he has introduced into his version of Macbeth. It is doubtful whether the song, indicated in the stage-direction of the Folio, included much more than the first five lines of the song given in Middleton's Witch:

> Come away, come away,
> Hecate, Hecate, come away!
> *Hec.* I come, I come, I come, I come,
> With all the speed I may,
> With all the speed I may.
> —Works (Dyce's edn.), vol. iii. p. 303.

Whether Middleton wrote the lines beginning *Over woods, high rocks*, &c., himself, of course we do not know. One very good emendation is introduced by Davenant, either of his own invention or from the copy of the MS. to which he had access,[2] and that is in the fifth line of the song as given above, which in Middleton runs

> Over *steep* towers and turrets

instead of

> Over *steeples*, towers, and turrets.

Dyce, in his edition of Middleton, vol. iii. p. 304, says that he suspects that that was the true reading, and refers to what Hecate says above in The Witch, act i. scene 2 (p. 260):

> In moonlight nights, on *steeple-tops*.

—F. A. M.

ACT III. Scene 6.

175. Line 8: *Who cannot want the thought.*—This double negative was sanctioned by the usage of Shakespeare's time, and seems in his own case to have been particularly seductive. Compare Winter's Tale, iii. 2. 55, &c.

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1 In the music to Middleton's Witch, mentioned in the Introduction, it is written *Hecket.*—F. A. M.

2 It is "Over *steeples*" in the music to the Witch mentioned in the Introduction.

176. Lines 21, 22:

and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast.

Compare Lear, ii. 4. 143, 144:

I cannot think my sister in the least
Would *fail* her obligation.

Tyrant is perhaps used here, as in III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 69–72, for usurper, the original meaning of the Greek word.

177. Line 38: *Hath so* EXASPERATE *the king.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 34: "why art thou, then, *exasperate?*" And see instances of the truncated participle in similar words, such as *dedicate* (Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 154), &c. Ff. read *their king;* the correction is Hanmer's.

178. Line 41: *The* CLOUDY *messenger.*—Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 82, 83:

Such aspect
As *cloudy* men use to their adversaries.

179. Lines 48, 49:

this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd.

Compare similar constructions in, for example, Richard II. iii. 2. 8:

As a long-parted mother with her child;

Othello, v. 2. 4:

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

180. Line 1: *Thrice the* BRINDED *cat hath mew'd.*—Cole, Latin Dictionary, has "*Brinded, variegatus.*" The more familiar form of the word is "brindled."

181. Line 3: *Harpier.*—This may be a misprint for *Harpy* (as Steevens considered), or it may be meant as another form of the same word.

182. Line 6: *Toad, that under cold stone.*—Various attempts have been made, all as bad as possible, to render this line syllabically equal with its fellows. It is quite rhythmical as it stands. *Cold* and *stone* must, of course, each be pronounced slowly and with emphasis. Similar accentuations for effect will be found, in one form or another, in most poets who have paid much attention to the niceties of versification. The most remarkable instance I recollect of deliberate interference with natural accent is in a line in one of Tennyson's later Idylls of the King, Pelleas and Ettarre, which has to be read thus:

And | the sword | of the tour- | ney across | her throat.
—Works, ed. 1879, p. 495.

[In Davenant, this and the next line are printed:

Toad *which* under *mossy* stone
Has days and nights lain thirty-one;

an arrangement which disturbs entirely the metre Shakespeare had chosen. Charles Kean, in his version, adopted the very cacophonous emendation:

Toad that under *coldest* stone;

and so it is generally printed in all acting versions. In Mr. Irving's version he follows Rowe:

Toad that under *the* cold stone.

But, in this case, *the*, which, according to the rhythm, would be accented, must be joined to the *under* preceding it, and so form a dactyl. Even this, perhaps the least objectionable of all the emendations, makes the line, to some extent, weaker; and the only reason for its adoption in the acting version is that it is very desirable, on the stage, to avoid anything which compels the actor or actress to pronounce the vowel as if it were a double sound, such as *co-old* for *cold.*—F. A. M.]

183. Line 8: *Swelter'd venom.*—Steevens quotes an old translation of Boccace's Novels, 1620, "an huge and mighty toad even *weltering* (as it were) in a hole full of poison." As for the question of the venom rightly or wrongly attributed to the toad, see note 202 to Richard II.

184. Line 16: *Adder's fork.*—See note 203 to Richard II.

185. Line 17: *howlet's wing.*—Pope, who altered everything, altered *howlet* to *owlet.* But *howlet* was the spelling of Shakespeare's time. Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "*Howlet, bubo;*" and Cotgrave, "*Huette.* An *Howlet,* or the little Horne-Owle."

186. Line 23: *Witches' mummy.*—*Mummy* was formerly used as a medicine. Compare Webster, The White Devil, i. 11. 12:

Your followers
Have swallowed you like *mummia,* and, being sick
With such unnatural and horrid physic,
Vomit you up i' the kennel.

Sir Thomas Browne, Hydriotaphia, v., says: "The Egyptian *mummies* which Cambyses spared, avarice now consumeth. *Mummy* is become merchandize, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

187. Line 24: *ravin'd, i.e.* glutted with prey. Compare Phineas Fletcher's Locusta, 1627, c. iii. st. 18:

Whom that Greeke leopard no sooner spi'de,
But slue, devour'd, and fill'd his empty maw:
But with the *raven'd* prey his bowells broke;
So into fowre divides his brazen yoke.

See *ravin up,* ii. 4. 28 above; *ravin down,* Measure for Measure, 1. 2. 133; and *ravin* (as an adjective) in All's Well, iii. 2. 120.

188. Line 28: *sliver'd.*—Boyer (French Dictionary) has "To sliver, *verb. act.* (*or* cut into slivers) *Couper en tranches.*" The verb is used again in Lear, iv. 2. 34, and the noun in Hamlet, iv. 7. 174.

189. Line 32: *slab.*—Boyer has *slabby* ("plashy, full of Dirt"). *Slab* seems to be used here for slimy. The word, as an adjective, is not found elsewhere.

190. Line 34: *ingredients.*—The Ff. have *ingredience.* The correction is Rowe's.

191. Line 38: Stage-direction. Enter Hecate.—This stage-direction is Ritson's. The Ff. have "Enter Hecat, and the other three witches." As the other three witches were already on the stage it is difficult to see how they can now enter. Dyce gives examples of similarly-worded stage-directions from Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street.

192. Line 43: Stage-direction. Music and a song: "*Black spirits,*" &c.—As is pretty generally known, the stage-direction indicates the introduction of the song begin-

ning "Black spirits and white," also introduced into Middleton's play of The Witch, and by Davenant in his version of Macbeth, in the preparation of which he must have had access to a MS. or printed copy of Middleton's play. No publication of The Witch is, however, known to have taken place before the year 1778; but many commentators have held that Shakespeare borrowed from Middleton, and not Middleton from Shakespeare. But there is really not a tittle of evidence to support the former conjecture; while every probability is in favour of the more natural supposition that Middleton was the borrower. It must be said, in justice to both dramatists, that their treatment of the witches in their two respective plays differs quite as much as these two plays do themselves, which is saying a great deal. In his Shakespeare Notings, appended to his admirable edition of Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft (pp. 543, 546), Dr. Brinsley Nicholson argues, with great force, that Middleton's Witch must have been written after Shakespeare's Macbeth. As for the songs, he shows that *Black Spirits and White* was really only an adaptation of some rhymes quoted by Scot in his xxxiii. chapter, which treats of Witches and Devils, in which, when talking of a little book published by "W. W." on the Witches of St. Osees in Essex, he says: "now *Brian Darcies* he spirits and shee spirits, Tittie and Tiffin, Suckin and Pidgin, Liard and Robin, &c.: his *white spirits* and *blacke spirits, graie spirits and red spirits,* divell tode and divell lambe, divels cat and divels dam, &c." (p. 455). Scot wrote in 1584. And on turning to Middleton's Witch, act v. scene 2, we find that the song (of which the first line is given in the first Folio of Shakespeare) runs thus:

> Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey,
> Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
> Titty, Tiffin,
> Keep it stiff in;
> Firedrake, Puckey,
> Make it lucky;
> Liard, Robin,
> You must bob in.
> Round, around, around, about, about!
> All ill come running in, all good keep out.
> —Works, vol. iii. p. 328.

It is evident from this that Middleton took the substance of this song from Scot; and, as Dr. Brinsley Nicholson says, these rhymes are neither Shakespeare's nor Middleton's.—F. A. M.

193. Line 55: *Though bladed corn be lodg'd.*—There are a number of references to the fancy of witches for transferring corn from one place to another in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft. The nearest parallel with the words in the text is in chap. 4. "And first *Ovid* affirmeth, that they can raise and suppresse lightening and thunder, raine and haile, clouds and winds, tempests and earthquakes. Others do write, that they can pull downe the moone and the starres. Some write that with wishing they can send needles into the livers of their enemies. Some that they can *transferre corne in the blade from one place to another*" (Reprint, p. 8). For *lodged* = "beaten down by the wind," compare Richard II. iii. 3. 162, and II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 176:

> Like to the summer's corn by tempest *lodg'd;*

and see note 199 in the latter play.

194. Line 59: *germens.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *germaine;* F. 3, F. 4 *germain;* Pope read *germains;* Theobald *germins,* and the Cambridge editors *germens.* The same word, spelt *germaines* and *germains* in the originals, occurs in a similar connection and sense in Lear, iii. 2. 8, which makes it very unlikely that the reading of Ff. is right, or that it means, as Pope supposed, "*relations* or *kindred* elements."

195. Line 68.—"The armed head, represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child, is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolme; who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough and bear it before them to Dunsinane" (Upton, Critical Observations on Shakespeare, First Edn. 1746, p. 53).

196. Lines 80, 81:

> *none of woman born*
> *Shall harm Macbeth.*

This prophecy, together with the one contained in lines 92–94 below—

> Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
> Shall come against him—

may be found in Holinshed: "a certeine witch, whome hee had in great trust, had told that he should neuer be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane" (Reprint, vol. v. p. 274).

197. Line 96: *bodements.*—This word is only used by Shakespeare in one other passage, in Troilus and Cressida, v. 3. 79, 80:

> This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
> Makes all these *bodements.*

198. Line 97: *Rebellion's head rise never.*—The Ff. have *Rebellions dead.* The reading in the text is Hanmer's, said to be from a conjecture of Theobald's. [On referring to Theobald's Shakespeare Restored (First Edn, 1726) I find that he gives "*Rebellious head* rise never," adding in a foot-note "or *Rebellion's* head" (Appendix, p. 187). We have followed Theobald in omitting any comma after *head;* nearly all the editors insert one, although it changes the construction if not the sense of the emendation.—F. A. M.]

199. Line 111: A show of eight Kings.—Holinshed gives (vol. v. pp. 272, 273) a long account of how Banquo's descendants became ultimately kings of Scotland. Fleance, after his escape from the murderers of his father, took refuge in Wales with the prince of that country, by whose daughter he became the father of a natural son, Walter, who subsequently came to Scotland, and having distinguished himself very much, was made Lord Steward of the realm, and so took the name of *Steward* (which afterwards became *Stewart* or *Stuart*). His great-grandson, who was also named Walter, had a son John, who married the heiress of Bonkill. This John was killed at Falkirk, leaving a son, also called Walter, who married Margerie Bruce, daughter of Robert Bruce, by whom he had a son, who succeeded to the throne as King Robert the Second. He was the first of the eight kings, the next

being Robert III. and the last James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England; and it is the latter that shows a glass to Macbeth, and not Banquo, as it says in the stage-direction of F. 1. Marie Stuart is omitted, for any allusion to that ill-fated queen would have been no less unpleasant to her son than it would have been to her late "dear friend and cousin," Queen Elizabeth. It is rather curious to think what Macbeth might have seen in the glass, had Shakespeare been endowed with any prophetic powers. Could it have shown Macbeth the ultimate fate of the *Steward* or *Stuart* family, he might have been consoled by the reflection that in Banquo's case, as in his own, "royal honours" proved not to be an unmitigated blessing.—F. A. M.

200. Line 119: *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a* GLASS.—Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 95, and see note 78.

201. Line 123: *For the* BLOOD-BOLTER'D *Banquo smiles upon me.*—Steevens and Malone both say that *boltered* is a word well known in Warwickshire, meaning to besmear, befoul. Compare Arden of Feversham, iii. 1. p. 44 (ed. Bullen):

> Me thinks I see them with their *bolstred* haire,
> Staring and grinning in thy gentle face;

where *bolstered* apparently means, as *boltered* here, "matted with sweat or blood." Steevens quotes Holland's Pliny, xii. 17, where, speaking of a goat's beard, he says: "Now by reason of dust getting among, it *baltereth* and cluttereth into knobs and bals."

202. Line 155: *But no more* SIGHTS!—Collier, on the authority of his MS. Corrector, altered *sights* to *flights*, a very intelligible error of typography, but no improvement, that I can see, to the sense of the passage. Is it any wonder that Macbeth has had enough of *sights* for the present?

ACT IV. Scene 2.

203. Line 9: *the poor wren.*—Harting (Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 143) says: "There are three statements here which are likely to be criticised by the ornithologist. First, that the wren is the smallest of birds, which is evidently an oversight. Secondly, that the wren has sufficient courage to fight against a bird of prey in defence of its young, which is doubtful. Thirdly, that the owl will take young birds from the nest."

[I think that Mr. Harting is a little hypercritical here. The common wren, *Troglodytes vulgaris*, is indeed not absolutely the smallest of British birds, for the golden-crested *Regulus*, otherwise called the golden-crested *wren*, is smaller. Yarrell gives as the length of the common *wren* four inches, and as the length of the golden-crested *Regulus* three inches and a half. The smallest of the tits is slightly larger than the *wren*.

The little *wren* is very bold and very familiar; but it is the common blue tit or Billy Biter, as the small boys call him, which is most especially vigorous in the defence of its nest. As to the accusation against the barn-door owl of taking young birds from the nest, Mr. Harting gives, on pp. 91–94, a most interesting summary of the evidence for and against the accused. It must be confessed that the circumstantial evidence is rather against the owl; though he has found a vigorous defender in the late Charles Waterton. The wren has been the small centre of many traditions. For some unknown reason Jenny Wren was married to Cock Robin; and I believe, with due deference to the translator, that the *Zaunkönig* (hedge-king) of the Tales, numbered 102 and 171 respectively, in Grimm's collection (see Margaret Hunt's Translation of Household Tales, vol. ii.) was intended to be the common wren, to be seen in every hedgerow, and not the willow-wren or willow-warbler, a member of the family of the Sylviadæ, and no relation to our friend Jenny.—F. A. M.]

204. Lines 19–22:

> *when we hold rumour*
> *From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,*
> *But float upon a wild and violent sea*
> *Each way and* MOVE.

This is one of the many obscure and difficult passages in this play which one scarcely knows how to treat; for one cannot make them clear and intelligible without such a radical alteration of the text, as the most audacious commentator may fear to perpetrate. It is much safer to retain the text of the Folio, in spite of its apparent obscurity, if by the aid of that text we can make any sense of the passage in question. Ross is trying to excuse to Lady Macbeth the apparent cowardice of her husband in flying from his country, and leaving her and her children to the mercy of Macbeth. He says:

> But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
> And do not know ourselves;

the meaning of which is generally taken to be "When we are traitors and do not know ourselves to be traitors;" in which case we should have expected that the text would have been, as Hanmer printed it, "and *know 't* ourselves." It may be that the meaning of these words is "*When we are,*"—that is to say, "act as if we were—*traitors, and do not know ourselves, i.e.* the exact motive or effect of our own actions." This meaning seems to coincide with what follows. He continues "*when we hold rumour*, that is to say "entertain or believe rumour, *from what we fear, i.e.* "interpreting it by the aid of our fears," or "giving it the shape of our fears," *yet know not what we fear*, but *float upon a wild and violent sea;* being tossed up and down and driven *each way* without any control over our own movements." The words *each way and move* are those in which the chief difficulty lies. Shakespeare never uses *move* as a substantive, but always as a verb; and, if we understand it here as equivalent to "*move* up and down with the chopping action of the waves," it makes very good sense. However elliptical the expression may appear, we have a similar use of the verb in Cymbeline, iii. 1. 26–29:

> and his shipping—
> Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
> Like egg-shells *mov'd* upon their surges, crack'd
> As easily 'gainst our rocks.

Ross's meaning may be thus paraphrased: "The times are cruel when such is the uncertainty and agitation of men's minds, that they play the part of traitors to their own duties, and lose the power of perceiving the effect of their own actions;" or, "when they are set down as traitors to their ruler, without the consciousness of having done anything to deserve it. At such times, when the

minds of men are full of a vague fear, and every idle rumour takes its shape from these fears, they feel certain of nothing; they have no sense of security in anything, but are like persons tossed about on the waves of a stormy sea, driven this way and that at the caprice of the billows." —F. A. M.

205. Line 34: *Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor* LIME.—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *line*. Doubtless a misprint, which only two editors, singularly enough, seem to have adopted into their text, Pope and Capell.

206. Line 59: *Now, God help thee, poor* MONKEY!—*Monkey* is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare as a term of endearment; but *ape* is thus used in two places, II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 234, and Romeo and Juliet, ii. 1. 16.

207. Line 83: *Thou liest, thou* SHAG-HAIR'D *villain!*—Ff. print *shag-ear'd*. The reading here, and generally, adopted is Steevens' conjecture, first used by Dyce. The expression is quite common in the dramatists of the time. Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 367: "like a *shag-hair'd* crafty kern." *Shag-hair'd* occurs twice as a term of descriptive abuse in Cyril Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy, ii. 7. (Mermaid ed. p. 284): "In the meantime comes a *shag-haired* dog by;" and v. 2 (p. 335): "Down, you *shag-haired* cur" (spoken by D'Amville to the headsman).

208. Line 83: *you egg!*—Compare *pigeon-egg*, Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 78, and *finch-egg*, Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 41.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

This scene (down to line 139) follows Holinshed very closely, in many parts almost textually. It is indeed so close a transcript that it is unnecessary to give the prose at length. Perhaps the fact that Shakespeare has here merely turned prose into verse is the reason why the scene is (to my thinking, at least) so tame and artificial compared with the rest of the play. I can never feel that this interview between Malcolm and Macduff (of course I refer to the first 139 lines) has been treated by Shakespeare in a really convincing way; long before I was aware of its authority in Holinshed, I always felt as if I were reading a narrative, not overhearing a conversation. I think Shakespeare must have written it out of a sense of duty, or of historical fidelity, and that having no interest in it himself he was content to copy tamely. The incomparable latter part of the scene has no basis in Holinshed beyond the barest statement that "Makbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Macduffe, with all whom he found in that castell, to be slaine."

209. Line 4: *birthdom.*—This word is spelt *birthdome* in the Ff. It means of course "birthright," and is formed by analogy with the numerous English words ending in "-dom," such as "kingdom,' or the word used in i. 5. 71 above, "masterdom."

210. Line 15: *deserve.*—Ff. have *discerne*. Theobald altered this to *deserve*, which has been generally accepted.

211. Lines 19, 20:

> *A good and virtuous nature may* RECOIL
> *In an imperial charge.*

Recoil is used in the same slightly irregular sense ("give way under," "swerve") in v. 2. 23 below, and in Cymbeline, i. 6. 128. "Perhaps," say the Clarendon Press edd., "Shakespeare had in mind the recoil of a gun, which suggested the use of the word 'charge,' though with a different signification."

212. Line 34: *affeer'd.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *affear'd*, F. 3 *afear'd*, F. 4 *afeard*. The spelling in the text was adopted by Steevens after Heath's conjecture. *Affeer* is a legal term meaning to assess, estimate, and also to confirm. We find in Cowell's Interpreter: "*Affeers* may probably bee thought to proceed from the french (*afferatores, alias affidati*) *affier* (*i.e. confirmare, affirmare*). It signifieth in our common law those that be appointed in Court-leets, &c. upon oath to mulct such as have committed faults arbitrably punishable, and have no expresse penalty set downe by statute" (edn. 1607, C. 1). Boyer (Fr. Dict.) has "To *Affeer*, v. a. (a Term used in the *Exchequer*, that is, to confirm by Oath)."

213. Line 59: *Sudden.*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 34, 35:

> As humorous as winter, and as *sudden*
> As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

214. Line 71: CONVEY *your pleasures in a spacious plenty.*—*Convey* is once or twice used by Shakespeare with the meaning of "conduct," "manage secretly," as in Lear, i. 2. 109: "I will seek him, sir, presently; *convey* the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal."

215. Line 86: *summer-seeming.*—Various needless attempts have been made to amend this epithet, which requires no amendment. Lust is compared to the brief and passing heat of summer; avarice takes deeper root, and has no date or intermission. Compare Donne's Love is Alchemy:

> So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
> But gett a *Winter-seeminge* Sommer's night.
> —Poems (Grosart's edn.), vol. i. p. 199.

216. Line 88: *foisons; i.e.* plenty, used generally in the singular = harvest. Shakespeare employs it again in The Tempest, iv. 1. 110, 111:

> Earth's increase, *foison* plenty,
> Barns and garners never empty.

217. Line 108: *And does* BLASPHEME *his breed.*—Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "To *Blaspheme*, to speak Evil of;" and Bacon, Advancement of Learning, i. 2. § 9, speaks of "*blasphemy* against learning."

218. Line 111: *Died every day she liv'd.*—This is probably derived from 1 Cor. xv. 31: "I die daily." [Note that in F. 1 *liv'd* is printed thus, and not *lived* as Dyce prints it. This is one of those minutiæ of rhythm concerning which the Folio is generally trustworthy. Shakespeare could never have meant the final *ed* of *lived* to be pronounced here. The defective metre is supplied naturally by the speaker's pausing before he says *Fare thee well.*—F. A. M.]

219. Line 113: HAVE *banish'd me.*—Ff. print *hath*. The correction or modernization is Rowe's.

220. Line 118: *trains; i.e.* devices. Boyer (Fr. Dict.) has "Train (a trap *or* wheedle), *Embuches, piege, amorce,*

ruse, † *attrapoire.*" The word is derived from the French *Traine*, "a plot, practise, conspiracie, deuise" (Cotgrave). It is only used as a noun in the present passage, but it occurs as a verb in Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 45, &c.

221. Line 133: *before thy here-approach.*—F. 1 has *they* for *thy*. With *here-approach* compare *my here-remain*, line 148 below.

222. Line 134: *Old Siward.*—This famous warrior was, undoubtedly, a historical personage, although a great deal of tradition surrounds his origin. His grandfather was said to be a bear, not in a figurative but in a literal sense. According to Palgrave, referred to by French, Siward encouraged this fable as tending to enhance his fame. He was a successful general under Hardicanute, and afterwards under Edward the Confessor, when he defeated the rebel Earl Godwin and his sons. He was the uncle of Malcolm, and partly for that reason was selected to help that young prince in his effort to regain the throne which Macbeth had usurped. *Siward's* eldest son Osberne (the *young Siward* of this play) was killed in the action before Macbeth's castle. Earl Siward's wife was Elfreda, daughter of Aldred. By her he left a son Waltheof, who was beheaded by William the Conqueror, much to the sorrow of the English people, and was subsequently canonized as Saint Waldeve. One of Waltheof's daughters, Maud, married Prince David, youngest son of Malcolm Canmore, and two of their grandchildren became kings of Scotland as Malcolm IV. and William the Lion, while the third grandson, David (the Kenneth of Sir Walter Scott's Talisman), had two daughters, from whom sprang Balliol and Bruce: so that, as French justly observes, the *warlike Siward* had as good a claim as Banquo "to be called the ancestor of kings."—F. A. M.

223. Line 135: *Already at a point.*—Rowe prints *all ready* in two words. *At a point* means prepared. The Clarendon Press edd. quote an instance from Foxe's Acts and Monuments, ed. 1570, p. 2092: "The Register there sittyng by, beyng weery, belyke, of tarrying, or els perceauyng the constant Martyrs to be *at a point*, called vpon the chauncelour in hast to rid them out of the way and make an end." Florio has: "*Essere in punto*, to be in a readinesse, to be *at a point.*"

224. Lines 136, 137:

the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel.

"*Chance of goodness* is equivalent to 'successful issue,' and *like* is also to be understood in connection with it: —may the issue correspond in goodness to our good, righteous cause. 'Chance of goodness' forms one idea like 'time of scorn,' Othello, iv. 2. 54" (Delius). The Clarendon Press edd. take the meaning to be "May the chance of success be as certain as the justice of our quarrel."

225. Lines 142, 143:

their malady CONVINCES
The great ASSAY *of art.*

Convinces is used here, as in i. 7. 64, in the sense of "overpowers." Compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 103, 104: "Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to *convince* the honour of my mistress." As for *assay*, Furness quotes Cotgrave: "Preuve: f. *A proofe, tryall, essay, experiment, experience.*"

226. Line 146: *'Tis call'd* THE EVIL.—This passage about touching for *the evil*, that is to say scrofula or the *king's evil*, as it was commonly called, is supposed to have been inserted out of compliment to James I. Edward the Confessor was the first king who was said to have had this power, as Shakespeare might have learned from Holinshed's Chronicles, in the Eighth Book of the History of England, where we are told: "He vsed to helpe those that were vexed with the disease, commonlie called the *kings euill*, and left that vertue as it were a portion of inheritance vnto his successors the kings of this realme" (vol. i. p. 754). Many of the subsequent kings of England claimed and exercised this power. Andrew Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII., mentions it: "The kinges of England by the power that god hath gyuen to thē, doth make sicke mē whole of a sycknes called the *kynges euyll*" (Reprint, C. 1. r). The same miraculous power was claimed for the kings of France. James I. was fond of exercising this supposed power, and so was his son. Charles II. touched for the *king's evil* when in exile, and also after the Restoration. In his case the virtue of his touch must have been certainly inherited from some very remote ancestor. Everyone who has read Boswell's Life of Johnson will remember that the great doctor recollected being taken, "when but thirty months old," to be *touched* by Queen Anne in 1712. This touch, however, was without any effect (Boswell's Life, ed. 1874, vol. i. p. 15). It was also the custom to hang some gold coin about the sufferer's neck (see below, line 153); but this additional consolation was certainly not administered by Edward the Confessor. When Charles II. *touched* in exile, from motives of economy he dispensed with the coin; but when he came to the throne, a special medal was struck called a *touch-piece.* The Clarendon Press edn. tell us that the identical *touch-piece*, hung round the neck of Samuel Johnson by Queen Anne, has been preserved in the British Museum.—F. A. M.

227. Line 168: *Where sighs and groans and shrieks that* RENT *the air.*—*Rent*, the reading of the Ff., was an alternative form of *rend.* It does not seem worth while to modernize it. This form occurs in Shakespeare in five other places, viz. in Midsum. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 215; III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 175; Richard III. i. 2. 126 (where the Qq. have *rend*); and in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 261, and Lover's Complaint, 55, both works of doubtful authenticity.

228. Lines 169, 170:

where violent sorrow seems
A MODERN ECSTASY.

Modern is used in a number of places in the sense of trite and commonplace. Compare As You Like It, ii. 7. 156:

Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.

Ecstasy was used for any commotion of mind, pleasurable or the reverse. Compare iii. 2. 22 above. In Hamlet, iii. 1. 168, in Ophelia's beautiful speech, and elsewhere, it is used for "madness."

229. Lines 176, 177:

Macd. *How does my wife?*
Ross. *Why, well.*

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 31–33:

Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, *we use*
To say the dead are well.

230. Line 195: *Where hearing should not* LATCH *them.*—Furness (New Var. Ed. p. 247) quotes Wedgewood's Dictionary: "*Latch.* To catch. Anglosaxon, *læccan, gelæccan,* to catch, to seize; Gael., *glac,* catch." Compare Sonnet, cxiii. 5, 6:

For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth *latch;*

also Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 36, and see note 175 of that play.

231. Line 196: *a fee-grief; i.e.* a grief that has a single owner. "It must, I think, be allowed that the attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the poet" (Steevens). Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 54: "a kiss in *fee-farm.*"

232. Line 210: *Whispers the o'er-fraught heart.*—"Whispers is often used without a preposition before a personal object. Rarely as here, or in Much Ado, iii. 1. 4 ['*Whisper* her ear']" (Abbott, Sh. Grammar, § 200).

233. Line 235: *This* TUNE *goes manly.*—All the Folios have *time,* which seems to be a manifest misprint; in fact, one so very obvious that, for that very reason, it may have escaped correction. It is quite clear how very easily the two words may be mistaken for one another. The emendation was first made by Rowe, and is followed by most editors; and, as Malone remarks, it is supported by a previous passage in the same play, i. 3. 88: "To the self-same *tune* and words." Gifford in one of his wonderful "bow-wow"[1] notes to The Roman Actor of Massinger, act ii. scene 1, sneers at this emendation, and says: "*Time,* however, was the more ancient and common term: nor was it till long after the age of Massinger, that the use of it, in the sense of harmony, was entirely superseded by that of *tune*" (ed. 1805, p. 356). Unfortunately for this extremely cocksure statement, there is no proof that *time* was ever used for *tune* at all. If Gifford had said that *tone* and *tune* were the same words, there would have been some sense in it; but no two words can well be more distinct in their meaning than *time* and *tune;* the former always referring to the measure or rhythm of music, and the latter to the air or melody. There is one well-known passage in Hamlet, iii. 1. 166:

Like sweet bells jangled out of *tune* and harsh,

where the same misprint occurs—at least in Qq., for Ff. have *tune*—and where the reading may be doubtful; but that of the Ff. is generally preferred.—F. A. M.

234. Line 239: PUT ON *their instruments.*—For this use of *put on* compare Hamlet, iv. 7. 132:

We'll *put on* those shall praise your excellence.

[1] "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
—Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 93, 94.

Schmidt, in both places, explains the phrase as = "set to work."

ACT V. SCENE 1.

235. Line 4: *Since his majesty* WENT INTO THE FIELD.—Steevens considered this statement to be an oversight on the part of Shakespeare. "He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers." But we may well suppose that Macbeth had taken the field before he was compelled to retreat into his castle. Ross, in the preceding scene, had said that he had seen "the tyrant's power afoot." Macbeth was not yet aware of the advance of the English auxiliaries.

236. Line 29: *Ay, but their sense* ARE *shut.*—This is the reading of Ff. and it is strongly supported, I think, by a passage in Sonnet cxii. 10, 11:

that my adder's *sense*
To critic and to flatterer stopped *are.*

Abbott points out in his Shakespearean Grammar (sec. 471) that: "The plural and possessive cases of nouns in which the singular ends in *s, se, ss, ce,* and *ge,* are frequently written, and still more frequently pronounced, without the additional syllable" (p. 356). *Horse* is frequently used for the plural; compare ii. 4. 14 above:

And Duncan's *horses*—a thing most strange and certain—

where *horses* should be pronounced if not written *horse;* and compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 7. 8, 9:

If we should serve with *horse* and mares together,
The *horse* were merely lost.

A good reason for not adopting what was originally Davenant's alteration of "sense *is* shut," is because we thus avoid the very cacophonous conjunction of sibilants.—F. A. M.

237. Line 40: *Hell is murky.*—Steevens printed this sentence with a note of exclamation, and says: "She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) had just said, *Hell is murky,* (*i.e.* hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice." I believe this to be the completest misapprehension of the spirit of the passage. The words bubble up from a conscience never so much at ease as she tries to suppose, and they come, in this unconscious self-revelation, with the most poignant effect between words that are resolute ("why, then 't is time to do 't") and words that are contemptuous of irresolution in another ("Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?"). This little sentence, though it passes and is forgotten, is said with an accent and shudder of the deepest conviction.

238. Line 84: *Remove from her the means of all* ANNOYANCE.—*Annoyance,* in the sense of "injury" (here, *means of annoyance* = means of suicide), occurs several times in Shakespeare. Compare Richard II. iii. 2. 15, 16:

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing *annoyance* to the treacherous feet.

239. Line 86: *My mind she has* MATED, *and amaz'd my sight.*—*Mated,* in the sense of confounded, confused, occurs several times in Shakespeare. See Comedy of Errors, notes 82 and 137.

ACT V. Scene 2.

240. Line 5: *the* MORTIFIED *man.*—This has generally been understood to mean the man who has "*mortified* the flesh," the ascetic; compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 28:

> My loving lord, Dumain is *mortified.*

The Clarendon Press edd. suggest that *mortified* should be taken in its literal sense of dead; as in Erasmus on the Creed, Eng. tr. fol. 81*a*: "Christ was *mortified* and killed in dede as touchynge to his fleshe: but was quickened in spirite.

241. Line 10: *And many* UNROUGH *youths.*—Ff. spell the word *unruffe.* It is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare, though *rough* in the opposite sense occurs in The Tempest, ii. 1. 249, 250:

> Till new-born chins
> Be *rough* and razorable.

242. Lines 15, 16:

> *He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause*
> *Within the belt of rule.*

Compare for the obese metaphor Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 30–32:

> And *buckle in* a waist most fathomless
> With spans and inches so diminutive
> As fears and reasons.

S. Walker suggested that for *cause* we should read *course,* and his hint was taken by Singer, Dyce, Collier, and Hudson. The change is, to say the least, quite unnecessary. *Cause,* symbolized as a *distempered* or disordered body, stands for the party belonging to Macbeth. The comparison is one often employed by Shakespeare.

243. Line 23: *His* PESTER'D *senses.*—*Pester* was not in Shakespeare's time quite so undignified a term as it is now, and it occurs several times, very seriously, in the sense of "annoy," "hamper." Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 22: "to *pester* us with message."

244. Lines 27, 28:

> *Meet we the* MEDICINE *of the sickly weal,*
> *And with* HIM, &c.

It is evident from the *him* of the second line that *medicine,* whether literally or figuratively, is meant rather for the physician (Fr. *médecin*) than for the physic. Florio has: "*Medico:* a *medicine,* a phisition, a leach;" but this sense was not usual. Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 75, and Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 598, where *medicine* is used somewhat, though more playfully, in the same sense.

245. Line 30: *To* DEW *the sovereign flower.*—*Dew* as a verb occurs in II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 340: "*dew* it with my mournful tears."

ACT V. Scene 3.

246. Line 3: *I cannot* TAINT *with fear.*—*Taint* as an intransitive verb is only used by Shakespeare here and in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 145: "lest the device take air and *taint.*"

247. Line 8: *the English epicures.*—Compare Holinshed: "For manie of the people abhorring the riotous maners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among them by the *Englyshemen,* were willing inough to receiue this Donald for their king, trusting (bicause he had beene brought up in the Iles, with old customes and maners of their ancient nation, without tast of the *English likerous delicats*) they should by his seuere order in gouernement recouer againe the former temperance of their old progenitors" (Reprint, vol. v. p. 284).

248. Line 10: *Shall never* SAG *with doubt.*—*Sag* is still used in some provincial dialects, as it is currently in America, for "droop," "give way," "become overloaded." Halliwell quotes Pierce Pennilesse, 1592: "Sir Rowland Russetcoat their dad, goes *sagging* every day in his round gascoynes of white cotton." The word often occurs in Walt Whitman. Compare "Out of the Cradle endlessly rocking" (Leaves of Grass, 1884, p. 200):

> The yellow half-moon enlarged, *sagging* down, drooping, the face of the sea almost touching.

249. Line 11: *loon.*—This Scotch word is used only here, very appropriately in a drama whose scene is Scotland. *Lown,* however, which is practically the same word, occurs in Othello, ii. 3. 95, and Pericles, iv. 6. 19.

250. Line 15: *patch.*—It has generally been said that *Patch* was the name of the fool who belonged to Cardinal Wolsey; but it appears that it was rather a nickname given to the household fool before Wolsey's time; and that it may have been so used, either as an allusion to their dress of coloured *patches,* or it may have been connected with the Italian *pazzo,* which Florio explains as "a fool," also "foolish." Douce in his Illustrations of Shakespeare (pp. 158, 159) gives a long and interesting note on this subject.—F. A. M.

251. Line 16: *those* LINEN *cheeks of thine.*—Compare Henry V. ii. 2. 73, 74:

> Look ye, how they change!
> Their *cheeks are paper.*

252. Lines 20, 21:

> *this push*
> *Will* CHEER *me ever, or* DIS-EASE *me now.*

This passage has been a famous battle-ground for commentators. Dyce adopted the curious conjecture of Bishop Percy:

> Will *chair* me ever or *disseat* me now.

F. 1 has *dis-eate,* but the three other Folios all read *disease.* First, with regard to *chair:* although *chair* is used frequently in Shakespeare for the "chair of state," the "throne," for instance in II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 95, where the king, addressing his son, says:

> Dost thou so hunger for mine empty *chair?*

and in several other passages in the historical plays, yet it is never misspelt *cheere.* F. 1, F. 2 have, in the passage in our text, *cheere;* F. 3, F. 4 *cheer,* and I think that it has been most clearly proved by Mr. Ellis in his communication to the Athenæum of January 25, 1868, and quoted at length by Furness (pp. 267, 268), that it is quite impossible to regard *cheere* or *cheer* as a phonetic spelling of *chair.* I find that amongst the quotations given under *chair,* in Richardson's Dictionary, from old writers before the time of Shakespeare, it is spelt variously *chare, chaire, chaiere* (once in Wicliff), *chayere* (once in Gower, while he spells the word *chare* in another passage), and, finally, *chayre* (in Sir T. Elyot's Governour).

I have examined the passages in which it occurs in F. 1, in the sense of a throne, where it seems invariably to be spelt *chayre*, or *chaire*.

As to adopting the reading *disseat* I think that the authority of F. 1 is quite insufficient, for it is much more probable that *dis-eate* was a misprint for *dis-ease* than that it was meant to represent *dis-seat*, a word which seems only to be used in The Two Noble Kinsmen, act v. scene 4 (I take the quotation from my own copy of the Quarto, 1634); speaking of a horse Pirithous says (p. 87):

> seekes all foule meanes
> Of boystrous and rough Iadrie, to *dis-seate*
> His Lord.

And it will be observed that *dis-seat* is printed there with the two *ss*, as we should certainly expect to find it in F. 1, in this passage, if that were the true reading. If *dis-eate* were a misprint, is it not more probable that the syllable *eate* is a mistake for *ease*, rather than for *seate?* So far, as regards the literal and etymological aspect of this question. Next as to the sense. Is not the antithesis of *cheer* and *dis-ease* quite as complete, and more poetic than that of *chair* and *dis-seat?* We have a passage in Hamlet which almost seems to guide us in deciding on the reading here (iii. 2. 174):

> you are so *sick* of late,
> So far from *cheer* and from your former state.

The word *dis-ease* is an extremely characteristic one. It occurs frequently in old writers, and especially in the earlier versions of the Bible, where it means "to grieve," "to render uneasy or unhappy;" and surely if we accept it here in its double sense, that is to say in its older one, already mentioned, and in the general sense "to render sick or diseased," is it not a most forcible word? Does not the reading which we have adopted in common with Mr. Furness—who, I believe, was the first to print the verb *dis-ease* with the hyphen, thereby reconciling the reading of F. 1 and F. 2—is not this reading much more in accordance with the whole sentiment of the passage? Macbeth is not thinking of the throne, of his royal honours; what weighs upon his mind throughout this scene is his unhappy friendless position, old age is before him, but none of its consolations. Just two lines above he has said "I am *sick* at heart." His mind is *diseased* (see line 40 below); and he goes on to ask the doctor if he could not find the *disease* of his land (line 51), could purge out the enemies who are thronging against him; then he would applaud him "to the very echo." The idea of sickness and disease seems present in his thoughts throughout this scene. As to adopting the course taken by the Cambridge edd. and others, that is to say of retaining *cheer* and of altering the *dis-eate* of F. 1 into the prosaic *disseat*, that seems to me a course which is almost indefensible upon any grounds whatever; for it sacrifices the beauty of the passage without even having the merit of retaining the *exact* reading of the earliest text that has come down to us. For if *dis ease*, in its double and pregnant sense, is not to be adopted, surely *dis-seise* = to dispossess, a word which is a thoroughly old English word and used by Spenser, Hall, Holland, and Drayton, would be preferable. As to *push* there is no real difficulty; this word being used frequently by Shakespeare, in a figurative sense, of a sudden violent attack.—F. A. M.

253. Lines 22, 23:

> *my* WAY OF LIFE
> *Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.*

Steevens (after Johnson's conjecture) read *May of life*, which yields an excellent sense, literally more exact than the Ff. reading, which yet seems to me entirely natural and probable. Compare Pericles, i. 1. 54: "ready for the *way of life* or death;" and Massinger, The Roman Actor, ... :

> If that when I was mistress of myself
> And in my *way* of youth, &c.
> —Works (ed. Gifford), ii. 334.

I think, too, that "my way" has a much better sound than the too close alliteration of "my May."

254. Line 35: SKIRR *the country round.*—This word is used again, but intransitively, in Henry V. iv. 7. 63, 64:

> we will come to them,
> And make them *skirr* away.

Steevens quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid, act ii. scene 2:

> Whilst I, with this and this, well mounted, *scurr'd*
> A horse troop through and through.
> —Works, ed. Dyce, vol. ix. p. 136.

[Sympson and other editors print *skirr'd*, but according to Dyce the first Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher reads *scurr'd*.—F. A. M.]

255. Line 39: *Cure her of that.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 omits *her*.

256. Line 55: *What rhubarb*, SENNA, *or what purgative drug.*—F. 1 has *Cyme;* F. 2, F. 3 *Cœny;* F. 4 *senna*. "The F. 2," says Hunter, "correctly represents the pronunciation of the name of the drug now called *senna* in Shakespeare's time, and is still the pronunciation of it by the common people. Thus, in The Treasurie of Hidden Secrets, 1627, 'Take the *Seene* of Alexandria one ounce,'" &c. Cotgrave spells the word *sene* and *senne*, and explains it as "a little purgative shrub or plant." Dyce supposes the *Cyme* of F. 1 to be a misprint for *Cynne*, one of the ways of spelling *senna*.

ACT V. Scene 4.

257. Lines 4–7:

> *Let every soldier hew him down a bough,*
> *And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow*
> *The numbers of our host, and make discovery*
> *Err in report of us.*

Holinshed says: "Malcome folowing hastily after Makbeth, came the night before the battaíle vnto Byrnan wood, and when his armie had rested a while there to refreshe them, hee commaunded euerye man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as bigge as he might beare, and to march forth therwith in such wise, that on the next morow they might come closely and without sight in thys manner within viewe of hys enimies."

258. Lines 11, 12:

> *For where there is* ADVANTAGE *to be* GIVEN,
> *Both more and less have given him the revolt.*

So Ff. Many emendations have been proposed; perhaps Johnson's is the best and the simplest. He proposed to

read "where there is a vantage *to be gone*" in the sense of "to be off," "to depart," "to escape;" but there is surely no need for altering *advantage* to *a 'vantage* in this case; for, as Johnson pointed out, *advantage* is frequently used by Shakespeare = a favourable opportunity, *e.g.* in Tempest, iii. 3. 12, 13:

> Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
> That you resolv'd to effect.
> *Seb.* The next *advantage*
> Will we take thoroughly.

In F. 1. the *given*, in both lines, is printed in the unelided form, and it certainly seems as if the double ending were intended in line 11; and for that reason, if for no other, we would not alter the text in spite of the repetition of the word *given*, which may seem awkward, but is quite Shakespearean. The meaning may be "where there is to be, *i.e.* where there must necessarily be given the *advantage*, *i.e.* opportunity of desertion, *the more and less*, that is to say the greater and the less (=probably, "the officers and private soldiers"), revolt from Macbeth. Macduff goes on to say, "none remain with him but those who are obliged to," which thoroughly agrees with what Macbeth says himself, line 49, in the preceding scene: "the thanes fly from me;" and again in the next scene (lines 5, 6) he says:

> Were they not forc'd (*i.e.* reinforced) with those that should be ours,
> We might have met them dareful, beard to beard.

If Macbeth had elected to give battle to the enemy outside his castle, he would have been compelled to afford an opportunity to those who were disaffected to desert to Malcolm's side.—F. A. M.

259. Line 21: *Towards which advance the war.*—Steevens has an interesting note on the irregular endings of many of the scenes in Macbeth. "It has been understood that local rhymes were introduced in plays in order to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to close a scene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakespeare's motive for continuing such a practice, it may be observed that he often seems immediately to repent of it; and, in the tragedy before us, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemistichs which destroy the effect, and consequently defeat the supposed purpose of the antecedent couplets." Compare in the present play, besides the instance here, the end of i. 5; iii. 2; iii. 4; iv. 1; v. 1; v. 2.

ACT V. Scene 5.

From here to the end of the play Shakespeare follows, in outline, the narrative in Holinshed, which, to avoid chopping it up into small pieces, I give here: "On the morow when Makbeth beheld them comming in this sort, hee first marueyled what the matter ment, but in the end remembred himselfe, that the prophecie which he had hearde long before that time, of the comming of Byrnane wood to Dunsinnane Castell, was likely to bee now fulfilled. Neuerthelesse, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doe valiantly, howbeit his enimies had scarcely cast from them their boughes, when Makbeth perceiuing their numbers betook him streight to flight, whom Makduffe pursued with great hatred euen till he came vnto Lunfannain, where Makbeth perceiuing that Makduffe was hard at his back, leapt beside his horse, saying, thou traytor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vaine follow me that am not appoynted to be slain by any creature that is borne of a woman, come on therefore, and receyue thy reward which thou hast deserued for thy paynes, and therewithall he lyfted vp his sworde thinking to haue slaine him. But Makduffe quickly auoyding from his horse, ere he came at him, answered (with his naked sworde in his hande) saying: it is true Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable crueltie haue an ende, for I am euen he that thy wysards haue tolde the of, who was neuer borne of my mother, but ripped out of hir wombe: therewithall he stept vnto him, & slue him in the place. Then cutting his heade from the shoulders, hee set it vpon a poll, and brought it vnto Malcolme. This was the end of Makbeth, after he had raigned .xvij. yeares ouer the Scottishmen" (vol. v. pp. 276, 277).

260. Lines 11–13:

> *my* FELL OF HAIR
> *Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir*
> *As life were in't.*

Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "*Fell* [skin], *pellis.*" The word is used again in Lear, v. 3. 24: "flesh and *fell.*" With these lines compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 121, 122:

> Your bedded *hair*, like life in excrements,
> Starts up and stands on end.

261. Line 19: *To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.*—"It is not impossible," says Halliwell, "that Shakespeare may here have recollected a remarkable engraving in Barclay's Ship of Fooles, 1570, copied from that in the older Latin version of 1498:

> They folowe the crowes crye to their great sorowe,
> *Cras, cras, cras*, to-morrow we shall amende,
> And if we mend not then, then shall we the next morowe,
> Or els shortly after we shall no more offende;
> Amende, mad foole, when God this grace doth sende.

262. Line 23: *dusty death.*—It is scarcely to be believed that commentators have seriously exercised themselves over this incomparably appropriate epithet, one unfortunate person conjecturing that we should read *dusky* for *dusty*, and other unfortunate persons finding it plausible and convincing.

263. Line 37: *Within this three mile.*—This is precisely what a working-man would say to-day; in Shakespeare's time such constructions were not the vulgarisms they now are. Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 54: "this two and thirty years."

264. Line 39: *Upon the next tree* SHALT *thou hang alive.*—F. 1 has *shall.*

265. Line 40: *Till famine* CLING *thee.*—*Cling* is from Anglo-Saxon *clingan*, to shrink up. Compare Piers Ploughman, 9010, 9011:

> Or whan thou clomsest for cold
> Or *clyngest* for dry.

Cling, in some districts, appears to have a similar meaning to the more familiar *clem* or *clam*, meaning pinched with cold or starved with hunger.

266. Line 42: *I pull in resolution.*—So Ff., with the meaning, evidently, of *pulling-in* a horse, checking. Johnson conjectured "I *pall* in resolution," and the Clarendon Press edd. suggest "I *pale* in resolution."

ACT V. Scene 6.

267. Line 1: LEAVY *screens.*—*Leavy* is Shakespeare's only form of the word now spelt *leafy.* It occurs again in Much Ado, ii. 3. 75 (rhyming with "heavy") and in Pericles, v. 1. 51. Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "Leavy, *frondusus;*" Boyer, "Leavy, *A.* (*or* full of leaves) *Feuillu, plein de feuilles.*" Neither gives *Leafy.*

268. Line 4: *Lead our first* BATTLE.—*Battle* is used here, as in III. Henry VI. i. 1. 8; Henry V. iv. 3. 69; Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 4, and v. 3. 108, for a division of an army. The old English word *bataille,* like the French *bataille,* had the secondary sense of battalion. Cotgrave has: "*Bataille:* f. A battel, *or* fight between two Armies; also, a battell, or maine battell; the middle *battallion,* or *squadron* of an Army, wherein the Prince, *or* generall, most commonly marcheth; . . . any *squadron, battallion,* or part, thereof."

ACT V. Scene 7.

269. Lines 1, 2:

> *They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,*
> *But, bear-like, I must fight the* COURSE.

Course was the technical name for a single onset of dogs at a bear-baiting. The word is used again in Lear, iii. 7. 54. Steevens quotes Brome, The Antipodes, 1638: "Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear."

270. Line 12: *But* SWORDS *I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn.*—Daniel conjectures that *swords* should be *words,* as in Henry V. iii. 2. 33: "a' breaks *words,* and keeps whole *weapons.*"

271. Line 17: *kerns.*—See i. 2. 13. The word is here used in the general sense of boors, as in the passage quoted by Dyce from The Tragedie of Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607, sig. C 3 verso:

> And these rude Germaine *kernes* not yet subdued.

ACT V. Scene 8.

272. Line 9: *the* INTRENCHANT *air.*—The word *intrenchant* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, *trenchant* only in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 115. *Intrenchant,* which should properly mean "not cutting," is here used for "not to be cut," as in "the air, invulnerable," Hamlet, i. 1. 145; "the woundless air," *ib.* iv. 1. 44.

273. Line 13: DESPAIR *thy charm.*—Compare Ben Jonson's lines to Shakespeare, prefixed to the First Folio:

> Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
> Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping stage;
> Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
> And *despaires* day, but for thy volumes light.

274. Line 20: *That* PALTER *with us in a double sense.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 11. 61–63:

> Now I must
> To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
> And *palter* in the shifts of lowness.

Cotgrave has "*Harceler* . . . to haggle, hucke, hedge, or *paulter* long, in the buying of a commoditie." I copy this from the edition before me, that of 1650. The Clarendon Press edd., in quoting the passage, give it as "haggle, hucke, *dodge.*" I suppose *hedge* is a misprint that has crept in with the revision.

275. Line 34.—Stage-direction. After this line we have apparently two rather conflicting stage-directions in F. 1: *Exeunt fighting. Alarums,* and *Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.* Then immediately *Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers,* and below, after line 53: *Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.* It seems to me that unnecessary trouble has been made about this stage-direction. It is quite possible that, as the last scene was played in Shakespeare's time, Macduff and Macbeth, after one driving the other off the scene, returned fighting after a brief interval, when Macbeth was killed; and that after Macduff had killed him close to what we call the "wing" or "side entrance," he dragged the body off the stage; as he could not well pretend to cut off the head before the audience; Siward and the rest would appear upon the "upper stage," as they are supposed to have entered the castle before in the last scene, or rather, as it stands in the Folio, at the beginning of this scene, there being no eighth scene in the Folio. As the attack was made on Macbeth when in his castle, he must have been compelled by the besiegers to make a desperate sally; it is not likely that he got very far from the castle walls, and the fight between him and Macduff was supposed to take place on the ground in front of the castle. I really can see no reason to suppose, with the Clarendon editors, that Shakespeare's share of the play ended here, line 34; for if the slight episode of the death of Siward's son was Shakespeare's work, I think it is only natural that he should make those, on whose side he was fighting, take some notice of that brave young soldier's death. —F. A. M.

276. Lines 39–53.—The incident of the death of young Siward is taken from Holinshed's History of England: "It is recorded also, that in the foresaid battayle, in which Earle Siwarde vanquished the Scottes, one of Siwardes sonnes chaunced to be slayne, whereof, though the father had good cause to be sorrowfull, yet when he heard that he dyed of a wound which he had receyued in fighting stoutely in the forepart of his body, and that with his face towarde the enimie, hee greatly reioyced thereat, te heare that he died so manfully. But here is to be noted, y^t not now, but a little before, (as Henry Hunt. saith,) ye Earle Siward, wente into Scotlande himselfe in person, hee sent his sonne with an army to conquere y^t land, whose hap was ther to be slaine: and when his father heard ye newes, he demaunded whether he receiuved the wound wherof he died, in ye fore parte of the body, or in the hinder part: and when it was tolde him y^t he receyued it in the foreparte, I reioyce (saith he) euen with all my harte, for I woulde not wishe eyther to my sonne nor to my selfe, any other kind of death" (vol. i. p. 749).

277. Line 41: *The which no sooner had his* PROWESS *confirm'd.*—*Prowess* must be slurred over in pronunciation, so as to make it practically one syllable only. Walker (Shakespeare's Versification, p. 119) cites Greene, Alphonsus, iii. 1 (ed. Dyce, ii. 27):

> Whose *prowess* alone has been the only cause.

This line too, gives an example of such pleonasm as that in the preceding line of the text:

He only liv'd but till he was a man.

278. Lines 54, 55:

behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head.

Holinshed says: "Then cutting his [Macbeth's] head from his shoulders, he [Macduff] set it vpon a pole, and brought it vnto Malcolme" (see above note at beginning of this scene). It is on the authority of this passage that Malone added the words "on a pole" to the stage-direction of the Ff.

279. Line 56: *I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl.—Compassed with a pearl* is a rather curious expression, but there is very likely an allusion, as the Clarendon Press edd. say, to the row of pearls that usually encircle a crown. *Pearl* is no doubt used here as a collective term. The word was a common synonym for "treasure," "ornament," as in Florio's Dedication to Lord Southampton of his World of Words: "Brave Earle, bright *Pearle* of *Pearles*."

280. Line 70: *by self and violent hands.*—Compare Richard II. iii. 2. 166:

Infusing him with self and vain conceit.

281. Line 72: *by the grace of Grace.*—Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 163: "The great'st Grace lending grace;" Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 145, 146:

While I, their king, that hither them impórtune,
Do curse the Grace that with such grace hath bless'd them.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN MACBETH.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Affeered	iv.	3	34
Agitation[1]	v.	1	12
Air-drawn	iii.	4	62
*Alarum-bell	ii.	3	79
	v.	5	51
All-hailed	i.	5	7
All-thing	iii.	1	13
Assailable	iii.	2	39
Assassination	i.	7	2
*Auger-hole	ii.	3	128
Augurs[2]	iii.	4	124
Authorized[3]	iii.	4	66
Avarice	iv.	3	78, 84
Avaricious	iv.	3	58
Baby[4]	iii.	4	106
Baby-brow	iv.	1	88
Badged (adj.)	ii.	3	107
Bake[5] (intr.)	iv.	1	13
Bank[6]	i.	7	6
*Be-all	i.	7	5
Bear-like	v.	7	2
Bellman	ii.	2	3
Birthdom	iv.	3	4
Birth-strangled	iv.	1	30
Blanched	iii.	4	116
Blanket[7]	i.	5	54
Blood-boltered	iv.	1	123
*Bloody-sceptred	iv.	3	104
Boneless	i.	7	57
Botches (sub.)	iii.	1	134
Brainsickly	ii.	2	46
Breeched[8]	ii.	3	122
Brinded	iv.	1	1
Buttress	i.	6	7
Champion (verb)	iii.	1	72
Chaudron	iv.	1	33
Cheaply	v.	8	37
Choppy	i.	3	44
Clamoured[9]	ii.	3	65
Clatter (sub.)	v.	7	21
Clear[10] (adv.)	i.	5	72
Clearness[11]	iii.	1	133
Cling[12]	v.	5	40
Cloistered (adj.)	iii.	2	41
Compunctious	i.	5	46
Confineless	iv.	3	55
Conspirers	iv.	1	91
Copy[13]	iii.	2	38
Cowed	v.	8	18
Cream-faced	v.	3	11
Cribbed	iii.	4	24
Dareful	v.	5	6
Deftly	iv.	1	68
Delinquents	iii.	6	12
Demi-wolves	iii.	1	94
Devil-porter (verb)	ii.	3	21
Directly[14]	v.	1	78
Direness	v.	5	14
Distance[15]	iii.	1	116
Ditch-delivered	iv.	1	31
Downy[16]	ii.	3	81
Drugged	ii.	2	6
Dudgeon	ii.	1	46
Earth-bound	iv.	1	96
*End-all	i.	7	5
Entry	ii.	2	66
Equivocate (intr.)	ii.	3	13
Equivocate (tr.)	ii.	3	39
Equivocator	ii.	3	10, 14, 35
Even-handed	i.	7	10
Faith-breach	v.	2	18
Farrow	iv.	1	65
Fast[17] (adj.)	v.	1	9
Fee-griet	iv.	3	196
Fenny	iv.	1	12
Filed[18]	iii.	1	65
Fillet[19]	iv.	1	12
Firm-set	ii.	1	56
Fitful	iii.	2	23
Flighty	iv.	1	145
Forbid[20]	i.	3	21
Forced[21]	v.	5	5
Franchised	ii.	1	28
Frieze	i.	6	6
Gashed	ii.	3	119
Gaze[22]	v.	8	24
Gold-bound	iv.	1	114
Goose[23]	ii.	3	18
Gospelled	iii.	1	88
Gouts	ii.	1	46
Graymalkin	i.	1	8
Gruel	iv.	1	32
Guardian[24]	ii.	4	35
Gums[25]	i.	7	57
Hailed[26]	iii.	1	60

1 = emotion; in Merchant of Venice (iii. 5. 5) used blunderingly for *cogitation*. 2 = auguries.

3 = accredited. Used in somewhat different sense in Sonn. xxxv. 6; Lover's Complaint, 104.

4 = a doll.

5 = to be hardened in heat.

6 = sandbank; used in other senses elsewhere.

7 Used figuratively = curtain; in its ordinary sense in four other passages.

8 Used figuratively = sheathed; in the sense of to flog occurs in Merry Wives, iv. 1. 81, and Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 18.

9 = cried out; used in doubtful sense in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 250.

10 = serenely; used adverbially in other senses.

11 = spotlessness; = brightness, elsewhere.

12 = to shrivel up; used twice in ordinary sense = to adhere to, in Macbeth, i. 2. 8, and Henry VIII. i. 1. 9.

13 = copyhold; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

14 = immediately; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

15 = alienation, antagonism; used frequently elsewhere in ordinary sense.

16 Used figuratively = soft.

17 = deep, sound; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

18 = defiled; used elsewhere in other senses.

19 = a thin slice; = a band, Lover's Complaint, 33.

20 = cursed; this verb is used in many different senses elsewhere.

21 = reinforced; used very frequently elsewhere in a variety of senses.

22 = an object of interest, Sonn. v. 2; used frequently elsewhere = intent, regard.

23 = a tailor's smoothing-iron.

24 = that which keeps and guards.

25 Of the mouth; used in several passages = the *gum* of trees; also rheum from the eyes, Henry V. iv. 2. 48.

26 = saluted; = to pour down like hail, in three other passages.

WORDS PECULIAR TO MACBETH.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*Half-world....	ii.	1	49
Heath[1].....	i.	1	6
	i.	3	77
Heat-oppressed	ii.	1	39
Hedge-pig.....	iv.	1	2
Hell-broth	iv.	1	19
*Hell-gate	ii.	3	2
Hell-kite.....	iv.	3	217
*Here-approach	iv.	3	133
*Here-remain..	iv.	3	148
Hermits[2].....	i.	6	20
*High-placed..	iv.	1	98
Housekeeper[3].	iii.	1	97
Howl[4].....	ii.	1	54
Howlet.....	iv.	1	17
Hunter[5]	iii.	1	97
Hurlyburly[6] (sub.)	i.	1	3
Ill-composed ..	iv.	3	77
Illness	i.	5	21
Imaginings....	i.	3	138
Impedes	i.	5	29
Incarnadine...	ii.	2	62
Indissoluble...	iii.	1	18
Initiate	iii.	4	143
Interdiction...	iv.	3	107
Intrenchant...	v.	8	9
Jutty[7] (sub.)..	i.	6	6
King-becoming	iv.	3	91
Lamentings ...	ii.	3	61
Limbeck[8]	i.	7	67
*Lion-mettled.	iv.	1	90
Loon.....	v.	3	11
*Magot-pies...	iii.	4	125
Malevolence...	iii.	6	28
Manly (adv.) ..	iv.	3	235
Mansionry.....	i.	6	5
Marrowless....	iii.	4	94
Masterdom....	i.	5	71

1 = a common; = the plant of that name, in Tempest, i. 1. 70.

2 = beadsmen; in several passages elsewhere = anchorites.

3 = a house-dog; = a stayer at home, in Coriolanus, i. 3. 55; and in uncertain sense in Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 11.

4 = the cry of a wolf; = a cry of anguish, in Henry V. iii. 3. 39.

5 = a kind of dog.

6 Occurs as an adj. in I. Henry IV. v. 1. 78.

7 The verb "to project beyond" occurs in Henry V. iii. 1. 13.

8 Sonn. cxix. 2.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Masterpiece...	ii.	3	71
Meek[9].....	i.	7	17
Metaphysical ..	i.	5	30
Milks[10].....	i.	7	55
Minutely (adj.)	v.	2	18
More-having ..	iv.	3	81
Mouth-honour.	v.	3	27
Multitudinous[11]	ii.	2	62
Nave[12].....	i.	2	22
Navigation....	iv.	1	54
Night-shriek ..	v.	5	11
Nose-painting..	ii.	3	31
Nourisher	ii.	2	40
Oblivious.....	v.	3	43
O'erfraught....	iv.	3	210
Olden	iii.	4	75
Overbold.....	iii.	5	3
Overcome[13] ...	iii.	4	111
Over-credulous	iv.	3	120
Over-red (verb)	v.	3	14
Pale-hearted ..	iv.	1	85
Pall[14].....	i.	5	52
Pauser (sub.) ..	ii.	3	117
Peak[15]	i.	3	23
Pent-house[16]..	i.	3	20
Pitfall.....	iv.	2	35
Posters	i.	3	33
Prattler	iv.	2	64
Procreant (adj.)	i.	6	8
Prophet-like...	iii.	1	59
Provoker.....	ii.	3	27
Purgative.....	v.	3	55
Purge (sub.)....	v.	2	28
Purveyor.....	i.	6	22
Quarters[17] (sub.)	i.	3	16
Quell (sub.)....	i.	7	72

9 Used adverbially.

10 = sucks; used in several passages = to draw milk from the breast with the hand.

11 = innumerable; = pertaining to the multitude, Coriolanus, iii. 1. 156.

12 = navel.

13 = to pass over; used elsewhere in other senses.

14 = to wrap as in a cloak; = to decay, to wane, in Ant. and Cleo. ii. 7. 88; Hamlet, v. 2. 9.

15 = to grow lean; in a contemptuous moral sense in Merry Wives, iii. 5. 71; Hamlet, ii. 2. 594.

16 Used adjectively; as sub. in Much Ado, iii. 3. 111; Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 1.

17 = regions in the hemisphere.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Ravined (adj.)..	iv.	1	24
Rawness[18].....	iv.	3	26
Receipt[19].....	i.	7	66
Resound[20]	iv.	3	6
Rhinoceros....	iii.	4	101
Rhubarb	v.	3	55
Roofed.....	iii.	4	40
Rooky.....	iii.	2	51
Rouse[21].....	iii.	2	53
	v.	5	12
Rubs[22] (sub.)..	iii.	1	134
Rump-fed	i.	3	6
Sag.....	v.	3	10
*Salt-sea (adj.).	iv.	1	24
Savagely	iv.	3	205
Scale[23] (sub.)..	iv.	1	22
Scream (verb)..	ii.	2	16
Screams (sub.).	ii.	3	61
Sear (sub.).....	v.	3	23
Seat[24] (sub.)...	i.	6	1
Self-abuse	iii.	4	142
Self-comparisons	i.	2	55
Senna	v.	3	55
Settled[25]	i.	7	80
Shag-haired....	iv.	2	83
Shard-borne ...	iii.	2	42
Shark (sub.)...	iv.	1	24
Shoughs.....	iii.	1	94
Sickly[26] (adv.).	iii.	1	107
Sightless[27]	i.	5	50
	i.	7	23
Skinny	i.	3	45
Slab (adj.)	iv.	1	32
Slaughterous ..	v.	5	14
Sleave.....	ii.	2	37
Sleek (verb)....	iii.	2	27
Slope (verb)....	iv.	1	57
Slumbery.....	v.	1	12

18 = haste.

19 = a receptacle; used in other senses elsewhere.

20 Venus and Adonis, 268; Passionate Pilgrim, 278.

21 Used intransitively; in transitive sense used frequently elsewhere.

22 = inequalities, hinderances.

23 = the shell of a dragon; used frequently in other senses.

24 = site.

25 = firmly resolved; this verb is used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

26 = in ill health; figuratively = reluctantly, in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 4. 7.

27 = invisible; used elsewhere in other senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Sprites[28].....	iv.	1	127
Stableness.....	iv.	3	92
Stanchless.....	iv.	3	78
Stealthy.....	ii.	1	54
*Sticking-place	i.	7	60
Store-house....	ii.	4	34
Summer-seeming	iv.	3	86
Supplied[29]	i.	2	13
Surcease (sub.).	i.	7	4
Sweltered.....	iv.	1	8
Swoop (sub.)...	iv.	3	219
Temple-haunting	i.	6	4
Thick-coming..	v.	3	38
Tie (sub.).....	iii.	1	17
Trains[30].....	iv.	3	118
Trammel.....	i.	7	3
Trifled[31]	ii.	4	4
Trumpet-tongued	i.	7	19
Unaccompanied	i.	4	40
Unattended....	ii.	2	69
Unbattered....	v.	7	19
Unbecoming...	iii.	1	13
Undeeded	v.	7	20
Underwrit.....	v.	8	26
Unlineal	iii.	1	63
Unmanned[32] ..	iii.	4	73
Unprovokes....	ii.	3	32
Unrough	v.	2	10
Unseamed.....	i.	2	22
Unsex.....	i.	5	42
Unshrinking...	v.	8	42
Unspeak	iv.	3	123
Untitled	iv.	3	104
Unwiped	ii.	3	108
Uproar (verb)..	iv.	3	99
Valued (adj.)..	iii.	1	95
Visitings.....	i.	5	46
Vulnerable....	v.	8	11
Water-rugs....	iii.	1	94
Whey-face (sub.)	v.	3	17
Wooingly.....	i.	6	6
Wrongly	i.	5	23

28 = mood, temper; Venus and Adonis, 181; Lucrece, 121; used elsewhere in other senses.

29 = reinforced; used in other senses elsewhere.

30 = devices; used in various other senses elsewhere.

31 = rendered trifling; used in other senses elsewhere.

32 Used in its ordinary sense = unnerved; = untrained (of a hawk), Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2. 14.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, of Athens.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } flattering lords.
SEMPRONIUS,

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } servants to Timon.
SERVILIUS,

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS, } servants to Timon's creditors.
HORTENSIUS,
And others,

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE—Athens and the woods not far from it.

HISTORIC PERIOD: The fourth century B.C.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Six days, with one considerable interval.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.
Day 2: Act II. Scenes 1 and 2; Act III. Scenes 1–3.
Day 3: Act III. Scenes 4 and 5; Act IV. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval.
Day 4: Act IV. Scene 3.
Day 5: Act V. Scenes 1 and 2.
Day 6: Act V. Scenes 3 and 4.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Timon of Athens was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it is entitled "The Life of Tymon of Athens," and no scrap of evidence as to the existence of the play earlier than this is to be found. The text is frequently corrupt, and its history is remarkably obscure. No one now maintains that the whole play is the work of Shakespeare; that about half is his, and that the other half is the composition of an inferior writer, has been accepted as an established fact by all modern critics. Nor has there been any wide divergence of opinion as to what parts are Shakespeare's and what not; the question in dispute has been how the play came to assume the shape in which we find it in the Folio. Did Shakespeare revise an older play, or was his work left unfinished and filled out into a five-act play by someone else?

Before attempting to answer this question it will be well to glance at the sources from which the story is taken. These are three: a passage in Plutarch's Life of Marcus Antonius; Painter's Palace of Pleasure, novel 28; and Lucian's Dialogue, Timon. Timon is twice mentioned in Aristophanes;[1] but the earliest account of him as a historical character occurs in Plutarch's Antonius,[2] which Shakespeare was probably reading about 1606 for his Antony and Cleopatra. Here he would find a brief account of Timon's misanthropical ways, one or two of his smart sayings, and his epitaph. Plutarch—whom Painter merely reproduces—says nothing of Timon's life before he turned man-hater, and gives us but the merest hint of the causes which gave rise to his loathing for his fellow-creatures: "Antonius, he forsooke the citie and companie of his friends, and built him a house in the sea by the Ile of Pharos, vpon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all mens companie: saying that he would leade Timons life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was before offered vnto Timon: and that for the vnthankfulnesse of those he had done good vnto, and whom he tooke to be his friends, he was angrie with all men and would trust no man" (North's Plutarch, M. Antonius, c. 38). For further details we must go to Lucian's Dialogue, Timon or Misanthropos,[3] and here we find a picture of Timon which has evidently furnished the framework of the play. The outline of the Dialogue, so far as it concerns our present purpose, is as follows:—Timon is a wealthy open-handed citizen of Athens, who had kept up great state and had raised many of his friends to affluence through his liberality. His unstinted generosity at last reduces him to poverty, but it is in vain for him to appeal to their compassion; they one and all turn their backs upon him. Accordingly he takes up a spade and goes out into the country, where he endeavours to earn a few pence by hiring himself out as a labourer. One day when he is digging he comes upon a treasure of gold coins. So he resolves to purchase the estate on which he has made his discovery and build a tower for himself and his money, where he will live the life of a misanthrope, and be known for his moroseness, harshness, boorishness, ill-temper, and inhumanity. But the news of his good fortune is not long in reaching Athens, and his former acquaintances come flocking

[1] See note 1 at the end of the play.

[2] Plutarch has another mention of Timon in his life of Alcibiades (c. 4), where the anecdote told of him looks like a fuller version of the one told in the life of Antonius.

[3] A versified paraphrase of this Dialogue will be found in T. Heywood's Pleasant Dialogues and Dramma's, 1637 (Works, 1874, vol. vi. pp. 155–197).

forth to congratulate him, and get what they can to take home again. One of them, Thrasicles, the philosopher, is the prototype of Apemantus. He pretends that he has not come like the rest to see what he can get from Timon by smooth words; he is a man of simple tastes; his food is barley-bread, an onion, a few cresses, with a little salt besides on a feast-day, his drink pure water from the spring, his dress a simple cloak, while for money he cares no more than for the pebbles on the sea-shore. With an evident eye to his own interest he tries to persuade Timon to abandon his wealth; but Timon sends him about his business, as he has already sent the others, with a broken head.

Now here are at least three things not mentioned by Plutarch: first, Timon's lavish generosity, and subsequent desertion by his friends in his hour of need (this is at most hinted at in Plutarch); secondly, his discovery of a treasure and the reappearance of his friends in consequence; and thirdly, the character of Thrasicles. But these points have not been introduced into the non-Shakespearian parts of the play alone, they appear in the Shakespearian portion as well; and therefore Shakespeare must have been acquainted with Lucian's story in some shape or other. No translation of the Dialogue either in English or French existed in his day, but we need not suppose him to have ever read the Dialogue itself; an adaptation of the story would be all that would be necessary; and this he would find ready to hand, if there already existed a play on the subject of Timon founded upon Lucian and actually in possession of the stage. The existence of some such play was first assumed by Knight, whose theory has been accepted by Staunton, the Cambridge editors, and Delius, and offers a satisfactory explanation of the relationship of our play to Lucian.[1] It is just this which the theory advocated by Fleay and others leaves unexplained. These critics, while assigning parts of the story undeniably drawn from Lucian—such as Timon's munificence, his discovery of gold, and his treatment of his visitors in the woods—to Shakespeare, do not explain how he became acquainted with them. The other theory presents no difficulty on this point. We assume that during his reading of Plutarch Shakespeare's attention was arrested by the story of Timon; that it struck him that the character of Timon might be made effective for the stage, and that not having time or inclination to work up a complete plot into a regular five-act play he availed himself of a "Timon" which was in the hands of his theatre at the time. This play had perhaps been a failure in its existing shape, and the company were therefore glad to embrace Shakespeare's offer to remodel it. Accordingly he rewrote about half of it, and hastily revised the rest, leaving this for the most part untouched, but inserting or altering a few lines or phrases here and there. But before he had had time to give the whole a final revision it was called for by the manager, and hurried upon the boards. These assumptions will account both for the general unity of plan as well as for the signs of incomplete revision observable here and there.[2]

We must now briefly notice Mr. Fleay's theory, which, together with the discussion upon it, will be found in the New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1874 (part I. pp. 130–194 and 242–252). He holds that the play

[1] A play called Timon, assigned by Steevens to the year 1600 or thereabouts, and evidently intended for representation before an academical audience, was printed by Dyce for the (old) Shakespeare Society in 1842, and is reprinted in Hazlitt's edition of Collier's Shakespeare Library. The writer of this play seems also to have been indebted to Lucian, for Timon takes to the woods and digs up treasure; but there are only two points which give us any reason to suppose it has any connection with our play—a banquet scene in which Timon sets before his guests stones painted like artichokes (see note 126, on act iii. 6. 111), and the story of the faithful steward, here called Laches, who follows his master to the woods and tries to comfort him. There is, however, no reason for thinking that it was ever acted in London, or that Shakespeare ever saw it. It is possible that it may have been known to the writer of the old Timon which Shakespeare rewrote, or that both these plays may have drawn upon a common original now lost. It may be noted in this connection that the expression "a Timonist" occurs in Dekker, Satiromastix (1602), Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. 258, ed. 1873:

> I did it to retyre me from the world;
> And turne my *Muse* into a *Timonist*,
> Loathing the general Leprozie of Sinne,
> Which like a plague runs through the soules of men.

[2] For instance, the approach of the poet and the painter (iv. 3. 356) nearly 200 lines before their entrance on the stage, and the double epitaph at the end of the play.

was left unfinished by Shakespeare and afterwards completed for publication by an inferior hand.[1] We shall not differ widely from Mr. Fleay in his selection of the non-Shakespearian portions of the play, but his theory requires him to assume that these are at best but patches on the original work, and do not contribute to the advancement of the plot. Here he fails to make out his case. Thus he says that the whole of act i. scene 2 "leaves the story unadvanced;" but surely it serves the purpose of setting before us Timon's magnificent style of living in the days of his prosperity, together with his princely bounty. Without it we jump at once from the introductory scene (act i. scene 1) to one in which we find Timon in difficulties with the duns at his gates (act ii.). Again, of act iii. he says: "these scenes by author the second add nothing to the progress of the play;" but scenes 1–4, besides being highly dramatic, are wanted to show us the ingratitude of Timon's friends; otherwise, as Dr. Furnivall points out, the tremendous change in Timon's character would be due to the refusal of help from one friend alone, Ventidius, —a refusal, too, which, whether by accident or design, is not represented on the stage, but only incidentally mentioned; while scene 5 gives the origin of the quarrel between Alcibiades and the senate, and connects itself with the concluding scene of the play. To take one more instance, Mr. Fleay thinks act iv. scene 3. 292–362 is an insertion because it interferes with the sense; Apemantus's remark (line 363) "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive," being a reply to Timon's "here it (gold) sleeps, and does no hired harm" (line 291). To this Dr. Nicholson replies that as Apemantus does not care for gold, he would not call Timon a fool for saying that gold was best placed where it was out of the way, and that the connection between lines 291 and 292 is natural, for Timon's use of the word "sleeps" suggests to Apemantus to ask, as he does in line 292, "Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?" while "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive" is an appropriate answer to Timon's assertion that he would rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus (line 361), and means "thou never knew'st what was good for thee; in this thou capp'st all."

[1] Rolfe thinks the play was completed for the stage some time before the printing of the Folio.

The following are the non-Shakespearian portions according to Fleay, with remarks by the present editor:—

1. Act i. scene 1, lines 186–248, 266–283.—These prose bits, says Mr. Fleay, are "bald and cut up," and their effect is certainly something quite different from the rest of the scene; but it is possible that Shakespeare may have chosen this abrupt, snappy style of talk as something specially suitable to Apemantus.

2. Act i. scene 2.—The halting verse cannot be Shakespeare's, but there is no reason why he may not have written Apemantus's grace, and particularly Timon's prose speech beginning "O, no doubt, my good friends," lines 91–112.

3. Act ii. scene 2, lines 46–131.—As the Page and the Fool are not introduced elsewhere, this may be a bit of the old play; but purposely left here by Shakespeare, in order to spare the audience the details of the wearisome accounts which Timon and his steward discuss off the stage. (See the remarks of Dr. Nicholson, *ut supra*, p. 250.)

4. Act ii. scene 2, lines 195–204.—Mr. Fleay condemns these lines in order to square with his theory that Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius are characters introduced by the expander of the play.

5. Act iii. the whole, except scene 6, lines 95–115. —The whole of scene 6 may be Shakespeare's; but of course every reader must judge for himself.

6. Act iv. scene 2, lines 30–50.—Connected with iv. 3. 464–543.

7. Act iv. scene 3, lines 292–362.—Possibly Shakespeare's for the reason given under 1; see also what has been said above on "Where ly'st o' nights?"

8. Act iv. scene 3, lines 399–412, 454–463.

9. Act iv. scene 3, lines 464–543.—Mr. Fleay thinks that Timon's relenting to the steward, and rewarding him, is "æsthetically contrary to the whole drift of the play. Had Timon been convinced that there was one 'just and comfortable man,' he would have ceased to be *misanthropos*, and would not have concluded his interview with

> Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee."

But is this so inappropriate after all? No doubt Timon is inconsistent, yet a character may be inconsistent and still true to nature, and it was not without good reason that Shakespeare left this episode where it was when, as our theory assumes, he revised the play. It is thus that Timon is redeemed from utter inhumanity, and thus that he once again appeals to our sympathy; indeed after listening to his tremendous invectives against the whole human race, vigorous as they are, we might begin to feel that he

was something too far beyond the range of our experience did not this dialogue with his steward remind us that he is still a man. The speech of Timon beginning "Look thee, 't is so!" line 529, is nervous enough to be from Shakespeare's own pen.

10. Act v. scene 1, lines 1–57.—Some lines in this read very like Shakespeare's work.

11. Act v. scene 3.—The close of the play bears the marks of hurried revision.

As to the date at which Shakespeare revised the play we have nothing but internal evidence to go upon. This would assign it to the same period as Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, and Coriolanus, and, as Professor Dowden puts it, 1607 is a date which cannot be far astray.

But we have not quite exhausted the peculiar features of this play. In the Folio it comes between Romeo and Juliet and Julius Cæsar, and is paged 80 and 81 (a mistake for 78 and 79), then 82, 81 (mistake for 80, 81), then 82 to 98, then a leaf unpaged with the actors' names printed on one side, and then comes the first page of Julius Cæsar, numbered 109, so that four leaves appear to have been cancelled. Fleay points out that this space, pp. 78–108 (now occupied by Timon), would *exactly* have held Troilus and Cressida, which is actually paged 79 and 80 in its second and third pages, but is otherwise unpaged. He concludes, therefore, that it was originally intended to stand where Timon does now. "But as this play was originally called *The History of Troylus and Cressida* (so in the Quarto Edition), and as there is really nothing tragical in the main bulk of it, it was doubted if it could be put with the Tragedies, so the editors of the Folio compromised the matter by putting it between the Histories and Tragedies, and not putting it at all in the Catalogue, though they still retained their first title for it as *the tragedie of Troylus and Cressida*. . . . But if, as I conjecture, all the following plays, from Julius Cæsar to Cymbeline, were already in type and had been printed off, there was nothing to fall back upon but Pericles and the unfinished Timon" (Fleay, *ut supra*, p. 137). It is perhaps unsafe to infer that more than Julius Cæsar was already printed, but nevertheless this is a very happy explanation of the eccentricities of the pagination in the Folio, and explains why a whole leaf is given up to the actors' names, with a liberality which does not occur elsewhere in the book.[1] The suggestion which follows, that the editors of the Folio "took the incomplete Timon, put it into a playwright's hands, and told him to make it up to thirty pages," seems much less probable,[2] for there is good reason for believing that the play as we have it in the Folio had been already acted. "In old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theatre copy that the performers or bringers-in of stage properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue. In act i. sc. 1 (Folio) is *Enter Apemantus* opposite 'Well mocked,' though he is only seen as in the distance by Timon after the Merchant's next words, and does not enter till after 'Hee'l spare none.' So in the banquet (sc. ii. mod. eds.) there is—*Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers*, &c., before Timon's—'What means that trump?' —and *Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies* before Cupid's fore-running speech" (Dr. Nicholson, Transactions, &c., p. 252).

STAGE HISTORY.

In dealing with Timon of Athens darkness is, at the outset, illumined only by conjecture. Mr. Fleay, whose theories as to Shakespeare's share in the authorship are fully disclosed in his paper on the Authorship of Timon of Athens, read before the fourth meeting of the New Shakspere Society, 8th May, 1874, and included in the first volume of its Transactions, assigns it to 1606–7 (see Life of Shakespeare *passim*), and supposes it to belong to the same period as "that part of Cymbeline which is founded on so-called British history" (ib. 156). Malone attributes it to 1610. Its date of composition was, we may fairly assume, near that of production, since in Shakespeare's case no cause for delay can easily have arisen.

[1] And also why whole passages of prose are split up into impossible verse.

[2] The Cambridge editors themselves say, "It may be that the MS. of Timon was imperfect, and that the printing was stayed till it could be completed by some playwright engaged for the purpose. But it is difficult to conceive how the printer came to miscalculate so widely the space to be left."

Nothing, however, is known, and we have no record of a performance of the play as Shakespeare left it earlier than the present century.

Shadwell is responsible for the first adaptation of Timon that saw the light after the period of Puritan sway. "The History of Timon of Athens the Man Hater Made into a play" was printed in 4to in 1678, and was acted at the Dorset Garden Theatre probably in the same year. The following cast is printed with the tragedy:—

Timon of Athens		= Mr. Betterton.
Alcibiades, an Athenian captain		= Mr. Smith.
Apemantus, a rigid philosopher		= Mr. Harris.
Demetrius, Timon's steward		= Mr. Medburne.
Nicias	Senators of Athens	= Mr. Standford (should be Sandford).
Phæax	Senators of Athens	= Mr. Underhill.
Ælius	Senators of Athens	= Mr. Leigh.
Cleon	Senators of Athens	= Mr. Norris.
Isander	Senators of Athens	= Mr. Percival.
Isidore	Senators of Athens	= Mr. Gillo.
Thrasillus	Senators of Athens	= (no name).
Diphilus, Servant to Timon		= Mr. Bowman.
Old Man		= Mr. Richards.
Poet		= Mr. Jevon.
Painter		
Jeweller		
Musician		
Merchant		
Evandra		= Mrs. Betterton.
Melissa		= Mrs. Shadwell.
Chloe		= Mrs. Gibbs.
Thais	Mistresses to Alcibiades.	= Mrs. Seymour.
Phrinias	Mistresses to Alcibiades.	= Mrs. Le-Grand.

Servants, Messengers, several Masqueraders, Soldiers.

It is dedicated to George Duke of Buckingham, the author of The Rehearsal. With customary affectation of homage to Shakespeare Shadwell says in the dedication: "I am now to present your Grace with this History of Timon, which you were pleased to tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of Shakespear in it, which never made more masterly strokes than in this." Then with arrogance no less customary he continues: "Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a play." The Prologue addressed to the Wits who sate in judgment on new plays contains an allusion to Shakespeare in which Shadwell contrives once more to puff himself:

> In th' art of judging you as wise are grown,
> As, in their choice, some ladies of the town:
> Your neat-shap'd Barbary Wits you will despise,
> And none but lusty sinewy writers prize:
> Old English Shakespear-stomachs, you have still
> And judge, as our fore-fathers writ, with skill.

In the epilogue also Shadwell shelters himself behind Shakespeare:

> If there were hope that ancient solid wit
> Might please within our new fantastick pit;
> The play might then support the criticks' shock,
> This scien (*sic*) grafted upon Shakespear's stock.

From a glance at the cast it will be seen what liberties have been taken with Shakespeare's story. The names of the characters and the characters themselves have been altered. In the Stuart period a piece with no love interest might well be regarded as outside conception. Shadwell has accordingly presented Timon as faithless to his mistress, Evandra, who loves him passionately and is constant to the end; and enamoured of Melissa, a mercenary creature who oscillates between him and Alcibiades according as their fortunes rise or fall. Apart from the fact that his lines are cacophonous and contemptible, Shadwell's theories are fatal to the play. Constancy such as Evandra shows is enough to have reconciled Timon to the world, since devotion so exemplary in woman might compensate for any amount of masculine shortcoming. The dignity and pathos of the death are lost when the messenger of Alcibiades returns at the close of the fifth act to say:

> My noble lord, I went as you commanded
> And found Lord Timon dead and his Evandra
> Stab'd and just by him lying in his tomb, &c.

It is needless to dwell upon an atrocity which ranks with the happy termination to Lear and other perversions of the same epoch. Not more defensible is the treatment of Flavius, rechristened Demetrius, and of Apemantus.

Downes speaks of this play as a success. His words are: "Timon of Athens alter'd by Mr. Shadwell; 't was very well acted, and the music in 't well perform'd; it wonderfully pleas'd the Court and City; being an excellent moral" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 37). A different impression is conveyed in the epilogue to

The Jew of Venice of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, produced twenty-three years later. In this, after complaining of the bad taste of audiences, the writer continues:

> How was the scene forlorn, and how despis'd
> When Timon, without music, moraliz'd!
> Shakespeare's sublime, in vain entic'd the throng,
> Without the charm of Purcell's syren song.
> —Works, ed. 1752, p. 184.

This wretched version held the stage for near a century. Concerning the performance we know nothing. Evandra is a sort of die-away character in which Mary Betterton would be seen to advantage, Betterton would assumably be suited to Timon, and Harris, an excellent actor, would do justice to Apemantus. Sandford was a noted stage-villain. Ann Shadwell, the wife of the adapter, was not much of an actress, but Melissa is not much of a part.

On the 27th June, 1707, Shadwell's Timon was revived by the summer company at the Haymarket. Mills was Timon, Verbruggen Apemantus, Booth Alcibiades, Norris the Poet, Bullock Phæax, Johnson Ælius, Mrs. Porter Evandra, and Mrs. Bradshaw Melissa.

Drury Lane witnessed its production on 8th Dec. 1720, when Booth was Timon, Mills Apemantus, Walker Alcibiades, Pinkethman the Poet, Mrs. Thurmond Evandra, and Mrs. Horton Melissa; and Covent Garden on 1st May, 1733, with Milward as Timon, Quin as Apemantus, Walker as Alcibiades, Mrs. Hallam as Evandra, and Mrs. Buchanan as Melissa. Milward revived it for his benefit at Drury Lane 20th March, 1740, repeating his performance of Timon. Quin was once more Apemantus, Mills was Alcibiades, Woodward the Poet, Mrs. Butler Evandra, and Mrs. Pritchard Melissa. It was played for the last recorded time for Hales's benefit at Covent Garden 20th April, 1745. Quin was still Apemantus, Hippisley Phæax, Theophilus Cibber the Poet, Woodward Isander, Mrs. Pritchard Evandra, and Miss Hippisley Chloe. The other characters are not given. Hales, since all sorts of rash experiments were permitted at benefits, was assumably Timon.

At Dublin Shadwell's play was given about 1715 at Smock Alley Theatre. The cast of the performance, a rare thing in early Dublin annals, is preserved, and as it included many names subsequently to become famous it may be given as it is supplied in Hitchcock's Historical View of the Irish Stage, i. 27, 28. The notes are our own:

Timon	=	Mr. Th. Elrington.[1]
Alcibiades	=	Mr. Evans.
Apemantus	=	Mr. Ashbury.[2]
Nicias	=	Mr. Fra. Elrington.[1]
Phæax	=	Mr. Thurmond.[3]
Oelius (*sic*)	=	Mr. Trefusis.
Cleon	=	Mr. Quin.[4]
Isidore	=	Mr. Hall.
Thrasillus	=	Mr. Dougherty.
Demetrius	=	Mr. Leigh.[5]
Poet	=	Mr. Griffith.[6]
Painter	=	Mr. Oates.
Jeweller	=	Mr. Bowman.
Musician	=	Mr. Hallam.
Evandre (*sic*)	=	Mrs. Thurmond.
Melissa	=	Mrs. Wilkins.
Chloe	=	Mrs. Haywood.[7]
Thais	=	Miss Wilson.
Phrynia (*sic*)	=	Miss Schoolding.

An adaptation from Shakespeare and Shadwell by James Dance, better known by his acting name of Love, was published in 1768, and was produced near the same time by its author at the theatre erected by him and his brother in Richmond. Like Dance's other dramas, it is a poor compilation. Love played Apemantus, Aikin was Timon; Fawcett, Lucullus; Cautherley, Alcibiades; and Mrs. Stephens, Evandra. Richard Cumberland was the next adapter of Timon. His version was produced 4th December, 1771, at Drury Lane under Garrick's management, with Barry as Timon, Bannister as Apemantus, Packer as Flavius, Palmer as Lucius, Hurst as Lucullus, Baddeley as the soldier, and Crofts (his first appearance on the stage) as Alcibiades. Mrs. Barry was Evanthe. Cumberland

[1] The Elringtons were a family of clever actors. Thomas Elrington was at that time manager of the theatre.

[2] A son, assumably, of the late manager of Smock Alley, whose daughter Thomas Elrington married.

[3] A well-known actor at Drury Lane, the husband of an actress even better known, who played Evandra.

[4] The famous Quin, then a youth of twenty-two.

[5] Actor, song-writer, and dramatist.

[6] A good actor and a pleasing poet.

[7] Subsequently known as Mrs. Elizabeth Haywood, a voluminous writer introduced by Pope into the Dunciad, book ii.

has the grace, in his advertisement to the printed version (8vo, 1771), to express his wish that he could have brought the play upon the stage with less violence to its author, and to hope that his own errors may be overlooked or forgiven in the contemplation of the "many passages of the first merit" which are still retained. He adds, "as the entire part of Evanthe and with very few exceptions the whole of Alcibiades are new, the author of the alteration has much to answer for" (Memoir, i. 384). His affectation of modesty is sufficiently transparent. On the plea that the play is now out of print, he burdens his memoirs with a long extract which may figure among any future illustrations of bathos. Cumberland chronicles that "public approbation seemed to sanction the attempt at the first production of the play" (ib. i. 385); but owns that it was subsequently passed over with neglect. It was indeed conspicuously unsuccessful, as appear to have been most alterations of Timon. Francis Gentleman, in his Dramatic Censor, does not include Timon among the plays on which he comments, and we are accordingly without the light which his criticisms cast upon the representations of other Shakespearean works. Genest gives a full description of the changes made by Cumberland, and is lenient in his verdict, speaking of some of the shortening as judicious, and declaring that in the respect of making in the scenes from Shakespeare few alterations except omissions Cumberland is much superior to Shadwell. Genest admits that the additions of both coalesce badly with the original, but holds that both have improved that part of the play which concerns Alcibiades" (Account of the English Stage, v. 319). To make, as does Cumberland, Evanthe the heroine, the daughter of Timon, and present her as beloved by Lucius and Alcibiades, and favouring the latter, is, as has been observed, injudicious. The reckless extravagance of Timon in spending his money on sycophants becomes unpardonable when his wealth, or a portion at least of it, should belong to his daughter.

Fifteen years later, at Covent Garden, 13th May, 1786, yet one more alteration was tried with insuccess. Timon of Athens, altered from Shakespeare and Shadwell, is attributed in the Biographia Dramatica to Thomas Hull, a well-known actor and dramatist, for whose benefit it was given. From the same authority we learn that it was coldly received. This version has never been printed. The following is the cast: Timon = Holman, Apemantus = Wroughton, Alcibiades = Farren, Flavius = Hull, Lucullus = Quick, Lucius = Wewitzer, Evandra = a young lady, her first appearance, Melissa = Mrs. Inchbald. With the exception of the representative of Evandra, the foregoing actors constitute a strong cast. The young lady, according to the Theatrical Journal for May, 1786, "is said to be a sister of Mrs. Kemble, formerly Miss Satchell." Miss Satchell, afterwards Mrs. Stephen Kemble, was the daughter of a musical-instrument maker. The débutante is praised for her figure, manner, and deportment, and declared to have been "natural and affecting." Hull's alteration, it is said, "ought to be consigned to oblivion," a fate which soon attended it. Genest fails to chronicle who was the young lady playing Evandra. He says, however, that Flavius was quite in Hull's line, that Wroughton was a very good Apemantus, and that Quick and Wewitzer played well and did not make their parts too comic (Account of the English Stage, vi. 402).

A long interval elapses before Timon of Athens is again heard of, and it is then (28th October, 1816), for the first time, announced as in Shakespeare's version. Even now, however, some modification was found necessary. This was accomplished by the Honourable George Lamb. In the advertisement to the play the adapter says: "The present attempt has been to restore Shakespeare to the stage, with no other omissions than such as the refinement of manners has rendered necessary — the short interpolation in the last scene has been chiefly compiled from Cumberland's alteration." Genest, who gives an analysis of the play, praises it highly, saying that it "does Lamb considerable credit, and adding, with a certain amount of hyperbole, that "it is not only infinitely better than any of the former alterations, but it may serve as a model of the manner in which Shakespeare's plays should be adapted to the modern

Stage" (Account of the English Stage, viii. 585, 586).

In this revival Kean made his appearance as Timon, the cast including Bengough as Apemantus, Wallack as Alcibiades, Holland as Flavius, Harley as Lucius, S. Penley as Lucullus, and Bernard as Sempronius. It was not a great success, and was acted seven times. Hazlitt's precious series of criticisms upon Kean's performances in Shakespeare does not include Timon, and the ordinary organs of theatrical criticism pass over the representation without notice. Procter (Barry Cornwall) apologizes for Kean, declares the play unadapted for representation, and says that Kean, by dint of his own single strength, was unable to make it popular. He continues: "In fact, although one of the finest, it is at the same time one of the least dramatic works of Shakespeare. It is more of a monodrame than a play" (Life of Kean, ii. 163). The dialogue was given by Kean with prodigious effect," his retorts upon Apemantus, and his curses on ungrateful Athens—

> Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall
> That girdlest in those wolves, &c.—

were made as fierce as voice and expression could render them. But he did not exhibit the whole character. We beheld in him the bitter sceptic, but not the easy, lordly, and magnificent Timon" (ib. ii. 163, 164). Mr. Hawkins, in his Life of Kean, i. 398, quotes from an unpublished letter of Mr. Harry Stoe Van Dyk, that Kean breathed the very soul of melancholy and tenderness in those impressive words:—

> But myself,
> Who had the world as my confectionary;
> The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
> At duty, more than I could frame employment;
> That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
> Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
> Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
> For every storm that blows.
> —Act iv. sc. iii. 259-266.

He quotes also the opinion of Leigh Hunt, that the finest scene was that with Alcibiades. "We never remember the force of contrast to have been more truly pathetic. Timon, digging in the woods with his spade, hears the approach of military music; he starts, waits its approach silently, and at last in comes the gallant Alcibiades with a train of splendid soldiery. Never was scene more effectively managed. First you heard a sprightly quick march playing in the distance. Kean started, listened, and leaned in a fixed and angry manner on his spade, with frowning eyes and lips full of the truest feeling, compressed, but not too much so; he seemed as if resolved not to be deceived, even by the charm of a thing inanimate; the audience were silent; the march threw forth its gallant notes nearer and nearer, the Athenian standards appear, then the soldiers come treading on the scene with that air of confident progress which is produced by the accompaniment of music; and at last, while the squalid misanthrope still maintains his posture and keeps his back to the strangers, in steps the young and splendid Alcibiades, in the flush of victorious expectation. It is the encounter of hope with despair" (ib. 398, 399).

Another long interval passed before Timon was again revived. Genest, indeed, chronicles no other performance.

Warned by previous experience, Macready left the character of Timon unattempted, and his example was followed by Charles Kean. Not, indeed, until it was revived by Phelps is Timon traceable on the stage.

On the 15th September, 1851, with more than usual attention to the *mise en scène*, Phelps produced Timon at Sadler's Wells. On this occasion the performance triumphed over the defects, real or imaginary, of the play. Between its first production and the following Christmas it was played some forty times. In the Life of Phelps by W. May Phelps and John Forbes-Robertson, the bill of this interesting performance is given (p. 273). Though respectable in their day, the actors of the subordinate parts are now forgotten. The principal characters were thus cast:—

Timon	=	Mr. Phelps.
Lucius	=	Mr. F. Robinson.
Lucullus	=	Mr. Hoskins
Sempronius	=	Mr. H. Mellon.
Ventidius	=	Mr. Knight.
Apemantus	=	Mr. G. Bennett.

Flavius	=	Mr. Graham.
Alcibiades	=	Mr. H. Marston.
Poet	=	Mr. J. W. Ray.
Painter	=	Mr. F. Younge.
Phrynia	=	Mrs. Graham.
Timandra	=	Miss Jones.

High praise was bestowed upon the revival, though the encomiums upon Phelps are lukewarm. John Oxenford, one of the most capable, if also one of the most lenient of critics, gave in The Times an elaborate analysis of the performance, dwelling especially upon the scenery, which was by Fenton. From his notice it is evident that some experiments, perhaps questionable, were made with a view of adding to the attractions of a play that managers still regard askance. A moving picture, representing the march of Alcibiades to Athens, was thus introduced, and the last scene presented the sea with the tomb of Timon as a conspicuous object. Timon, Oxenford declares, is one of Phelps's most effective characters. Coming to details, however, the critic dwells upon picturesqueness and the presentation of the "inherent dignity of the misanthrope." Of the delivery of the curse at the close of the third act, however, Oxenford speaks with more warmth. It is said to be "grandly impressive." "The feeling of wrong has kindled itself into a prophetic inspiration, and the parasites shrink before their awful host as before a supernatural presence" (quoted in Life of Phelps, p. 224). Of Marston's Apemantus it is said, "With a countenance deformed by malignity, an abject deportment, a sharp spiteful glance, and a hard-hitting delivery of the pointed language, this personage was a most admirable type of the worst species of the cynic breed" (ib.).

On the 11th of October, 1856, Timon was again revived. Once more warm commendation was bestowed. Francis Guest Tomlins, secretary of the original Shakespeare Society, instituted comparisons between the Shakespearean revivals at Sadler's Wells and those by Charles Kean at the Princess's, wholly to the credit of the former. At the head of the Princess's was a showman who as lavishly illustrated Pizarro as Macbeth; at that of Sadler's Wells was an artist who assigned fervour and genius predominance over archæology. Professor Morley, with higher praise, says that Shakespeare's plays, as revived at Sadler's Wells, are always poems, and declares that Timon of Athens is wholly a poem to the Sadler's Wells audience (Journal of a London Playgoer, p. 154). His praise of Phelps is more well-meaning than comprehensible: "Mr. Phelps in his own acting of Timon treats the character as an ideal, as the central figure in a mystery. As the liberal Athenian lord, his gestures are large, his movements free—out of himself everything pours, towards himself he will draw nothing" (ib. p. 155). Mr. Charles Calvert played Timon at the Prince's, Manchester, in March, 1876, when F. Archer was Apemantus; and Mr. F. Benson revived Shakespeare's gloomy tragedy at the Stratford Memorial Theatre celebration of April, 1892. Mr. C. Flower edited the play, and Mr. Benson condensed it into three acts, for stage representation. The cast of this highly interesting performance included Frank Benson as Timon, William Mollison as Apemantus, E. Lyall Swete as Flavius, and Miss Ada Ferrar as Timandra. On May 18, 1904, Mr. J. H. Leigh, an earnest Shakespearian student, played Timon at the Court Theatre. He was assisted by Hermann Vezin as Apemantus, Frank Cooper as Alcibiades, and Charles Rock as Flavius. Lucian's dialogue was translated into French by Brécourt, and produced as a one-act comedy, played in 1684 under the title of Timon, and also under that of Les Flatteurs trompés ou l'ennemi des faux amis. Timon le Misanthrope, a three-act comedy of Delisle, produced at the Theatre des Italiens in 1722, is a mythological spectacle, bringing Mercury and Plutus on to the earth. Neither piece, it is needless to say, owes anything to Shakespeare. In Notes and Queries 7th s. iii. 46 it is recorded that John Honeycott, the master of the charity school, Clerkenwell, had on 6th Feb. 1711, "with the children of the school, publicly acted the play called 'Timon of Athens,' and by tickets signed by himself had invited several people to it." For this he was called over the coals by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the trustees of the school. See

also Secretan's Life of Robert Nelson, Lond. 1860, p. 130. This performance of a play of Shakespeare is held to be "evidence of a considerable amount of culture in a neighbourhood where one would scarcely expect to find it." The question arises, however—was the play Shakespeare or Shadwell?

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Timon of Athens is a study of the disastrous effects of a reverse of fortune upon an unbalanced mind. The subject was hardly capable of being handled so effectively as those of the other great tragedies, and the comparative unpopularity of the play is easily accounted for. But if it does not carry us along with the thrilling interest of a Macbeth or an Othello, it is by no means deficient either in design or execution. Although the dialogue becomes a little tedious here and there, the plot is well sustained, the leading situations are impressive, and the principal characters powerfully drawn.

Timon's character is not hard to understand. He is a man of generous impulses but defective judgment. His weakness is a facile good-nature, which leads him to make friends indiscriminately with everyone; he is not at the pains to form any estimate of the true character of those who flock to enjoy his hospitality, but lavishes upon them his riches with an unwise prodigality: for he has no thought for the future; with a careless magnificence he seeks only to gratify the momentary impulse of generosity, and although not a helpless victim to flattery, he is not insensible to the "feast-won, fast-lost" popularity which follows. Thus his knowledge of mankind is merely superficial, his friendship does not rest upon those foundations which alone can render it permanent, he has no reserve of strength in his own heart to fall back upon, and it is not to be wondered at that when the crash comes he is unprepared to meet it, and that when his so-called friends desert him, and the false paradise which he has created for himself vanishes away, he is powerless to grapple with the stern realities which stare him in the face, and takes refuge in self-banishment and a passionate and uncompromising hatred of the human race.

In this, if he shows weakness, he does not show meanness of character. Had he followed the advice of the Cynic Apemantus he would have acquiesced in the low morality which surrounded him: he would have turned flatterer himself and sought to thrive by that which had undone him. But his nature is too noble for that; curse he can—but never smile and be a villain. Not that cursing is a pleasure to him; he is as dissatisfied with himself as with the rest of the world, and from his intolerable bitterness of soul—a bitterness relieved only by one touch of nature, his relenting towards his faithful steward—the sole release is death; yet though he dies with imprecations on his lips, the play does not end without a hint that those he cursed have forgiven him, and remember rather his virtues than his faults:

> rich conceit
> Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
> On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
> Is noble Timon: of whose memory
> Hereafter more. (v. 4. 77–81.)

Where Timon failed Alcibiades succeeded. It has been remarked that the part which Alcibiades plays is only remotely connected with the main story; but it cannot be doubted that he is intended to form a contrast to Timon, and point the moral of his fall. Like Timon, Alcibiades is wronged, but he does not unpack his heart in words and fall a cursing. He is a successful man of the world, who takes prompt measures to right his wrongs, and his triumph over the offending senators forms a fitting sequel to the story of Timon's barren misanthropy. None the less it is with Timon, and not with Alcibiades, that our sympathies rest. Had Timon possessed the practical virtues of the victorious commander he would have been saved from despair, and the catastrophe would have been averted; but as we lament over the wreck of a noble nature, we feel that there are nobler things in the world than worldly prosperity, and that failure may sometimes command a deeper respect than success.

The character of Apemantus is a foil to

Timon's. Timon hates men, and is miserable in his hatred; Apemantus hates them too, and enjoys it. Always a cynic and a carper, he never had any faith in the goodness of the human heart, and cannot open his mouth except to give utterance to a sneer or a surly repartee. He has no wrongs to avenge; he is not, like Timon, smarting under a sense of the injustice of mankind; he is

> a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
> With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
> (iv. 3. 250, 251.)

He is unable to understand the righteous indignation which drove Timon to "affect his manners." He thinks Timon must be insincere in his misanthropy, that it is either a fit of temporary pique, or that he is reduced to it by sheer force of circumstances. He is not himself "sick of this false world;" and when Timon wishes that the world may be given over to the dominion of beasts, he is for putting off that catastrophe until he himself has quitted it. It should be noticed too that Timon never pretends to be better than others, and never lays claim to any special virtues; while in Apemantus we see that pride and self-complacency with which such cynicism as his is always accompanied. He hugs himself in his superiority to the human weaknesses of Timon's flatterers, in his abstinence from the banquets in which they revelled, and in his utter independence of all human ties (i. 2. 63–70):

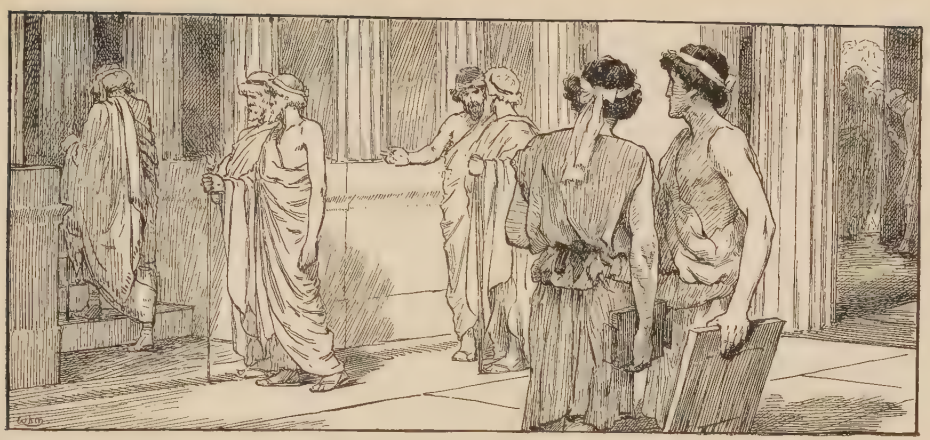
> Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
> I pray for no man but myself:
> Grant I may never prove so fond,
> To trust man on his oath or bond;
> Or a harlot for her weeping;
> Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
> Or a keeper with my freedom;
> Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Among the minor characters of the drama that of the Steward is the most prominent. He is a faithful and attached servant of a type which was a favourite with the later dramatists. He had that insight into human character which his master lacked. Timon in the simplicity of his soul imagined that if he were ever in need, the purses of his friends would be open to him with the same generosity that his was opened to them, but the Steward knew them better (ii. 2. 178–181):

> Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
> The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
> Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
> These flies are couch'd.

The attachment of his servants to Timon is a proof of the inherent goodness of his heart. Had he been a mere hard-hearted, selfish prodigal, he would never have had so devoted a follower as Flavius, who, although unable to save him, was able to wring from him in his bitterest mood the confession that one honest man was left in the world.

Timon of Athens is singular among Shakespeare's plays in the absence of any female character, for the brace of courtezans can hardly be counted. It is perhaps enough to say that Shakespeare did not find any women in his materials, and did not care to complicate the plot by the introduction of any creations of his own. But he may also have thought that the subject was not one in which the female character could be displayed to any advantage. Shadwell thought otherwise, and into his alteration he introduced two ladies—one with whom Timon was on the point of marriage, but who deserts him in his adversity; and another, whom he had himself deserted, but who stands by him to the last.



Pain. How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy man!—(Act i. 1. 39, 40.)

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears,[1] sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 't is a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd,[2] as it were, 10
To an untirable and continuate[3] goodness:
He passes.[4]
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir? 13
Jew. If he will touch the estimate:[5] but, for that—
Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You're rapt,[6] sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes 21
From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.—What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment,[7] sir.—
Let's see your piece.

[1] *Wears,* wears out.
[2] *Breath'd,* having breath enough for; or, inured.
[3] *Continuate,* uninterrupted.
[4] *Passes,* passes all description.
[5] *Touch the estimate,* come up to the price.
[6] *Rapt,* engrossed. [7] *Presentment,* presentation.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.
Poet. So 't is: this comes off well[1] and excellent. 29
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big[2] imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.[3]
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is 't good?
Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife[4]
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy man!
Pain. Look, moe![5] 41
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly,[6] but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd[7] malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract[8] behind. 50
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I 'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds—
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality—tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties[9] to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd[10] flatterer 58
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.
Pain. I saw them speak together.
Poet. Sir,
I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd[11] with all deserts, all kinds of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states:[12] amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her: 70
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.
Pain. 'T is conceiv'd to scope.[13]
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.
Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,—
Some better than his value,—on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear, 81
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him[14]
Drink the free air.
Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?
Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. 'T is common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show, 90
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly[15] than words. Yet you do well

[1] *Comes off well*, is a creditable piece of work.
[2] *Big*, pregnant; or merely, powerful, mighty.
[3] *Interpret*, play the interpreter.
[4] *Artificial strife*, the strife of art to emulate nature.
[5] *Moe*, more.
[6] *Halts not particularly*, does not stop at any single person. [7] *Levell'd*, aimed at any particular person.
[8] *Tract*, trace, track.
[9] *Properties*, makes property of, appropriates.
[10] *Glass-fac'd*, reflecting like a mirror the looks of his patron.

[11] *Rank'd*, covered with ranks.
[12] *To propagate their states*, to improve their fortunes.
[13] *To scope*, to the purpose.
[14] *Through him*, by his leave, at his will.
[15] *Pregnantly*, clearly.

To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, *addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from* VENTIDIUS *talking with him;* LUCILIUS *and other Servants following.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:[1]
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods[2] his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius!—Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off 100
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,—
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!
[*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: what of him? 112
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!
Luc. [*Coming forward*] Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else, 121
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself; 130
It must not bear[3] my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.
Tim. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! 151
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*
Poet. [*Presenting his poem*] Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:

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1 *Strait*, strict. 2 *Periods*, puts a stop to. 3 *Bear*, carry off, win.

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend? 154

Pain. [*Presenting his painting*] A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand; 163
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd,
It would unclew[1] me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters:[2] believe 't, dear lord, 171
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We 'll bear,[3] with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.[4] 180

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not. 182

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon. 190

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence. 199

[*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You 're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies. 210

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.]

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet! 220

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

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[1] *Unclew*, unwind, *i.e.* undo, ruin.

[2] *Are prized by their masters*, are rated according to the merit of their owners.

[3] *Bear*, *i.e.* the chiding of Apemantus.

[4] *When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest*, two things which will never be.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That 's not feign'd,—he is so. 230

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now,—hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore? 240

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. —Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic 's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.[1] 251

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me:—go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner 's done,
Show me this piece. I 'm joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES *with the rest.*

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so, there!—
Achès[2] contract and starve[3] your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man 's bred out
Into baboon and monkey. 260

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart,[4] we 'll share a bounteous time 263
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast? 270

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence! 281

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

First Lord. He 's opposite to humanity.— Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed[5] but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding 290
All use of quittance.[6]

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live
In fortunes!—Shall we in?

First Lord. I 'll keep you company.
[*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Companionship*, coming in a body.

[2] *Achès*, pronounced here, as in v. 1. 202, like the plural of the name of the letter H.

[3] *Starve*, paralyse.

[4] *Depart*, separate.

[5] *Meed*, merit.

[6] *Use of quittance*, customary requital.

SCENE II. *A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *Lords, Senators, and* VENTIDIUS, *which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.
Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit!
[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*
Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness,[1] sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*
First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it. 21
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?
Tim. O, Apemantus,—you are welcome.
Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.
Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; you 've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 't is much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est;* but yond man is ever angry.—Go, let him have a table by himself; for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for it, indeed. 31
Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,[2] Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power;[3] prithee, let my meat make thee silent.
Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath[4] of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; 51
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:[5]
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.
Tim. [*To a Lord who drinks to him*] My lord, in heart;[6] and let the health go round.
Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.
Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well.—Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here 's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire: 60
This and my food are equals; there 's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;[7]
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;

[1] *Recanting goodness,* kindness that is "sorry ere 't is shown."

[2] *Apperil,* peril, danger.

[3] *No power, i.e.* to make thee silent.

[4] *Breath,* life.

[5] *Spy my windpipe's dangerous notes,* and so find out where best to cut it.

[6] *In heart,* heartily.

[7] *Pelf,* riches.

[Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;]
Or a keeper[1] with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em. 70
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*
Much good dich[2] thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast. 81

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.[3] 90

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from[4] thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you.[5] O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keeps their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out[6] water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you. 112

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded within.*

Tim. What means that trump? 120

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate[7] thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise; 132
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a Mask of Ladies as Amazons with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life, 139
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

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[1] *Keeper*, jailer. [2] *Dich*, do it; but see note 42.
[3] *Perfect*, satisfied. [4] *From*, out of, among.
[5] *I confirm you*, I put you past doubt, believe in you.
[6] *Hold out*, keep out.
[7] *Gratulate*, gratify.

And spend our flatteries, to drink[1] those men,
Upon whose age we void it up agen, 143
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that 's not depraved or depraves?[2]
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?[3]
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance; men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies, 151
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.—(Act i. 2. 137, 138.)

You 've added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for 't.
First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.[4]
[*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.]
Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: 160
Please you to dispose yourselves.
All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.
[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*
Tim. Flavius,—
Flav. My lord?
Tim. The little casket bring me hither.
Flav. Yes, my lord.—[*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,—
When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd[5] then, an he could.
'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[*Exit.*
First Lord. Where be our men? 171
Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.
Sec. Lord. Our horses!

[1] *Drink*, devour, consume.
[2] *Depraved or depraves*, slandered or slanders.
[3] *Of their friends' gift*, given them by their friends.
[4] *At the best*, at best advantage.
[5] *Cross'd*, furnished with crosses, *i.e.* money.

Re-enter FLAVIUS *with the casket.*

Tim. O my friends,
I've one word to say to you:—look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance[1] this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.
First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate 180
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.
Tim. They're fairly[2] welcome.
Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee:
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.
Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents 190
Be worthily entertain'd.[3]

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?
Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.
Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.
Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer: 199
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,[4]
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he's so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. 210
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*
Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.
Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.
Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty!
Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
First Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man 220
Can justly praise but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true.—I'll call to you.[5]
All Lords. O, none so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast 230
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.
First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—
Tim. And so
Am I to you.
Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—
Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

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[1] *Advance*, promote, raise to honour.
[2] *Fairly*, kindly.
[3] *Entertain'd*, received.
[4] *Yield me this*, give me this permission.
[5] *I'll call to you*, appeal to you for assistance.

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*
Apem. What a coil[1] 's here!
[Serving of becks,[2] and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em.] Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs. 240
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper[3] shortly: what needs these feasts, pomps, and vainglories? 249

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music.
[*Exit.*

Apem. So;
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:
I'll lock thy heaven[4] from thee.
O that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A Senator's house.*

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand;—to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty moe
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: no porter at his gate; 10
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,
My uses[5] cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted[6] dates 22
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear, 29
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,[7]
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. "I go sir!" Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.[8]
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Coil,* fuss. [2] *Becks,* nods, as a sign of command.

[3] *In paper,* in paper securities or bonds.
[4] *Thy heaven,* good advice.
[5] *Uses,* necessities.
[6] *Fracted,* broken.
[7] *Naked gull,* unfledged nesting.
[8] *In compt,* in account.

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes[1] no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting. 8
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the Servants of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is:—and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd![2]
Var. Serv. I fear it.[3]
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords, &c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off 10
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit[4]
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

[1] *Resumes,* takes. [2] *Discharg'd,* paid.
[3] *I fear it,* I have my fears about it.
[4] *You'll suit,* you will act consistently with.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays you speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Flav. What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
—(Act ii. 2. 7, 8.)

Var. Serv. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks 30
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;[5]
I'll wait upon you instantly.
[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*
[*To Flavius*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

[5] *Keep on,* proceed, go in.

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention[1] of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business: 41
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS *and Fool.*

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let 's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog! 50

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 't is to thyself.—[*To the Fool*] Come away.

Isid. Serv. There 's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where 's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! [bawds between gold and want!] 61

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: [how does your mistress? 70

Fool. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!]

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Enter Page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably! 80

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; [thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death.] Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

[*Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one. 109

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one:[2] he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.] 120

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

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[1] *Detention,* withholding.

[2] *'s artificial one,* the philosopher's stone.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come. 129

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.
[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!—(Act ii. 2. 161–163.)

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?
Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition[1] put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,[2] 140
Thus to excuse yourself.
Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return[3] so much, I've shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, 150
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

[1] *Indisposition*, disinclination.

[2] *And that unaptness made your minister*, you made that unaptness your minister (instrument).

[3] *Return*, give in, make a return of.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Flav. 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues:[1] the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning? 159
Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.
Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!
Tim. You tell me true.
Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,[2]
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices[3] have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders;[4] when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth[5] of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy; 170
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.
Tim. Prithee, no more.
Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted![6] Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers, 180
These flies are couch'd.
Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;[7]
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument[8] of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.
Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!
Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd, 190
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other Servants.*

Servants. My lord? my lord?—
Tim. I will dispatch you severally:—[*to Servilius*] you to Lord Lucius;—[*to Flaminius*] to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—[*to another Servant*] you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents. 201
Flam. As you have said, my lord.
[*Exit with Servilius and another Servant.*
Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!
Tim. [*To another Servant*] Go you, sir, to the senators,—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o' th' instant
A thousand talents to me. [*Exit Servant.*
Flav. I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general[9] way—
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.
Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?
Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice, 213
That now they are at fall,[10] want treasure, cannot

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1 *Dues*, debts. 2 *Falsehood*, dishonesty.
3 *Offices*, various domestic apartments.
4 *Feeders*, parasites. 5 *Spilth*, effusion, waste.
6 *Englutted*, swallowed up.

7 *Secure thy heart*, free thy heart from care.
8 *Argument*, contents.
9 *General*, common, ordinary.
10 *At fall*, at the ebb.

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'t is pity;—
And so, intending[1] other serious matters,
After distasteful looks[2] and these hard fractions,[3] 220
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:[4]
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—
[*To another Servant*] Go to Ventidius,—[*to Flavius*] Prithee, be not sad, 229
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously[5] I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to the same Servant*] Ventidius lately 231
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Servant.*
[*To Flavius*] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink. 240

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe:
Being free[6] itself, it thinks all others so.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in Lucullus' house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively[7] welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant*]—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? 11

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 21

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—"nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty[8] is his: I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't. 31

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

---

1 *Intending,* pretending.
2 *Distasteful looks,* looks of dislike.
3 *Fractions,* broken hints.
4 *Hereditary,* inherent, natural.
5 *Ingeniously,* from the heart.
6 *Free,* liberal.
7 *Respectively,* with all proper attention.
8 *Honesty,* the conduct of a gentleman; here, generosity.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

[*Drinks, and then gives him wine.*

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly[1] prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—[*To Servant*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Servant.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; espe-

Flam. Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!—(Act iii. 1. 50, 51.)

cially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd?[2] Fly, damned baseness, 50
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money back.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave, 59
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[*Exit.*

[1] *Towardly*, docile.
[2] *And we alive that liv'd, i.e.* in so short a time.

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours,—now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money. 10

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belong'd to 't, and yet was deni'd.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, deni'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am asham'd on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour show'd in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some little kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me,[1] I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Servil. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—[*To Lucius*] My honour'd lord,— 29

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Servil. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Servil. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Servil. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.[2] 46

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Servil. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Servil. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. [*Exit Servilius.*]
True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that 's once deni'd will hardly speed. [*Exit.*]

First Stran. Did you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,[3] 81
What charitable men afford to beggars.

[1] *Had he mistook him, and sent to me,* had he sent to me by mistake.

[2] *Faithfully,* earnestly.

[3] *In respect of his,* in proportion to his own fortune.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.
First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me, 89
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,[1]
So much I love his heart: but I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy[2] sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Sempronius' house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a Servant of* TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!
—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owes their estates unto him.
Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all deni'd him.
Sem. How! have they deni'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deni'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians, 11
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in 't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage[3] to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join:
Who bates[4] mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*
Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic,[5]—he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire:
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards[6]
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master. 40
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, *and the Servant of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other Servants of* TIMON'S *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

---

[1] *Return'd to him,* fallen to his share.
[2] *Policy,* selfish prudence.
[3] *Courage,* ardour, eager desire.
[4] *Bates,* diminishes.
[5] *Politic,* cunning, selfishly prudent.
[6] *Wards,* bolts.

Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven. 10
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 't is deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I 'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money. 20
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I 'm weary of this charge,[1] the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
First Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns: what 's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
First Var. Serv. 'T is much deep: and it should seem by the sum 30
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his[2] had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius!—Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much. 38
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough. 48
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest into their glutton-ous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*
First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter? 60
Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he 's poor, and that 's revenge enough. Who can speak broader[3] than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.
Servil. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfort-able temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health, and keeps his chamber. 73
Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

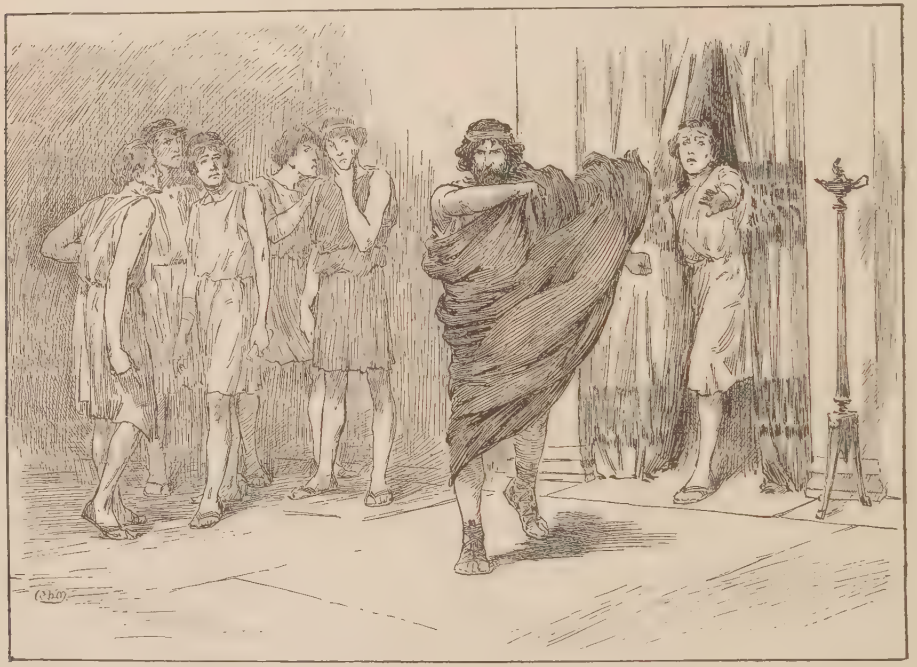
---

[1] *Charge*, commission, office.
[2] *His; i.e.* my master's.
[3] *Broader*, more freely.

Servil. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help!—My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage? 80
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here 's mine.



Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?—(Act iii. 4. 80.)

Hor. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills. 90
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—and yours?
First Var. Serv. My lord,—
Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,— 99
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors!—devils.
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I 'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord. 110
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:
All, sirrah, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The senate-house.*

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 't is necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
First Sen. Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate[1] aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact[2] with cowardice,
An honour in him which buys out his fault;
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe: 20
And with such sober and unnoted[3] passion
He did behave[4] his anger, ere 't was spent,[5]
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
First Sen. You undergo[6] too strict[7] a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer 31
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides,—to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer[8] his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!
Alcib. My lord,—
First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, 40
If I speak like a captain:—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;[9]
But, in defence, by mercy,[10] 't is most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

---

[1] *His fate*, his evil destiny.
[2] *Fact*, crime.
[3] *Unnoted*, imperceptible.
[4] *Behave*, manage.
[5] *Spent*, vented, indulged.
[6] *Undergo*, undertake.
[7] *Strict*, difficult.
[8] *Prefer*, present.
[9] *Gust*, fury.
[10] *By mercy*, by your mercy, by your leave.

First Sen. What 's that? 62
Alcib. Why, say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He 's a sworn[1] rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough 70
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 't is inferr'd[2] to us
His days are foul, and his drink[3] dangerous.
First Sen. He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,[4]
And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love 80
Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.[5]
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
First Sen. We are for law,—he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.[6]
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me. 90
Sec. Sen. How!
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
Third Sen. What!
Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ake[7] at you.

[1] *Sworn*, *i.e.* inveterate. [2] *Inferr'd*, alleged.
[3] *His drink*, his drinking, carousing.
[4] *Time*, life. [5] *Returns*, requital.
[6] *Another*, *i.e.* another blood than his own.
[7] *Ake*, the spelling of the Folio. See note 31.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly. 100
First Sen. If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend[8] our weightier judgment. And, not to swell[9] our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.
[*Exeunt Senators.*
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I 'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself 108
Rich only in large hurts;—all those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.[10]
'T is honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators, and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.
Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.
First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring[11] when we encounter'd: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.
Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting. 9

[8] *Attend*, expect. [9] *Swell*, *i.e.* with anger.
[10] *Lay for hearts*, lay baits for them, strive to enlist them; *or*, lay myself out for them.
[11] *Tiring*, eagerly feeding, like a hawk.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go. 20

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Tim. What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou.—(Act iii. 6. 109, 110.)

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship. 30

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger. 40

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,— 50

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—[*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All cover'd dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it? 60

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banish'd!

Third Lord. 'T is so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold? 70

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man who gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.—

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water 99

Is your perfection.[1] This is Timon's last;

Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks![2]

Of man and beast the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;— 110

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

[*Pelts them with stones, and drives them out.*

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push![3] did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown. 120

First Lord. He 's but a mad lord, and naught but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 't is.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let 's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Your perfection*, your sum-total, all you amount to.

[2] *Minute-jacks*, fickle time-servers.

[3] *Push!* pish!

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! [Matrons, turn incontinent!]
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! [to general filths[1]
Convert[2] o' th' instant, green virginity,—
Do 't in your parents' eyes!] bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal! 10
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill[3] by law: [maid, to thy master's bed,—
Thy mistress is o' the brothel!] son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd[4] crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries,[5] and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
And let confusion live!—Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty[6]
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; 30
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee 32
But nakedness, thou détestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find

Tim. Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke!—(Act iv. 1. 21-23.)

Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow 39
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three Servants.*

First Serv. Hear you, master steward,—where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

1 *General filths,* common prostitutes.
2 *Convert,* change yourselves.
3 *Pill,* pillage.
4 *Lin'd,* stuffed, padded.
5 *Mysteries,* callings, professions.
6 *Liberty,* licentiousness.

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,—
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some; [*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more: 28
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live[1]
But in a dream of friendship?

[1] *Or to live, i.e.* or wish to live.

To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,[2]
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[3]
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good! 39
Who, then, dares to be half so kind agen?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurst,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He 's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out: 48
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.*

Enter TIMON, *from the cave.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't[4] that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour. 11
It is the pasture lards the rother's[5] sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer?" if one be,

[2] *What state compounds,* that which composes state.
[3] *Blood,* disposition, temper.
[4] *'T, i.e.* elevation. [5] *Rother,* an ox.

So are they all; for every grise[1] of fortune
Is smooth'd[2] by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There 's nothing level[3] in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men! 21
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang[4] mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.—(Act iv. 3. 53.)

Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this 30
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: [this is it
That makes the wappen'd[5] widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge[6] at, this embalms and spices 40
To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout[7] of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.]—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
[*Keeping some gold.*

[1] *Grise*, step. [2] *Smooth'd*, flattered.
[3] *Level*, in a direct line.
[4] *Fang*, seize with its teeth.

[5] *Wappen'd*, over-worn, stale.
[6] *Cast the gorge*, vomit. [7] *Rout*, mass, multitude.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man! 50
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 60
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
[*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.]
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give: 67
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion,[1] whom the world 80
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. [Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.]
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth to
The tub-fast and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious[2] band: I've heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,— 101
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou 'st conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.

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[1] *Minion*, favourite. [2] *Penurious*, destitute.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary[1] plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,—
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron,— 112
It is her habit only that is honest,
[Herself 's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars[2] bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors:] spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
[Think it a bastard, whom the oracle 120
Hath doubtfully[3] pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse:[4]] swear against objects;[5]
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel. 130
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!
[*Phr. and Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant:[6] you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
Th' immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions:[7] be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, 140
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close[8] fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire[9] upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!
Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold:—what then?— 149
Believe 't, that we'll do any thing for gold.
Tim.] Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets[10] shrilly: hoar[11] the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,[12]
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,[13]
Smells from[14] the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald; 160
[And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.]—There 's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave[15] you all!
Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.
Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I've given you earnest.

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[1] *Planetary*, produced by a planet.
[2] *Window-bars*, the lattice-work of the bodice.
[3] *Doubtfully*, ambiguously. [4] *Remorse*, pity.
[5] *Objects*, *i.e.* objects of compassion.
[6] *Mountant*, raised to receive the gold.
[7] *Conditions*, characters, dispositions.
[8] *Close*, secret. [9] *Mire*, sink in the mud.
[10] *Quillets*, subtleties. [11] *Hoar*, make rotten.
[12] *The quality of flesh*, that which flesh essentially is, *i.e.* sensual.
[13] *His particular to foresee*, to provide for his private interest.
[14] *From*, away from. [15] *Grave*, entomb.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! —Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170
Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.
Alcib. I never did thee harm.
Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.
Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike!
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*
Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd, 180
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all th'abhorred births below crisp[1] heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
[Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!]
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face 190
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear[2] thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!—

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!
Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.
Tim. 'T is, then, because thou dost not keep a dog, 200
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

[1] *Crisp,* curled (from the clouds). [2] *Dear,* heartfelt.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;[3]
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,[4] and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.[5] 209
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,[6]
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,[7]
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 't is most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
Apem. Thou 'st cast away thyself, being like thyself; 220
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd, 230
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—
Tim. A fool of thee, depart.
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

[3] *Infected,* morbid.
[4] *Perfumes, i.e.* perfumed mistresses.
[5] *Carper,* a caviller.
[6] *Observe,* pay respect to. [7] *Strain,* impulse.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on 239
To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd[1] before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath[2] that is more miserable. 249
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath,[3] proceeded
The sweet degrees[4] that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
[In different beds of lust;] and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect,[5] but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;[6]
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men 261
At duty, more than I could frame employment;[7]
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell[8] from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given? 270
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.
Apem. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.
Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.
Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.— 280
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*
Apem. Here; I 'll mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*
Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.
Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
Tim. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.
Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, 288
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.
Apem. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.
Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.
Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes. 299
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they

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[1] *Is crown'd,* arrives at the completion of its wishes.
[2] *Breath,* voice, sentence.
[3] *Swath,* swaddling-clothes.
[4] *Degrees,* steps, stages.
[5] *Respect,* deliberation, prudence.
[6] *Confectionary,* storehouse of sweetmeats.
[7] *Frame employment, i.e.* frame employment for.
[8] *Fell,* fallen.

mock'd thee for too much curiosity;[1] in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift[2] that was beloved after his means?[3] 311

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers? 319

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion[4] of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german[5] to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion,[6] and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation! 349

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 359

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap[7] of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.— 368
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swound[8] to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I'm sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*
I'm sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon 't. 377
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

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[1] *Curiosity*, nicety, delicacy.
[2] *Unthrift*, prodigal.
[3] *After his means*, *i.e.* after they were gone.
[4] *Confusion*, ruin, destruction.
[5] *German*, akin.
[6] *Remotion*, removal.
[7] *Cap*, top.
[8] *Swound*, swoon.

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue, 389
To every purpose! O thou touch[1] of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I 'm sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee.—(Act iv. 3. 373–375.)

May have the world in empire!
Apem. [*Coming forward*] Would 't were so!—
But not till I am dead.—I 'll say thou 'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.
Tim. Throng'd to!
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I prithee.
Apem. Live, and love thy misery!
Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.[2]—
Moe things like men!—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort[3] of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy. 403

Sec. Ban. It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

[1] *Touch,* touchstone. [2] *I am quit,* I am rid of you. [3] *Ort,* leaving, remnant.

Sec. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.
First Ban. Is not this he? 410
Banditti. Where?
Sec. Ban. 'T is his description.
Third Ban. He; I know him.
Banditti. Save thee, Timon.
Tim. Now, thieves?
Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.
Tim. Both too; and women's sons.
Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.[1]
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; 420
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?
First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.
Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not 429
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited[2] professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture[3] stol'n
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away,
Rob one another. There 's more gold. Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal, 450
But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen. [*Timon retires to his cave.*
Third Ban. Has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.
First Ban. 'T is in the malice of[4] mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.
Sec. Ban. I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade. 460
First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.[5] [*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made! 469
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely[6] does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!—
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

My dearest master!
Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

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[1] *Meat*, food.
[2] *Limited*, under some restraint, ostensibly honest.
[3] *Composture*, manure.
[4] *Malice of*, hatred to.
[5] *True*, honest.
[6] *Rarely*, excellently.

TIMON OF ATHENS
Act IV Scene III. lines 497-499.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, dost thou weep?—come nearer; —then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give[1]
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?[2]
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.[3]
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless[4] rashness,
You perpetual sober[5] gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect[6] still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.
Tim. Look thee, 't is so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from[7] men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.
Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.
Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; fly, whilst thou 'rt blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*

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1 *Give*, give way. 2 *Comfortable*, comforting.
3 *Wild*, frantic. 4 *Exceptless*, making no exception.
5 *Perpetual sober*, perpetually sober, ever serene.

6 *Suspect*, suspicion.
7 *From*, away from.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before Timon's cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON *watching them from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 't is said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try[1] for his friends. 11

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 't is not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece. 21

Poet. I must serve him so too,—tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying[2] is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. 30

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating[3] of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery[4] of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.—(Act v. 1. 31, 32.)

thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee. 42

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

[1] *Try*, trial, test.

[2] *Deed of saying*, performance of what has been said.

[3] *Personating*, representation.

[4] *Discovery*, exposure.

Tim. [*Aside*] I 'll meet you at the turn.—
What a god 's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
—Fit I meet them. [*Comes forward.*
Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!
Pain. Our late noble master!
Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?
Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being!—I 'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.
Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.
Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you 're honest men.
Pain. We 're hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.
Tim. Ye 're honest men: ye 've heard that I have gold;
I 'm sure you have: speak truth; ye 're honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.
Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit[1]
Best in all Athens: thou 'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 't is not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You 'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There 's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog,[2] see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery,[3] love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd
That he 's a made-up[4] villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,[5]
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
[*To the Painter*] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

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[1] *Counterfeit*, the word meant a portrait as well as a pretence. [2] *Cog*, cheat.
[3] *Patchery*, clumsy hypocrisy.
[4] *Made-up*, complete, perfect. [5] *Draught*, jakes.

Come not near him.—[*To the Poet*] If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack! there's gold,—you came for gold, ye slaves:
You have work for me, there's payment: hence!—
[*To the Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*

Enter FLAVIUS *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself, 120
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.
Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 't was time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.
Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon! 130
Look out, and speak to friends: th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON *comes from his cave.*

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cantherizing[1] to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
First Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague, 140
Could I but catch it for them.
First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
Sec. Sen. They confess
Towards thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself 149
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fall,[2] restraining[3] aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,[4]
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears: 159
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I 'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.
First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens—thine and ours—to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd[5] with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

[1] *Cantherizing*, cauterizing.

[2] *It own fall*, its own fault.
[3] *Restraining*, withholding.
[4] *Render*, statement, confession.
[5] *Allow'd*, trusted, invested.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword 169
Against the walls of Athens.
First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth, 179
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle[1] in th' unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love,[2] before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous[3] gods,
As thieves to keepers.
Flav. Stay not, all 's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still; 191
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!
First Sen. We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,[4]
As common bruit[5] doth put it.
First Sen. That 's well spoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.
Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triúmphers 199
In their applauding gates.

[1] *Whittle*, a small clasp-knife.
[2] *At my love*, *i.e.* worth my love.
[3] *Prosperous*, propitious, favourable.
[4] *Wrack*, ruin. [5] *Bruit*, rumour.

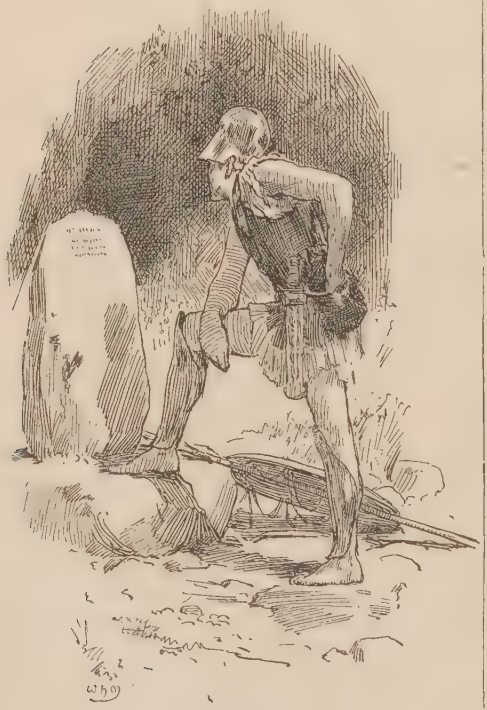
Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achès, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them,—
I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
First Sen. I like this well: he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree, 211
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.
Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.
Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign. [*Retires to his cave.*
First Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.
Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return, 229
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.
First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou 'st painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I've spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.
Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend:



Sold. What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax.—(Act v. 3. 5, 6.)

Whom, though in general part[1] we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,[2]
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.
First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
[*Reads*] "Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man."
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES *with his powers.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope[3] of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd[4] arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,[5]
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,

[1] *In general part, i.e.* in politics.
[2] *A particular force,* a party of its own.
[3] *Scope,* bounds, limits.
[4] *Travers'd,* crossed, folded.
[5] *Flush,* in full vigour.

Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong 10
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs[1] were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love 19
By humble message and by promis'd means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives[2] that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning,[3] in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread: 30
By decimation, and a tithed death,—
If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square[4] to take
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin[5] 40
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd[6] gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else, 50
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there 's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:[7]
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and—to atone[8] your fears
With my more noble meaning—not a man
Shall pass his quarter,[9] or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds, 61
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Senators. 'T is most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads the epitaph*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft: 70
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."

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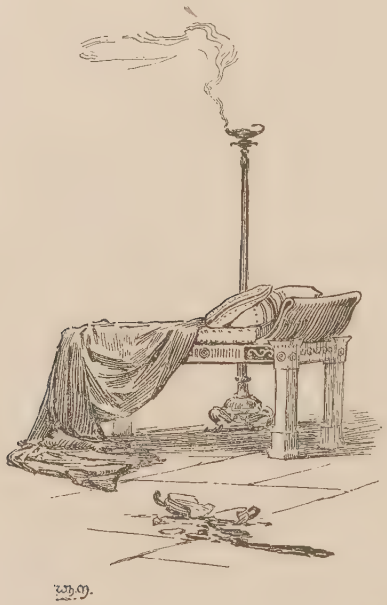
1 *Griefs*, grievances. 2 *Motives*, authors, movers.
3 *Cunning*, forethought. 4 *Square*, just.
5 *Kin*, akin, related (to you).

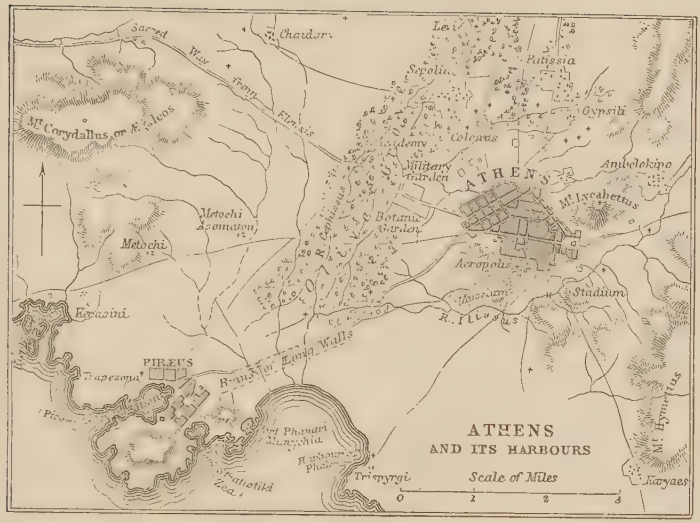
6 *Rampir'd*, barricaded.
7 *Uncharged ports*, unassailed gates.
8 *Atone*, reconcile.
9 *Pass his quarter*, leave his quarters.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brains' flow,[1] and those our drop-
lets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory 80
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint[2] war;
make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
[Let our drums strike.] [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Our brains' flow*, tears.

[2] *Stint*, check, stop.





NOTES TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. TIMON. As a historical personage little or nothing is known of Timon beyond what Plutarch tells us. Clough in a note to his translation of Plutarch says: "Two passages are extant in the Comedies of Aristophanes in which Timon is mentioned—the 1549th of the Birds, in which Prometheus calls himself a Timon, a sort of god-misanthrope among the deities, and lines 805–820 of the Lysistrata, where his solitary, man-hating life is briefly depicted. Plato the comic poet was another contemporary. So also was Phrynicus, a fragment of whom, describing Timon's habits, is preserved by a grammarian. But it seems to have been in the next century by Antiphanes, one of the two great leaders of the second or Middle Attic Comedy . . . that Timon was elevated to be the ideal of the misanthrope, and made the vehicle for general invective on mankind. Antiphanes wrote a play called Timon." It is said that his father's name was Echecratides of the demos of Colyttus, and that he died in consequence of refusing to allow a surgeon to come to him and set a broken limb.

2. ALCIBIADES, the well-known Athenian, B.C. 450–404. Beyond the fact that he was banished from Athens and afterwards recalled, there is nothing historical in the part he plays in this drama.

3. APEMANTUS, only mentioned by Plutarch as a man of misanthropical temperament: "This Timon sometimes would haue Apemantus in his companie, because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life" (North's Plutarch, Antonius, c. 38).

4. TIMANDRA, mentioned by Plutarch in his life of Alcibiades as a concubine of his. She was living with him at the time of his assassination, and "went and took his body, which she wrapped up in the best linen she had, and buried him as honourably as she could possible, with such things as she had and could get together" (North).

ACT I. SCENE 1.

5. Stage-direction.—The Folio has, *Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at seuerall doores.*

6. Lines 10, 11:

> *A most incomparable man;* BREATH'D, *as it were,*
> *To an untirable and continuate goodness.*

To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him; so here the meaning is probably, as Johnson suggested, inured by practice. It may, however, merely be having enough breath for. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 659, 660:

> A man so *breath'd*, that certain he would fight ye
> From morn till night.

7. Line 12: *He passes.*—Exceeds all bounds. Compare Merry Wives, i. 1. 310: "the women have so cried and shriek'd at it [the bear], that it *pass'd.*"

8. Lines 21, 22:

> *Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes*
> *From whence 't is nourish'd.*

The Folio has "a Gowne, which vses." *Gum* is due to Pope, who printed "a gum which issues;" *oozes* to Johnson.

9. Lines 24, 25:

and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.

The Folio has *chases*. *Chafes* is Theobald's correction. Schmidt, comparing Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 101:

The troubled Tiber *chafing* with her shores,

suggests "each bound it chafes with." Henley well observes that the jumble of images in this speech are put into the mouth of the Poetaster to give us a taste of his talents.

10. Lines 30, 31:

how this grace
Speaks his own standing!

The commentators have been much exercised by this passage, and are not very happy in their explanations; Steevens, for instance, paraphrasing: "how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its own centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure." The plain meaning seems to be, How lifelike is this graceful attitude, how truly it represents its original! The picture was surely a portrait of Timon. It is true that below, line 199, Apemantus, when asked his opinion of the picture, says he likes it best for the innocence, but by this he may merely mean its simplicity, *naiveté*.

11. Lines 33, 34:

to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Such expressive gestures, though necessarily dumb, seem to speak.—One might easily supply the appropriate words. Boswell compares Cymbeline, ii. 4. 82, 83:

never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves.

Rolfe thinks there is an allusion to the *interpreter* in the puppet-shows of the time, whose office it was to explain the action.

12. Lines 37, 38:

artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Malone aptly compares Venus and Adonis, 289–292:

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed.

13. Line 40: *The senators of Athens:—happy man!*—So Theobald. The Folio has "*happy men*," "which," says Dyce, "the whole context proclaims to be wrong."

14. Line 41: *Look, moe!—Moe* or *mo* (a distinct word from *more*, which comes from the Anglo-Saxon *mára*, greater in size), is from the Anglo-Saxon *má*, more in number, and occurs very frequently in the Folio. By modern editors, and sometimes in the later Folios, it is printed *more*.

15. Lines 46, 47:

but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax.

The old explanation of this passage, that it alludes to the ancient practice of writing with a style on tablets covered with wax, is probably the correct one. The expression is no doubt singular; but the studied affectation of the Poet's language must be remembered. Rolfe prefers Ingleby's suggestion that it might be an affected and pedantic mode of indicating a sea that widens (waxes) with the flood.

16. Lines 60–62:

even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Steevens thought that Shakespeare either meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his Poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; but Ritson remarks rightly that the Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests, and this is what we are given to understand by the cautious rejoinder of the Painter, who merely observes, "I saw them speak together."

17. Lines 73–77:

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks, . . .
would be well express'd
In our CONDITION.

Warburton explained *condition* here to mean *art*, and evidently understood the Painter to say that this scene which the Poet has just described would be a good subject for a picture, and so Staunton; but it is questionable whether the word *condition* will bear this interpretation, and Schmidt explains, "would find a striking parallel in our state." That is, this favouritism of Fortune might be well exemplified among the professors of literature and art like ourselves.

18. Line 81: *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear.*—Whisperings made as if to a god to whom they were offering sacrifice—not, as Warburton elaborately fancied, whisperings which sacrificed the reputation of the great man's enemies!

19. Line 87: *Even on their knees and* HANDS, *let him* SLIP *down.*—F. 1 has *hand; hands* is the reading of F. 2. *Slip* is Rowe's correction for *sit* of the Folios.

20. Lines 98, 99:

which failing,
Period his comfort.

So F. 1. F. 2 has "which failing *to him*."

21. Line 101: *My friend when he* MUST NEED *me.*—So F. 1 (*must neede*). F. 3 has *most needs*.

22. Line 109: *All happiness to your honour!*—According to Steevens this was the common address to a lord in Shakespeare's time, being used indifferently with *your lordship*.

23. Lines 128, 129:

Tim. *The man is honest.*
Old Ath. *Therefore he will be, Timon.*

Therefore he will continue to be honest, and his honesty will be sufficient reward in itself without my daughter to boot.

24. Line 134: *What* LEVITY 'S *in youth.*—Spelt *leuities* in F. 1 and F. 2; *levity 's* in F. 3 and F. 4.

25. Lines 149–151:

never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

Let me never henceforth consider anything that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your disposal (Johnson). Malone compares Macbeth, i. 6. 25–28:

Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

26. Lines 164, 165:

Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd UNDER PRAISE.
Jew. *What, my lord! dispraise?*

The Jeweller, as Rolfe points out, understands Timon to say *underpraise*, which Steevens printed in his ed. of 1773.

27. Line 199: *The best, for the innocence.*—See note 10 on line 30 of this scene.

28. Lines 216, 217: *Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not* COST *a man a doit.*—So F. 3. F. 1 and 2 have *cast.* Steevens remarks that the allusion is to the proverb: "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."

29. Line 241: *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*—This expression has greatly perplexed the commentators. Perhaps after all it merely means, That I had no angry wit to be a lord with,—in order to be a true lord, implying a sneer at lords as noted for a hasty petulant temper, which a philosopher would be sure to lack even if he were a lord. Malone suggests that the passage should be printed thus: "That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!" *i.e.* that I had no wit in my anger, but was absurd enough to wish myself a lord. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord! Mr. B. G. Kinnear (Cruces Shakespearianæ, p. 342), comparing Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 95:

Armado. He surely affected her for her wit.
Moth. It was so sir; for she had a green wit:

would read "That I had so green a wit to be a lord." The Globe marks the line as corrupt.

30. Line 254: *Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done.*—F. 1 has "when dinners done." F. 2 has "*and* when dinners done." In this play the Folio has many metrically defective lines, but I have thought it better to leave them as they stand, rather than piece them out from the later Folios or editorial conjectures.

31. Lines 256, 257:

So, so, there!—
ACHES *contract and starve your supple joints!*

This is Capell's reading (who punctuates, "so, so; there!"—). F. 1 has printed as prose, "So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue," &c. The substantive *ache* is always so spelt in the Folio, and its pronunciation is evident from the pun in Much Ado, iii. 4. 53–55:

Beat. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh-ho!
Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

On the other hand the verb (spelt *ake* in iii. 5. 96), rhymes with *brake* (Venus and Adonis, 875) and with *sake* (Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 58).

32. Line 263: *Ere we* DEPART, *we'll share a bounteous time.*—Ere we *part.* Compare Cymbeline, i. 1. 106–108:

Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to *depart* would grow.

33. Line 269: *The* MORE *accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.*—So Hanmer. F. 1 has "The *most* accursed."

34. Line 293: First Lord.—Omitted in F. 1.

ACT I. Scene 2.

35. Line 22: *Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?*—Malone points out that this is an allusion to a common proverb of Shakespeare's time: "Confess and be hanged."

36. Line 28: *but yond man is* EVER *angry.*—So Rowe. The Folios have "*verie* angrie."

37. Line 35: *I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.*—I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat make thee silent! Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests (Tyrwhitt).

38. Line 38: *I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.*—Capell says that this "is founded upon a trite vulgar saying—that grudg'd meat choaks the person that eats of it." Timon's meat, according to Apemantus, is only given willingly to those who could flatter in return for it.

39. Line 40: *what a number of men* EAT *Timon.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *eats.*

40. Line 41: *It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.*—The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase (Johnson).

41. Line 45: *Methinks they should invite them without knives.*—It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door (Ritson).

42. Line 73: *Much good* DICH *thy good heart, Apemantus!*—In The Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1. 82, 83, we find, "Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good *do it* your good heart!" and the word *dich* here has generally been supposed to be a corruption of *do it.* There is, however, an Anglo-Saxon verb *dyttan*, later form *dutten*, signifying to shut up, close—of which *dich* may be a survival. The meaning will then be "much good close or fill thy heart." The following provincialisms instanced by Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots in Shakespeare, ed. 1886, p. 340), perhaps contain the same word:—"his face is *diched* (covered) with dirt;" and "the thighs of the bees are *diched* (laden) with honey."

43. Line 89: *we should think ourselves for ever* PERFECT; *i.e.* completely happy. Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 21, 22:

Then comes my fit again: I had else been *perfect;*
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock.

44. Line 94: *why have you that charitable title* FROM *thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart?*—Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment; was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me? (Johnson). For this use of *from*=from among, compare All's Well, ii. 1. 130, 131:

> Humbly entreating *from* your royal thoughts
> A modest one, to bear me back again.

45. Line 98: *and thus far I confirm you.*—Schmidt interprets: "to that extent I am past doubt concerning you; my belief in you goes the length of what I told myself about you."

46. Line 104: *that* KEEPS *their sounds.*—F. 1 *keepes;* F. 2 *keep.*

47. Line 111: *O* JOY, *e'en made away ere 't can be born!*—The joy is made away, because it is turned to tears—the emblem of grief. *Joy* is Rowe's correction. The Folios have *ioyes.*

48. Line 113: *Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.*—A sneer: thou weepest at making them drink. An instance of the common gerundive use of the infinitive. Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 126, 127:

> Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
> From such a noble rate; (*i.e.* at being abridged).

49. Lines 115, 116:

> *Joy had the like conception in our eyes,*
> *And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.*

These lines, as Rolfe says, besides carrying on Timon's metaphor, seem to glance at the idea of "looking babies in the eyes," *i.e.* seeing the miniature reflection of yourself in another person's eyes.

50. Lines 131–133:

> *To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear*
> *Taste, touch and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;*
> *They only now come but to feast thine eyes.*

This (with *pleased* for *pleas'd*) is the reading and arrangement of the Globe. The Folio, which prints the speech down to *bosom* as prose, has the two next lines as verse, thus:

> There tast, touch all pleas'd from thy Table rise:
> They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Theobald (1733) printed, on the suggestion of Warburton:

> Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table rise.

Malone reads:

> To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear
> Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise.

Warburton's emendation, which Theobald styles "incomparable," is supported by the fact that "the five best senses" have just before been mentioned, four of which had been feasted at Timon's table, and the fifth, viz. sight, was now to be gratified by the masque.

51. Line 136: First Lord. *You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.*—The Folio prefixes *Luc.* to this speech, and Rowe, followed by all the editors till Capell, called the two lords Lucius and Lucullus throughout this scene, while, in order to avoid the awkwardness of their being present when their gifts to Timon arrive (see line 187 ff.), they insert [*Ex. Lucius and Lucullus* after line 179, "So are we all."

52. Lines 139, 140:

> *Like madness is the glory of this life,*
> *As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.*

The second of these lines is an illustration of the dictum in the first. When we contrast all this magnificence with all that a philosopher finds necessary, a little oil and root, we see how much madness there is in the lavish expenditure of the wealthy. This is substantially Johnson's interpretation.

53. Lines 142–144:

> *And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,*
> *Upon whose age we void it up agen,*
> *With poisonous spite and envy.*

We flatter the great and wealthy in order to devour all the good things they have to bestow; but in their old age we make them an envious and spiteful requital, and as it were vomit up their favours.

54. Line 145: *Who lives, that's not* DEPRAVED *or* DEPRAVES?—Here and in Much Ado, v. 1. 95:

> That lie, and cog, and flout, *deprave,* and slander,—

to *deprave* is to detract, slander. In Lear, ii. 4. 138, 139:

> thou'lt not believe
> Of how *deprav'd* a quality,—

depraved has its ordinary sense.

55. Line 154: *You've added worth unto 't and lustre.*—F. 2, followed by most editors, reads "and *lively* lustre."

56. Line 157: First Lady. *My lord, you take us,* &c.—F. 1 prefixes, 1 *Lord* to this line. The change is Johnson's.

57. Lines 166 168:

> *There is no* CROSSING *him in 's humour;*
> *Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,—*
> *When all 's spent, he'd be* CROSS'D *then, an he could.*

That is, he would be furnished with money, if he could; many coins, as is well known, having been marked with a cross on one side. The pun seems to have been a favourite one; so As You Like It, ii. 4. 12: "I should bear no *cross,* if I did bear you;" and II. Henry IV. i. 2. 252: "Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear *crosses.*"

58. Line 223: *I'll call to you.*—I will call upon you for assistance some day should I want it. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 209, 210:

> If any power pities wretched tears,
> To that I *call!*

59. Lines 230, 231:

> *and all the lands thou hast*
> *Lie in a* PITCH'D *field.*
> Alcib. *Ay,* DEFIL'D *land, my lord.*

Alcibiades is told that "his estate lies in a *pitch'd* field." Now *pitch,* as Falstaff says, *doth defile.* Alcibiades therefore replies that his estate lies *in defiled land* (Johnson). Rolfe says: "Crosby thinks there may be also a play on *defiled* in the sense of marching in *defiles,* or ranks; and perhaps on '*defiles*=mountain-passes, valueless except to march through.'" The editor of F. 2 changed the "I, defil'd Land" of F. 1 into "I defy Land."

60. Lines 238, 239:

I doubt whether their LEGS *be worth the sums*
That are given for 'em.

He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of obeisance* (Johnson).

ACT II. Scene 1.

61. Lines 9, 10:

it foals me, straight,
And able horses.

It straightway produces me colts, and able ones too.

62. Lines 12, 13:

It cannot hold; no reason
Can FOUND *his state in safety.*

The Folio has *sound* with the long *s*. The correction is Hanmer's. Johnson explains: "Reason cannot find his fortune to have any safe or solid foundation."

63. Line 31: *Lord Timon will be left a naked* GULL.—I believe that in some parts of the country an unfledged bird is still called a *gull*. The only other passage in which Shakespeare uses the word in this sense is I. Henry IV. v. 1. 59–61:

And being fed by us you us'd us so
As that ungentle *gull*, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow.

In the present instance the senator probably has also in his mind that other sense of *gull*, a dupe.

64. Lines 33–35:

Caph. *I go, sir.*
Sen. "*I go, sir!*" *Take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in compt.

The Folio prints:

Ca. I go sir.
Sen. I go sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

In compt is Theobald's emendation; he observes: "Certainly, ever since Bonds were given, the Date was put in when the Bond was enter'd into: And these Bonds *Timon* had already given, and the Time limited for their payment was laps'd. The *Senator's* charge to his Servant must be to the Tenour as I have amended the Text; *viz.* Take good Notice of the Dates, for the better Computation of the Interest due upon them." But it is very likely that *dates* may be a misprint for *debts*. On the same page in the Folio we find *debt* misprinted for *date*—"clamorous demands of debt, broken (date-broke) Bonds" (ii. 2. 38); if so, "have the debts in. Come," will be, get in the debts, come.—Such a misprint occurs every day, the printer altering the types at the wrong place in the page.

ACT II. Scene 2.

65. Lines 4–6:

nor RESUMES *no care*
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was TO BE *so unwise, to be so kind.*

So Rowe; F. 1 has "nor *resume* no care." To *resume* seems here to mean no more than to assume, take. Schmidt compares the use of *rebate* for *bate*, *redeliver* for *deliver*, *regreet* for *greet*, &c. The following words probably mean, as Rolfe explains them, "never was any mind doomed or destined to be so unwise by being so kind," another instance of the gerundive infinitive; but one would be tempted to read, "was *ever* so unwise, to be so kind."

66. Line 9: Stage-direction: Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.—F. 1 has *Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.* Here, and again in act iii. scene 4, the servants are addressed by their masters' names.

67. Lines 30, 31:

'T was due on FORFEITURE, *my lord, six weeks*
And past.

The only other play in which the word *forfeiture* occurs is The Merchant of Venice, where it occurs eight times. Schmidt distinguishes two meanings: (1) that which is lost on an engagement; and (2) the falling due of a debt, under which latter head he sets the present passage; but the idea of liability to penal seizure of goods underlies all the instances, and seems to be all that is required.

68. Line 38: *With clamorous demands of* DATE-BROKE *bonds.*—This is Steevens' improvement of Malone's conjecture, who printed "*date-broken* bonds." The Folios have:

With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,

against which reading there is both the metre and the occurrence of the word *debts* in the next line.

69. Lines 71–73: *She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!*—An allusion to the cure for the disease caught at such places as the Fool here styles *Corinth*, which was, as Warburton notes, "a cant name for a bawdy-house." The patient was put into a tub of hot water and parboiled. Henley explains the use of the word *chickens*, by referring to an old custom of *scalding* off the feathers of poultry instead of plucking them.

70. Line 75: *Look you, here comes my* MISTRESS' *page.*—Here, and in line 107, "my *mistress'* house," the Folio has *Masters*. Theobald prints *mistress's* in both places. Malone says: "*Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing a *M.* only, which stood in the MSS. of Shakespeare's time either for the one or the other: and the copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context."

71. Line 94: *I will go with you to Lord Timon's.*—As they are already in "a hall in Timon's house," this must mean into the inner part of the house where Timon then was. Perhaps, however, this scene should be placed *before Timon's house.* No localities are assigned to the scenes in the Folios, and Rowe, who places this scene in "Timon's hall," was the first to assign them.

72. Line 137: *At many leisures I* PROPOS'D.—So F. 2; F. 1 has "I *propose.*"

73. Line 144: *And say, you* FOUND *them in mine honesty.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has "*sound* them." See note 62.

74. Lines 152–154:

Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

No satisfactory explanation has been given of the first line of this passage, and the Globe editors mark it as corrupt. All that can be affirmed with any certainty is that the steward wishes to give Timon to understand that it was now too late to listen to his remonstrances, and that his debts exceeded his assets by one-half. The difficulty lies in the words "yet now's a time." Warburton explained them to mean a time to prevent ruin by the assistance of your friends; but from what follows it is clear that the steward had very little reliance on them; see especially the two concluding lines of the scene. Ritson: a time for you to hear what I have to tell you. Malone, connecting them with the following line: a time at which the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. Hanmer, followed by Johnson and Capell, printed:

Though you hear now, yet now 's too late a time.

This is a very probable conjecture, for the words "too late" may have been inserted above the line in the MS. and slipped into the wrong place by the printer.

75. Line 164: *If you suspect my husbandry* OR *falsehood.*—Schmidt, s. v. *Falsehood*, reads in this line "*of* falsehood," which, if not an accidental misquotation (for he does not mention the reading of the Folio), is a rather happy conjecture.

76. Line 168: *With riotous* FEEDERS.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 108, 109, where Antony is in a rage with Cleopatra for having suffered a *feeder*, as he calls Thyreus, to kiss her hand:

to be abus'd
By one that looks on *feeders*.

According to Schmidt *feeders* are parasites. Steevens says: "*servants* whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house."

77. Lines 171, 172:

I have retir'd me to a WASTEFUL COCK,
And set mine eyes at flow.

The steward's mind is so full of this scene of wasteful riot, with its lavish consumption of food, and drunken heedlessness, which sets the wine-casks abroach and leaves them running without turning off the tap, that before he is aware of it he uses these images to describe his own tearful grief at witnessing such scenes; he meant only to say that he retired to weep in private, but he makes his own eyes the "wasteful cock" which set his tears "at flow." Thus the general idea seems clear; but the construction must not be pressed too literally. Staunton—who justly observes that everybody who reads the context must feel instinctively that "a *wasteful cock*," *i.e.* the tap of a wine-butt turned on to waste, is an image peculiarly suitable in the steward's picture of profligate dissipation—proposed to read:

I have retir'd (me TOO a *wasteful cock*,)
And set mine eyes at flow.

Of other emendations the happiest is that of Swynfen Jervis (1860), viz. *wakeful couch*. This is adopted by Rolfe, who says: "*wakeful* is favoured by the fact that in the compositor's 'case' the type for *st* (one character in the old style) and for the *k* were in contiguous boxes, and in 'distributing' type an *st* might sometimes get into the *k* box by mistake. As Dr. Ingleby (Shakes. Hermeneutics, p. 118) adds: 'Not improbably *wakefull* in the 'copy' suggested *cock* to the mind of the workman instead of *couch*, by the power of association; the barn-cock being often called the *wakeful bird* or the *wakeful cock*.'"

78. Line 180: *Feast-won, fast-lost.*—Won by feasting, lost by fasting. It must be remembered that in Shakespeare's day *feast* was pronounced *faist* (*ea* like *a* in fade) and the pun will then be intelligible.

79. Lines 182, 183:

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Timon, although beggared through want of prudence, consoles himself with the reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures (Steevens).

80. Line 187: *And try the* ARGUMENT *of hearts by borrowing.*—That is, find out what they have in them. The summary of contents prefixed to a poem or treatise was styled the *argument;* Shakespeare has prefixed one to his Rape of Lucrece.

81. Line 194: *Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!*—The Folios have *Flauius*. As Malone says, the error probably arose from *Fla.* only being set down in the MS. The stage-direction following this line is Rowe's; the Folio has *Enter three Seruants;* but unless the steward himself is to go to the senators and to Ventidius, more servants are wanted.

82. Line 219: *And so,* INTENDING *other serious matters.*—For this sense of *intend* (=pretend) compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 206, 207:

Ay, and amid this hurly I *intend*
That all is done in reverent care of her.

83. Lines 230, 231:

Thou art true and honest; INGENIOUSLY *I speak,*
No blame belongs to thee.

I speak sincerely, from the heart. The adjective *ingenious*, in its literal sense, signifies dwelling in the mind, and so heartfelt, conscious; so Lear, iv. 6. 286–288:

how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have *ingenious* feeling
Of my huge sorrows!

84. Lines 236, 237:

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend.

Some honest need. Steevens aptly quotes the words of Servilius (iii. 2. 45, 46) in pressing his master's request:

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

85. Stage-direction.—The Folio has, *Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a seruant to him.*

86. Line 8: *you are very* RESPECTIVELY *welcome, sir.*—The adjective *respective* means having care or regard for, as Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 156:

> You should have been *respective*, and have kept it (the ring):

and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 128:

> Away to heaven, *respective* lenity,
> And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

The adjective *respectful*, which has acquired a rather narrower meaning, does not occur in Shakespeare.

87. Line 46: *Here's three* SOLIDARES *for thee.*—There appears to be no other mention of the coin *solidare*, and Steevens believed it was "from the mint of the poet;" but however this may be, there was a coin in the time of the Roman emperors called *solidus*, from which word was formed the Low Latin *soldum*, pay, and from this *soldarius*, one who received pay, a soldier. According to Nares, who draws his information from Du Cange, there was also a word *solidata* signifying pay, and *solidare*, a verb expressing the act of paying.

88. Lines 54, 55:

> *May these add to the number that may scald thee!*
> *Let molten coin be thy damnation.*

There seems to have been an old belief that in hell the avaricious were punished by being dipped into caldrons of molten metal, and to this the text probably alludes. Steevens says: "In The Shepherd's Calendar [a medley of prose and verse translated from a French original of the same name circa 1480], Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell, 'a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise.'"

ACT III. Scene 2.

89. Lines 12, 13: *not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents.*—Here and in lines 25 and 41, where the same expression "so many talents" occurs, Theobald and most eighteenth century editors read "fifty talents;" and perhaps with reason, for, as Lettsom remarks (note on Walker's Critical Exam. vol. iii. p. 232), "The same words, *three times occurring*, show that a definite sum was the subject of conversation, and it is clear from this and the two preceding scenes, that that definite sum was *fifty talents.*"

90. Lines 24–26: *yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.*—It would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to a person who had received such trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater (Monck Mason).

91. Line 43: *He cannot* WANT *fifty five hundred talents.*—The Globe editors mark this line as corrupt. The following is an attempt to make sense of it, which may go for what it is worth. Servilius, we may assume (see the previous note), had just asked Lucius for fifty talents. What! replies Lucius, he must be joking. I know he cannot *want, i.e.* be without, fifty five hundred talents. Servilius understanding the word *want* to mean desire to have, rejoins that he wants much less.

92. Lines 51–54: *how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!*—How unlucky it was that I should have made a bargain by which I gained a little honour, and lost the chance of gaining a great deal.

93. Lines 71, 72:

> *and just of the same piece*
> *Is every flatterer's* SPIRIT.

This is Theobald's emendation. The Folios have *Flatterers sport.*

94. Lines 89–91:

> *Had his necessity made use of me,*
> *I would have put my wealth into donation,*
> *And the best half should have* RETURN'D *to him.*

If he had sent to borrow of me, I would have treated my wealth as a fund set apart for donation, *i.e.* giving away, and the larger portion should have been Timon's share. For *return* in this sense—to fall to, become the share of—compare Hamlet, i. 1. 90–95:

> Against the which, a moiety competent
> Was gaged by our king; which had *return'd*
> To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
> Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant, . . .
> His fell to Hamlet.

Thus the idea is not of something going back where it was before, a sense which the word *return* usually implies, but of something going where it is due, to its proper place.

ACT III. Scene 3.

95. Line 5: *Owes their estates.*—So F. 1; F. 2 has *Owe.*

96. Lines 11, 12:

> *His friends, like physicians,*
> THRIVE, *give him over.*

His friends are like physicians, who give up all hope of their patients while they continue to flourish themselves. Johnson proposed *Thrice* for *Thrive*, an emendation which is adopted by Dyce and other modern editors, although without much point.

97. Line 21: *and 'mongst lords* I *be thought a fool.*—F. 1 omits *I;* inserted by F. 2. Staunton suggested that the original reading was that of F. 1 with *I* for *it* in the previous line: "so *I* may prove," &c.

98. Lines 28–31: *The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic,—he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear.*—The devil, in making man crafty, defeated his own purposes, for in the long run the villanies of man will set him clear from the power of the devil, who will be beaten at his own trade. The commentators have been sorely perplexed by this passage. Only Warburton and Ritson understood it properly.

99. Line 42: *Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house; i.e.* keep within doors for fear of duns (Johnson).

ACT III. Scene 4.

100. Stage-direction.—The Folio has *Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.*

101. Lines 21-24:

Luc. Serv. *Mark, how strange it shows,*
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hortensius, argues the servant of Lucius, should forbear to press Timon for payment of his debt in consideration of the jewels which he has received from him as a gift.

102. Lines 88, 89:

Hor. *And mine, my lord.*
Both Var. Serv. *And ours, my lord.*

The Folio prefixes 1 *Var.* and 2 *Var.* to these speeches. Capell made the change, which explains itself.

103. Line 91: *Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.*—Timon is punning on the two words, *bill* a weapon, and *bill* a paper.

104. Lines 112, 113:

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:
All, sirrah, all.

This is the reading of the Globe. F. 1 has:

Lucius, Lucullus, and *Sempronius Vllorxa:* All.

F. 2:

Lucius, Lucullus, add *Semprovius:* All.

F. 3:

Lucius, Lucullus, and *Sempronius;* all.

For *Vllorxa* Collier conjectured "all, look, sir," or "Sempronius—*Flav.* Alack, sir;" Sidney Walker, "Valerius, all;" Cowden Clarke and Grant White independently, "Ventidius;" Fleay, "all luxors:" *luxors* (*i.e.* luxurious, lustful persons) being a favourite word of Cyril Tourneur, whom at one time he conjectured to be the second author concerned in the play. Dyce follows F. 3. The word is undoubtedly a corruption, and has been, as Schmidt observes, a whetstone to the sagacity of emendators. From the fact that the line scans equally well with either *Sempronius* or *Vllorxa* Dr. Brinsley Nicholson concludes that *Vllorxa* represents a substitute word for *Sempronius*, which was written *over* it in the MS., but was by the compositor printed *after* it. Mr. B. G. Kinnear says: "The transcriber appears to have caught and written the first two words of the next line, *Ile once*, and immediately finding his mistake, to have *imperfectly cancelled* them; in this form the compositor took them for *Vllorxa.*"

ACT III. Scene 5.

105. Stage-direction.—The Folio has *Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.*

106. Line 4: *the law shall bruise* HIM.—The Folio has "bruise *'em.*" The correction is Hanmer's.

107. Line 17: AN *honour in him which buys out his fault.*—F. 1 reads "*And* honour." The correction is Johnson's.

108. Line 22: *He did* BEHAVE *his anger.*—F. 1 has "*behooue* his anger." The correction is Rowe's. Shakespeare does not elsewhere use the verb *behave* in a transitive sense, except reflectively, but Malone quotes Spencer, Faery Queen, ii. 3. 40:

But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.

Mr. B. G. Kinnear, comparing Lear, iv. 3. 24–26:

In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it,

would read "*become* his anger."

109. Line 49: *the felon.*—Johnson's conjecture for *The fellow* of the Folio.

110. Line 54: *To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust.*—I am inclined to think that "sin's extremest gust" is "sin's greatest fury," most furious action, the metaphor being from a violent gust of wind. Many commentators, however, follow Johnson in explaining it to mean "relish," "appetite," as we use *gusto.* In Twelfth Night, i. 3. 32, it certainly has this meaning: "he hath the gift of a coward to allay the *gust* he hath in quarrelling."

111. Line 55: *But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.*—If this does not mean more than (as explained in the foot-note) "by your leave," we must adopt Malone's explanation: "Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable." Johnson with less likelihood takes it as an adjuration: "I call *mercy* herself to witness, that defensive violence is just."

112. Line 63: *Why, say, my lords, he has done fair service.*—F. 1 prints this line,

Why say my Lords ha 's done faire seruice;

F. 2, "Why *I* say," &c. Theobald, followed by the Globe, reads "*I* say," &c.

113. Line 67: *with* 'EM.—So F. 2. F. 1 has "with *him.*"

114. Line 82: *my* HONOURS.—So F. 2. F. 1 has *Honour.*

115. Lines 114, 115:

I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and LAY *for hearts.*

This may mean either, I must lay traps for the affections of the people—compare, "These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is *laid* for me" (II. Hen. VI. iv. 10. 3-5);—or I must *lay* myself out for them, *lay* being used as in Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, act ii. sc. 1, p. 114, ed. 1631, quoted by Tyrwhitt:

Lay for some petty principality.

116. Line 116: *'T is honour with most lands to be at odds.*—Alcibiades is giving vent to his indignation at the meanness of the senate, and Heath is therefore no doubt correct in his explanation of this line: "Governments are in general so ill administered, that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose."

ACT III. Scene 6.

117.—Stage-direction.—The Folio has only, *Enter diuers Friends at seuerall doores.*

118. Line 5: *Upon that were my thoughts* TIRING.—To *tire* in this sense is an expression borrowed from falconry, and used of the hawk seizing and devouring its prey. Harting, Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 38, says: "When a hawk was in training, it was often necessary to

prolong her meal as much as possible, to prevent her from gorging; this was effected by giving her a tough or bony bit to *tire on;* that is to tear, or pull at." Compare Venus and Adonis, 55–58:

> Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> *Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
> Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
> Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone.

119. Line 21: *Every man* HERE'S *so.*—Spelt in F. 1 *heares.*

120. Line 43: *Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?*—After this the Folio has *The Banket brought in,* marking the stage-direction prematurely, as is often the case in dramas printed from the prompter's book; that the property man might be ready with the articles required for the scene (Dyce). See Introduction, p. 94.

121. Line 51: *Let it not cumber your better remembrance.*—You will be better advised not to think so seriously of such a trifle.

122. Lines 89–91: *The rest of your* FEES, *O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common* LAG *of people.*—The word *fees,* which Schmidt takes to mean "property"—Capell, "those who are forfeit to your vengeance"—must surely be corrupt. Warburton substituted *foes,* which most editors have accepted. Considering the *these my present friends* which follows, perhaps we might read, "The rest of *your* (or even *my*) *friends.*" In the MS., if carelessly written, *my* may have been taken for *yr,* the abbreviation of *your,* and the abbreviation *fds.* for *fees. Lag* was substituted by Rowe for *legge* of the Folio.

123 Line 101: *Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries.*—So Hanmer, Warburton, and Capell. F. 1 has:

> Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries.

124. Line 106: *trencher-friends, time's* FLIES.—Compare act ii. sc. 2. 178–181:

> Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
> The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
> Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
> These *flies* are couch'd.

125. Line 107: *minute-jacks.—Jack* is commonly used as a term of contempt for a paltry fellow. So *minute-jacks* are persons who change their mind every minute, and are not to be relied upon. There may also be an allusion to the figures that struck the bell in old clocks, called "Jacks o' the clock;" compare Richard II. v. 5. 58–60:

> my time
> Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
> While I stand fooling here, his *Jack o' the clock.*

126. Line 111: Stage-direction.—Pelts them with stones, and drives them out.—The Folio has no stage-direction here. Rowe put, *Throwing the Dishes at them, and drives 'em out.* Sidney Walker (Critical Exam. vol. iii. p. 235) suggested the change, as harmonizing with line 111, "Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none,"—stones being more like money than dishes are; and with the last line of the scene, "One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones." In the academic play "Timon," printed by Dyce (see Introduction, note 1, page 92), Timon pelts his guests with stones painted to resemble artichokes.

127. Line 115: Stage-direction.—Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.—So the Globe. The Folio has *Enter the Senators, with other Lords.*

128. Line 121: *naught but* HUMOUR *sways him.*—So F. 3. F. 1 has *humors.*

129. Lines 125, 126:

> Third Lord. . . . . .
> Sec. Lord. . . . .

The Folio has:

> 2. . . .
> 3. . . .

But see what precedes (Dyce).

ACT IV. Scene 1.

130. Line 2: *That* GIRDLEST *in those wolves.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *girdles.*

131. Line 7: CONVERT *o' th' instant, green virginity.*—The verb *convert* is several times used by Shakespeare in an intransitive sense; so Macbeth, iv. 3. 228, 229:

> let grief
> *Convert* to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

132. Line 13: SON *of sixteen.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Some.*

133. Line 21: *And* LET *confusion live!*—Hanmer's correction. The Folio has "And *yet* Confusion liue."

ACT IV. Scene 2.

134. Lines 10, 11:

> *So his familiars* TO *his buried fortunes*
> *Slink all away.*

Those who had been familiar friends with his fortunes now buried desert him. Hanmer printed, "*from* his buried fortunes"—an unnecessary alteration.

135. Line 15: *Walks, like* CONTEMPT, *alone.—Contempt* is here, of course, as in line 32 below, the state of being despised, and not the act of despising. So Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 224: "it cannot but turn him into a notable *contempt;*" and Romeo and Juliet, v. 1. 71:

> *Contempt* and beggary hangs upon thy back.

136. Lines 33, 34:

> *Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or* TO *live*
> *But in a dream of friendship?*

Staunton, followed by Dyce, unnecessarily read "or *so* live." See Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, §350: "The *to* is often omitted in the former of two clauses and inserted in the latter, particularly when the finite principal verb is an auxiliary, or like an auxiliary." Compare Tempest, iii. 1. 61–63:

> I would, not so!—and would no more endure
> This wooden slavery than *to* suffer
> The flesh-fly blow my mouth.

137. Lines 38, 39:

> *Strange, unusual blood,*
> *When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!*

How strange is the disposition of men, that they should consider an excess of generosity, such as Timon's, the worst offence that can be committed.

138. Line 41: DOES *still mar men.*—So F. 4. F. 1, F. 2, and F. 3 have "*do* still.

ACT IV.—Scene 3.

139. Lines 6–8:

not NATURE,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.

Human nature, subject as it is to degrading infirmities, cannot bear an access of good fortune without disregarding natural ties, and treating even a twin brother with contempt. Monck Mason, who proposed to read *natures* instead of *nature*, interprets, "Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness, can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow-creatures."

140. Line 10: *The* SENATOR *shall bear contempt hereditary.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *Senators.*

141. Lines 12, 13:

It is the PASTURE *lards the* ROTHER'S *sides,*
The want that makes him LEAN.

The Folio prints these lines as follows:

It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leaue.

Pasture is Rowe's reading: *beggar's* is Rowe's also: *rother's*, the reading of the Collier MS., adopted by Singer in his second edition. *Leaue* was corrected to *lean* in F. 2.

142. Line 16: *every* GRISE *of fortune.*—Compare Othello, i. 3. 199–201:

Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a *grise* or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

143. Line 18: *all is oblique.*—So Theobald. F. 1 has "*All's* obliquie;" F. 2, "*All's* obliquy."

144. Lines 19, 20:

There's nothing LEVEL *in our cursed natures,*
But direct villany.

The use of the verb *level* in the sense of aiming a gun will explain the use of the adjective here in the sense of *straight.* Compare Hamlet, iv. 1. 42, 43:

As *level* as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot.

145. Line 27: *I am no idle votarist.*—No insincere or inconstant supplicant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of *roots* (Johnson).

146. Line 32: *Pluck* STOUT *men's pillows from below their heads; i.e.* men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies to make their departure the easier (Warburton). Hanmer substituted *sick* for *stout*, which Staunton considers the true reading; and Mr. B. G. Kinnear remarks: "Shakespeare always uses *stout* applied to men in the senses of *bold* or *proud. Stout* men would not be on a sick bed." He quotes Ben Jonson, Volpone, ii. 6 (p. 477, ed. 1616):

And, in his next fit, we may let him goe.
'T is but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is thratled.

147. Lines 37, 38:

this is it
That makes the WAPPEN'D *widow wed again.*

It is her gold that causes the worn-out widow (compare Rich. III. i. 1. 81:

The jealous *o'erworn widow* and herself)

to find another husband. The precise form *wappened* is not found elsewhere; but *wapper'd* is given in Grose's Provincial Glossary as a Gloucestershire word. "*Wapper'd*, restless or fatigued; spoken of a sick person.—Glouc." The two following passages are quoted by Steevens:

Moll. And there you shall *wap* with me.
Sir B. Nay, Moll, what's that *wap?*
Moll. Wappening and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you. —Middleton, The Roaring Girl (1611).

"*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman. This word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores" (Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bêl-man of London, 1610). Malone notes the occurrence of the word *unwapper'd* in The Two Noble Kinsmen, v. 4. 9–11:

we come towards the gods
Yong, and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crymes
Many and stale.

In his note on this passage Mr. Harold Littledale suggests that *wapper* may be formed from *wap*, "a word found in *Morte D'Arthur* (Globe ed. p. 480), where Sir Bedivere says, 'I saw nothing but the waters *wap* and the waves wan,'—of the restless action of the waters 'lapping on the crag.' This shows us the precise force of *wapper*, tremulous, quivering, restless; and *wapper'd*, worn by unrest."

148. Lines 43, 44:

I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Lie in the earth, where nature laid thee (Johnson).

149. Line 53: *I am* MISANTHROPOS, *and hate mankind.*—In North's Plutarch, Life of Antonius, c. 38, is the marginal note: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Misanthropos*, the Athenian."

150. Lines 64, 65:

I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips, by kissing thee (Johnson).

151. Line 87: *The tub-fast.*—So Theobald, at the suggestion of Warburton. The Folios have *Fubfast.* See ii. 2. 71, and note 69.

152. Lines 115, 116:

those milk-paps,
That through the WINDOW-BARS *bore at men's eyes.*

F. 1 has *window Barne.* Johnson conjectured *window-bars*, which Steevens first introduced into the text. The reference is to the crossbar embroidery worn by women across the bosom, sometimes with no stomacher under it.

153. Lines 120, 121:

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd THY *throat shall cut.*

The Folios have "*the* throat." The correction is Pope's.

154. Line 122: *swear against* OBJECTS; *i.e.* let not any-

thing move you to pity; be proof against all appeals to your mercy. The word *object* was specially used of anything inspiring sympathy or antipathy; so Troïlus and Cressida, iv. 5. 105, 106:

> For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
> To tender *objects* (*i.e.* submits to their influence).

155. Lines 133, 134:

> *Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,*
> *And to make whores, a bawd.*

That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores (Johnson).

156. Lines 135–139:

> *you are not othable,—*
> *Although, I know, you'll swear, &c.*

Timon has told the two courtezans that he has enough gold to make them forswear their trade, and has bidden them hold up their aprons to receive it. He continues: I know you are quite ready to swear the most terrible oaths that you will reform—but do not waste your breath, you would have no regard for the sanctity of any oath, and I can trust your inclinations that you will remain as you are, and be whores still.

157. Lines 143–145:

> *yet may your pains, six months,*
> *Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs*
> *With burdens of the dead.*

That is, as Warburton explains it, let your labour and pains for six months in the year be quite different. After spending six months in debauchery you must spend the other six in recovering from its effects, and fitting yourselves anew for the trade. Among other things you will have to put on false hair to make up for the loss of your own. Johnson and Steevens went quite astray over this passage.

158. Line 155: HOAR *the flamen.*—For *hoar* (here = make rotten), used in the sense of old, mouldy, rotten, because mouldiness gives a white appearance, compare Mercutio's punning song:

> An old hare *hoar*,
> And an old hare *hoar*,
> Is very good meat in lent:
> But a hare that is *hoar*
> Is too much for a score,
> When it *hoars* ere it be spent.
> —Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 141–146.

Rolfe explains, "make the priest *hoary* with leprosy;" but this seems less appropriate.

159. Lines 159, 160:

> *Of him that, his particular to foresee,*
> *Smells from the general weal.*

The metaphor is from dogs hunting. The man intended is one who deserts the public advantage to look after his own private interests.

160. Line 183: *With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven.*—Steevens quotes Robert Anton, The Philosopher's Satires (1616):

> Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn.

161. Line 185: *who all* THY *human sons* DOTH *hate.*—The Folio has "who all *the* humane Sonnes *do* hate." *Thy* was substituted by Pope, *doth* by Rowe.

162. Line 193: *Dry up thy* MARROWS, *vines, and plough-torn leas.*—"The Folio has *Marrowes;* qy. if a mistake for *marrowie* (marrowy) as an epithet to *vines?* Cotgrave in his Dict. gives 'Moëlleux. *Marrowie*, pithie, full of strength or *strong sap.*'"—(Dyce). Capell paraphrases as follows: "Dry up your fat lands that cattle graze upon, your vine lands, and lands lay'd for the plow that produce barley, for with the two latter accord the *licorish draughts* of the line following, and with *marrows* the *unctious morsels* of the next line."

163. Line 204: *From change of* FORTUNE.—So Rowe. The Folios have *future.*

164. Line 215: *that* BADE *welcome.*—F. 1 has "that *bad* welcom;" F. 2 changed *bad* to *bid*, which most editors adopt.

165. Lines 223, 224:

> *will these* MOIST *trees,*
> *That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels.*

For *moist* Hanmer conjectured *moss'd*, which has been adopted by most editors. Steevens compares As You Like It, iv. 3. 105:

> Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age.

But after the preceding words—

> What, think st
> That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
> Will put thy shirt on warm?

the transition seems natural to the moist, damp trees. Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, &c. p. 345) would interpret *moist* to mean "strong and vigorous, full of the juice and sap of life."

166. Line 225: *And skip* WHERE *thou point'st out?*—*Where* is Sidney Walker's correction for *when* of the Folios.

167. Line 245–247:

> *best state, contentless,*
> *Hath a distracted and most wretched being,*
> *Worse than the worst, content.*

Best states, contentless, have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content (Johnson).

168. Lines 253–255:

> *The sweet degrees that this brief world affords*
> *To such as may the passive* DRUGS *of it*
> *Freely* COMMAND.

If *drugs* is the true reading, Schmidt is probably right in explaining it metaphorically, "all things in passive subserviency to salutary as well as pernicious purposes." Johnson takes it to be an old form of *drudges;* and Todd quotes from Huloet: "Drudge, or drugge, a seruant which doth all the vile seruice;" and from Baret: "Drudge, a drug, or kitchen-slave" (Todd's Johnson's Dict. ed. Latham). Capell conjectured *dregs*. *Command* is Rowe's correction for *command'st* of the Folios.

169. Lines 259–265:

> *But myself,*
> . . . . . .
> *That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves*
> *Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush*
> FELL *from their boughs and left me open, bare.*

An instance of *anacoluthon*, or incompleted construction; the sentence beginning "But myself" has no verb to complete it. It may assist the reader to point out that the relative *That* in line 263 is the subject of three verbs, —*stuck*, *have fell*, and *left*. *Fell* for *fallen* is also found in Titus Andronicus, ii. 4. 50:

> He would have dropp'd his knife, and *fell* asleep;

and in Lear, iv. 6. 54:

> Which thou hast perpendicularly *fell*.

170. Lines 275, 276:

> *If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,*
> *Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.*

Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble (Johnson).

171. Line 283: *First mend* MY *company, take away thyself.*—So Rowe. The Folios have "*thy* company."

172. Lines 308, 309:

> Apem. *Dost hate a* MEDLAR?
> Tim. *Ay,* THOUGH *it look like thee.*

The word *though* has perplexed the commentators, and an attempt has even been made to prove that it means *since* or *because;* but surely it is only another stroke of irony on the part of Timon:—I do hate a medlar, even though it resembles so delightful a companion as you. In the Folio the word is spelt *medler* in all three lines.

173. Lines 340–343: *wert thou the* UNICORN, *pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury.*—The unicorn was proverbial for its ferocity. The best comment on the text is the following passage quoted by Staunton from E. Topsell's History of Four-footed Beasts, ed. 1658, p. 557 (1st ed. pub. 1607): "He is an enemy to the lions, wherefore as soon as ever a lion seeth a unicorn, he runneth to a tree for succour, that so when the unicorn maketh force at him, he may not only avoid his horn, but also destroy him; for the unicorn in the swiftness of his course runneth against the tree, wherein his sharp horn sticketh fast, then when the lion seeth the unicorn fastened by the horn, without all danger he falleth upon him and killeth him. These things are reported by the king of Œthiopia, in an Hebrew epistle unto the Bishop of Rome."

174. Lines 343, 344: *wert thou a* BEAR, *thou wouldst be kill'd by the* HORSE.—"There is also a mortall hatred betwixt a horse and a beare, for they know one another at the first sight; and prepare to combat, which they rather act by policie than by strength; the beare falling flat on his backe, the horsse leaping ouer the bear, which pulleth at his guts with her fore-feet nailes, and is by the heeles of the horsse wounded to death, if he strike the beáre vpon his head" (Topsell, p. 35).

175. Lines 345–347: *wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the* LION, *and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life.*—The *lion* is the king of beasts, and Steevens rightly explains this as an allusion to the Turkish policy, in accordance with which the first act of the sultan on succeeding to the throne was to put all his brothers to death. This custom is again alluded to in II. Henry IV. v. 2. 46–49:

> Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
> This is the English, not the Turkish court;
> Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
> But Harry Harry.

176. Line 356: *Yonder comes a poet and a painter.*—But they do not appear upon the scene till the beginning of the next act, that is, after Timon has been visited both by the Banditti and by Flavius. Various conjectures have been made to account for this anomaly; Ritson supposes that the play was abridged for representation, and that all between this passage and the entrance of the Poet and Painter being omitted, these words were put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them, and that when the play was printed for the Folio the interpolation was unnoticed. I am inclined to think that we have here one of the indications that Shakespeare was working on an older play. In this play the Poet and Painter probably made their entrance at this point; Shakespeare altered this arrangement, but never made a final revision, and accidentally left this speech of Apemantus uncorrected. It is less natural to suppose that the pair, when at last they do appear, had been hunting for Timon's abode during the whole interval after having been so near it, or that they had gone back to Athens on catching sight of Apemantus, and come out again.

177. Line 373: *I* SWOUND *to see thee.*—So the word is spelt in F 3 and F. 4; F. 1 and F. 2 have *swoond.*

178. Line 383: '*Twixt natural* SON *and* SIRE.—F. 1 has "*Sunne* and *fire.*"

179. Line 398: Tim. *Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor* THEM.—The Folios prefix *Ape.* to this line; Hanmer first assigned it to Timon. For *them* the Folios have *then;* corrected by Rowe.

180. Line 419: *Your greatest want is, you want much of* MEAT.—Hanmer conjectured, "much of *men;*" a reading which is adopted by Singer, Rolfe, and others: it certainly has in its favour the preceding line "*men* that much do want," and line 428, "You must eat *men;*" but the old reading taken in connection with the following lines gives very good sense, and I do not feel justified in departing from authority.

181. Line 428: *Yet thanks I must you* CON.—For this idiom = to give thanks, compare All's Well, iv. 3. 174: "I *con* him no thanks for 't." Steevens says the expression is a very common one, and quotes two instances.

182. Lines 430, 431:

> *for there is* BOUNDLESS *theft*
> *In* LIMITED *professions.*

The antithesis is of course between *boundless* and *limited;* unlimited thieving goes on even in professions which do not, like you, make an open trade of stealing, but are outwardly respectable and under restraint.

183. Line 437: *Do* VILLANY, *do, since you* PROTEST *to do't.* —F. 1 has *Villaine;* corrected by Rowe. For *protest* Theobald substituted *profess,* which is adopted by Malone, and is certainly a very natural correction, though Dyce calls it very unnecessary.

184. Lines 442, 443:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears.

Shakespeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to "resolve the moon into salt tears;" the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea in consequence of her tears being the cause of the *liquid surge.* Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watery quality* of that planet (Malone). Capell's note is well worth quoting here: "There cannot be a doubt among schollars, but that Anacreon was thought of in penning Timon's *examples* for encouraging *thievery;* the ode is of such celebrity, with jolly fellows especially, that it could not escape Jonson and other members of the club at the Devil, and there Shakespeare had it." The ode in question is the 21st (Poetæ Lyrici Græci, ed. Bergk, 1866, p. 1057); the following is a literal translation: "The dark earth drinks, and the trees drink the earth: the sea drinks the air, and the sun the sea, and the moon the sun;—why quarrel with me my friends, if I too am fain to drink?" That an English translation existed in Shakespeare's time is clear from Puttenham, Arte of Poesie (1589), bk. iii. c. xxii. p. 259, ed. Arber, quoted by Farmer: "Another [according to Steevens one John Southern] of reasonable good facilitie in translation finding certaine of the hymnes of *Pyndarus* and of Anacreons odes . . . very well translated by *Rounsard* the French Poet . . . comes our minion and translates the same out of French into English."

185. Line 447: HAVE *uncheck'd theft.*—So Pope. F. 1 has *Ha's.*

186. Line 451: *steal* NO *less for this.*—So the Globe; the Folios omit *no;* Rowe inserted *not.*

187. Lines 472, 473:

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!

That is, how admirably does the injunction to love one's enemies accord with the fashion of the times! (Rolfe). Warburton notices the anachronism: "he forgets his Pagan system here again."

188. Lines 474, 475:

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!

The sense is, "Let me rather woo or caress those that *would* mischief, that *profess to mean me mischief,* than those that *really do me* mischief, under false professions of kindness." The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: "Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself." This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage (Johnson).

189. Line 481: *Then, if thou* GRANT'ST THOU 'RT *a man.* —So Capell: F. 1 has "Then, if thou *grunt'st, th'art* a man."

190. Line 499: *It almost turns my* DANGEROUS *nature* WILD.—*Dangerous* here I take to mean unbalanced, uncertain, liable to violent emotions of any kind: "such fidelity as yours," Timon would say, "after all the hypocrisy and baseness which I have experienced, almost deprives me of reason." Since writing this note I see that Drake (Shakespeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 449, note) takes the same view: "I conceive that by *dangerous nature* in this passage is meant a nature, from acute sensibility and sudden misfortune, liable to be overpowered, to be thrown off its poize, and to suffer from mental derangement." Most editors, including even the Globe, adopt Warburton's emendation *mild* (*i.e.* almost reconciles me again to mankind), which is comparatively tame.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

191.—Capell was the first who made the division between the fourth and fifth acts here. Previous editors, following Rowe, had put it after *Exeunt Banditti* at iv. 3. 463, and they made Timon go off at the close of his speech, line 453; but there is no authority for this in the Folio, while at line 543 it has the stage-direction *Exit.* After the *Actus Primus. Scœna Prima,* at the beginning of the play, the Folio has no further division into acts or scenes.

192. Lines 6, 7: PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.—Here spelt in F. 1 *Phrinica* and *Timandylo.*

193. Lines 12, 13: *you shall see him a* PALM *in Athens again.*—Steevens quotes Psalm xcii. 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the *palm*-tree."

194. Line 28: *the* DEED OF SAYING *is quite out of use.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 3. 24–27:

Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his *saying deed.*

195. Line 31: Stage-direction.—Timon comes from his cave, behind.—The Folio has *Enter Timon from his Caue.*

196. Line 55: *To thee be* WORSHIP!—So Rowe; F. 1 has *worshipt.*

197. Line 59: *Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?*—Schmidt explains: "Have I lived indeed [to see two honest men] and must I believe it?"

198. Line 74: *Ay, you're honest* MEN.—So Rowe; F. 1 has *man.*

199. Line 99: *Know his gross* PATCHERY.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 77, 78: "Here is such *patchery,* such juggling, and such knavery!"

200. Lines 109–111:

You that way, and you this,—but two in company:
Each man APART, *all single and alone,*
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

The first line is explained by the two following: You go that way and you this, but each of you will be two in company, for each of you will take an arch-villain with you, namely himself. F. 1 prints *apart* in two words.

201. Lines 116, 117:

You have work for me, there's payment: hence!—
[To the Poet] *You are an alchemist, make gold of that.*

Most, if not all editors, prefix [*To the Pain.*] to the first of these lines, and Malone, followed by Rolfe and others, inserted *done* before *work*. Hanmer printed *work't*, but this is inadmissible, for according to Schmidt the impf. and part. is always *wrought* in Shakespeare. The Globe prints:

[*To Painter*] You have work'd for me; there's payment for you: hence!

The Folio has no prefix to either line. I would suggest that emendation is unnecessary if we take the first line to be addressed to the pair, and the *work* which they have for Timon to refer to their ridding these villains from their companies, lines 104–106; then the second line will be addressed to the Poet, who is the last of the two in making his escape, and is told to employ the alchemy of his poetry on turning Timon's blows and missiles into gold.

202. Line 119: *It is* IN *vain.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 omit *in*.

203. Line 129: *And* CHANCE *it as it may.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *chanc'd*.

204. Line 134: *Thou sun, that* COMFORT'ST, *burn!*—So Pope. F. 1 has *comforts*, which may well be what Shakespeare wrote.

205. Lines 135–137:

and each false
Be as a CANTHERIZING *to the root o' the tongue,*
Consuming it with speaking!

Schmidt has: "*Cantherize*, to raise blisters as with cantharides," but as each *true* word is to raise a blister, the effect of each *false* one ought to be something stronger, especially as the tongue is to be consumed: *cantherizing* is therefore probably the same as *cauterising*, which was substituted by Pope and printed by most editors. The Cambridge editors say: "The word *canterisynge* for *cauterizing* is found very frequently in an old surgical work, printed in 1541, of which the title is, *The questyonary of Cyrurgyens*. . . . The instrument with which the operation is performed is in the same book called a *cantere*. The form of the word may have been suggested by the false analogy of *canterides*, that is, cantharides, which occurs in the same chapter."

206. Lines 148–151:

WHICH *now the public body,—which doth seldom*
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath SENSE *withal*
Of IT *own* FALL, *restraining aid to Timon.*

For "*Which* now" Hanmer substituted "*And* now," but the irregularity in construction is not uncommon; compare v. 2. 6–9:

I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends.

The meaning is: The senate, which seldom confesses itself to be in the wrong, feeling the want of Timon's aid, is sensible of its fault in withholding aid to Timon. For *fall* in this sense of a *fall from virtue, fault*, compare Henry V. ii. 2. 138–140:

And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd
With some suspicion;

and Richard III. iii. 7. 96, 97:

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the *fall* of vanity.

Capell, followed by Dyce and the Globe, conjectured *fail*, a word which would have the same meaning; compare Cymbeline, iii. 4. 65, 66:

Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great *fail*.

For the old form of the possessive *it*, see Abbott, § 228. For *sense*, the reading of Rowe, who spells *sence*, F. 1 has *since*.

207. Lines 153, 154:

Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram.

A recompense that shall more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness (Monck Mason).

208. Line 185: *The* REVEREND'ST *throat.*—F. 1 has "The *reuerends* throat;" compare note 203.

209. Line 186: *To the protection of the* PROSPEROUS *gods.*—For *prosperous* in an active sense compare Othello, i. 3. 245:

To my unfolding lend your *prosperous* ear.

210. Line 202: *their achès.*—See note 31 on i. 1. 257.

211. Lines 208–215: *I have a tree, which grows here in my close*, &c.—"It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market place about dispatch of some affaires) got vp into the pulpit for Orations, where the Oratours commonly vse to speake vnto the people: and silence being made, euery man listening to heare what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place: at length he began to speak in this manner: My Lords of Athens I haue a litle yard at my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens haue hanged themselues: and because I meane to make some building on the place, I thought good to let you all vnderstand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe if any of you be desperate; you may there in time go hang your selues" (North's Plutarch, Life of Antonius, c. 38).

212. Lines 218–221:

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the BEACHED *verge of the salt flood;*
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.

"For like as he liued a beastly and chorlish life, euen so he required to haue his funerall done after that maner. By his last will, he ordeined himself to be interred vpon the sea shore, that the waues and surges might beate and

vexe his dead carcas" (Painter, Palace of Pleasure, Novel 28). For *beached, i.e.* formed by a beach, compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 85:

Or in the *beached* margent of the sea.

213. Line 223: *Lips, let* SOUR *words go by, and language end.*—So Rowe; the Folios have "*foure* words." Sidney Walker, with some probability, conjectured *your.*

ACT V. Scene 2.

214. Lines 7–9:

WHOM, *though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love made a PARTICULAR *force,*
And made us speak like friends.

See note 206 on v. 1. 148–151. Here again Hanmer substituted *And* for the relative. *In general part* is opposed to *a particular force,*—as regards the common cause, public affairs, they were opponents, nevertheless their old friendship created for the nonce a force or party of its own, and enabled them to converse like friends. *Particular* in this sense of *private, personal,* is very common; compare Hamlet, i. 3. 24–27:

Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his *particular* act and place
May give his saying deed.

In thus explaining "a particular force" I have followed Schmidt. Many readers will, however, probably prefer the common interpretation, viz. "a special efficacy." Hanmer, followed by Dyce and Rolfe, printed "*had* a particular force."

ACT V. Scene 3.

215. Lines 1–10: *By all description this should be the place, &c.*—The great difficulty in this scene is the question whether the third and fourth lines, "Timon is dead," &c., are an inscription read by the soldier, or his own words. I decidedly prefer the former view, and understand the passage as follows:—the soldier arriving at Timon's cave and receiving no answer to his challenge, has his attention arrested at the entrance by the following inscription:

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.

This he reads, and with the natural exclamation "Dead, sure," turns to the beach and discovers the tomb inscribed with characters which he is unable to decipher, and accordingly has recourse to the somewhat clumsy expedient of taking the impression in wax. The supposition of two inscriptions, one on the cave and the other on the tomb, which this interpretation involves, is the chief objection to it, and the device must be admitted to be an awkward one, but the lines on the cave are quite in Timon's misanthropical vein, "let some beast, human or other, read this notice of my death, for nothing worthy of being called a man any longer exists to read it." This is substantially Staunton's view of the passage, except that he takes *read this* to refer to the inscription on the tomb, and not to the lines themselves at the entrance of the cave. Most editors, however, very unnaturally as it seems to me, take the two lines to be a reflection and exclamation on the part of the soldier; "The tomb he sees," says Johnson, "and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, 'Some beast read this,' for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man." Theobald printed Warburton's suggestion, "Some beast rear'd this; here does not," &c., which was adopted by Capell and Dyce, and (though retaining *there*) by Malone and the Globe. Ritson explains this reading as follows: "What can this heap of earth be? (says the Soldier), Timon is certainly dead: some beast must have erected this, for here does not live a man to do it."

ACT V. Scene 4.

216. Lines 4, 5:

making your wills
The scope of justice;

i.e. the space within which justice had free play; justice was just what they chose it to be, and no more; compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 229:

An anchor's cheer in prison be my *scope!*

(*i.e.* the limits to which my ambition is bounded).

217. Line 7: *Have wander'd with our* TRAVERS'D *arms.*—With our arms crossed or folded in submission. The expression "traverse lines," *i.e.* cross lines, occurs in Cartwright's Poems, 1651. See Nares.

218. Line 8: *now the time is flush.*—Compare Hamlet, iii. 3. 80, 81:

He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as *flush* as May;

and Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 51, 52:

the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and *flush* youth revolt.

219. Lines 16–18:

to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our INGRATITUDE *with loves*
Above THEIR *quantity.*

Warburton referred *their* to *rages,* Malone to *griefs* in line 14. But Shakespeare is not so precise as his commentators, and it may refer to either or both. Capell settled the question by printing *ingratitudes.*

220. Lines 23, 24:

THEIR *hands from whom*
You have receiv'd your GRIEFS;

their is misprinted *rheir* in F. 1; *griefs* is Theobald's correction for *greefe* of F. 1.

221. Lines 28, 29:

Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts.

Shame in excess (*i.e.* extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (*i.e.* that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts (Theobald).

222. Line 37: *On those that are,* REVENGES.—So Steevens; F. 1 has *Reuenge.*

223. Line 44: *But kill not* ALL TOGETHER.—So F. 3; F. 1 has *altogether;* F. 2 *al together.*

224. Line 47: *Against our* RAMPIR'D *gates.*—*Rampire* is another form of *rampart.* Both forms were used either

as noun or verb. Schmidt quotes Lodge's Rosalind (p. 68, ed. H. Morley): "Rosader *rampered* up the house." Nares gives the following instance from Holinshed, vol. ii. 3. S 6, col. 2, b: "And so deeply ditched and *rampired* their campe about—that it was," &c.

225. Line 55: DESCEND, *and open your uncharged ports.* —So F. 2; F. 1 has *Defend,* a manifest error; see line 64.

226. Lines 62, 63:

But shall be RENDER'D *to your public laws*
At heaviest answer.

Render'd was suggested by Lord Chedworth (1805), and is adopted by Dyce, the Globe, and others. F. 1 has "*remedied* to," &c., which Schmidt interprets, "it shall be redressed according to your laws;" not very successfully, but with less violence to common-sense than Malone, who understood it to mean, "it shall be redressed at heaviest answer to your laws." F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4 have *remedied by.*

227. Lines 70–73: *Here lies a wretched corse,* &c.—"He died in the citie of Hales, and was buried vpon the sea side. Now it chanced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tombe round about, that no man could come to it: and vpon the same was written this Epitaph:

Here lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft:
Seeke not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left.

It is reported that Timon himselfe, when he liued, made this Epitaph: for that which is commonly rehearsed, was not his, but made by the Poet Callimachus:

Here lye I Timon, who aliuve all liuing men did hate:
Passe by, and curse thy fill: but passe, and stay not here thy gate." —North's Plutarch, c. 38.

The former epitaph appears as follows in Painter:

My wretched catife dayes,
Expired now and past:
My carren corps intered here,
Is faste in grounde:
In waltring waues of swelling sea, by surges cast,
My name if thou desire,
The gods thee doe confounde.

It can only be by an oversight that both the epitaphs from North's Plutarch have been left in the text; it will be seen that they are copied verbatim with the change of *wretches* to *caitiffs* (line 71), perhaps suggested, as Malone remarks, by Painter's version. Rolfe says: "They [the two epitaphs] are inconsistent with each other, and Shakespeare cannot have meant to use more than one of them. He seems to have written both in the MS. when hesitating between them, and afterwards to have neglected to strike one out."

228. Line 76: *Scorn'dst our brains' flow.*—Steevens quotes Sir Gyles Goosecappe (1606): "I shed not the *teares of my Briyne,* but the teares of my soule" (act ii. sc. 1; Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 34); and

But he from rocks that fountains can command,
Cannot yet stay the *fountains of his brain.*
—Drayton, The Miracles of Moses.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TIMON OF ATHENS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*All-shunned..	iv.	2	14
Apperil.....	i.	2	32
Approachers ..	iv.	3	216
Ardent.....	iii.	3	34
Argument[1]....	ii.	2	187
Backwardly...	iii.	3	18
Balsam.....	iii.	5	110
Black-cornered	v.	1	47
Blains.....	iv.	1	28
Bountifully....	iii.	2	59
Briber	iii.	5	61
Bridge[2].....	iv.	3	158
Caked	ii.	2	225
Cantherizing ..	v.	1	136
Carper.....	iv.	3	209
Castigate.....	iv.	3	240

1 = contents; frequently used in other senses.
2 = the bony part of the nose; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Caudle (verb)..	iv.	3	226
Close[3] (sub.)...	v.	1	208
Cock[4].....	ii.	2	171
*Cold-moving..	ii.	2	221
Composture...	iv.	3	444
Conceptions...	iv.	3	187
Conditioned[5]..	iv.	3	533
Confectionary..	iv.	3	260
Confluence	i.	1	42
Contentless....	iv.	3	245
Corporate	ii.	2	213
Covetously	iv.	3	408
Crossed[6].....	i.	2	168
Crust (verb)....	iii.	6	109
*Curled-pate ..	iv.	3	160
Date-broke....	ii.	2	38

3 = enclosure; used in other senses.
4 = a spout; used in other senses.
5 = limited.
6 = furnished with money.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Decimation....	v.	4	31
Dedication[7]...	i.	1	19
Defiler.....	iv.	3	383
Detention.....	ii.	2	39
Dialogue[8] (verb)	ii.	2	52
Dich.....	i.	2	73
Distasteful	ii.	2	220
Dividant	iv.	3	5
Droplets	v.	4	76
Drugs[9] (sub.)..	iv.	3	254
Enforcedly....	iv.	3	241
Ensear.....	iv.	3	187
Exceptless	iv.	3	502
Excrement[10]..	iv.	3	445

7 = something devoted or inscribed; elsewhere used twice in other senses.
8 Lover's Complaint, 132.
9 = drudges? elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.
10 = alvine discharges; = hair, beard, in other passages.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Exhaust	iv.	3	119
*Falling-from..	iv.	3	402
Fang (verb)....	iv.	3	23
*Fast-lost.....	ii.	2	180
*Feast-won....	ii.	2	180
Foals (verb)....	ii.	1	9
Foam[11] (sub.)..	iv.	3	379
	v.	1	53
Fragile	v.	1	204
Free-hearted ..	iii.	1	10
Glass-faced	i.	1	58
Gluttonous....	iii.	4	52
Grave-stone[12]..	iv.	3	380
	v.	1	222
	v.	4	67
Greases (verb).	iv.	3	195

11 Lucrece, 1442.
12 In the three instances where this word occurs, F. 1 prints *graue stone, graue-stone, grauestone.*

WORDS PECULIAR TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Half-caps	ii.	2	221
Hem (sub.)	v.	4	66
High-viced	iv.	3	109
Hinge (verb)	iv.	3	211
Hips[1]	iv.	3	422
*Honest-natured	v.	1	89
Indisposition	ii.	2	139
Infected[2] (adj.)	iv.	3	202
Ingeniously	ii.	2	230
Insculpture	v	4	67
Inviting (sub.)	iii.	6	11
Kind (adv.)	i.	2	225
King-killer	iv.	3	382
Lag (sub.)	iii.	6	90
Large-handed	iv.	1	11
Leech	v.	4	84
Liquorish	iv.	3	194
Living[3] (sub.)	v.	1	190
*Long-since-due	ii.	2	39
Made-up	v.	1	101
Mangy	iv.	3	371
Manslaughter	iii.	5	27
Marbled	iv.	3	191
Mast-acorns	iv.	3	422
*Milk-paps	iv.	3	115
*Minute-jacks	iii.	6	107
Mire[4] (verb)	iv.	3	147

1 = fruit of the dog-rose.
2 Lover's Complaint, 323.
3 = life; Lover's Complaint, 238. Used elsewhere in its ordinary senses.
4 = to sink in mud.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Misanthropos	iv.	3	53
Misbegot	iii.	5	29
Mischief (verb)	iv.	3	475
Monstrousness	iii.	2	79
Mountant	iv.	3	135
Mouth-friends	iii.	6	99
Night-rest	iv.	1	17
Nutriment	iii.	1	61
Oathable	iv.	3	135
Oozes (verb)	i.	1	21
Opulency	v.	1	38
Page (verb)	iv.	3	224
Passive	iv.	3	254
Pencilled[5]	i.	1	159
Penurious	iv.	3	92
Periods (verb)	i.	1	99
Plough-torn	iv.	3	193
Pregnantly	i.	1	92
Procreation	iv.	3	4
Rampired	v.	4	47
Recanter	v.	1	149
Recoverable	iii.	4	13
Regardfully	iv.	3	81
Regular	v.	4	61
Reliances	ii.	1	22
Repugnancy	iii.	5	45
Respectively	iii.	1	8
Rioter	iii.	5	68
Roofs[6]	iv.	3	144

5 Lucrece, 1497.
6 = skulls; used frequently in other senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Rose-cheeked[7]	iv.	3	86
Rot (sub.)	iv.	3	64
Rother	iv.	3	12
Sacrificial	i.	1	81
Sermon (verb)	ii.	2	181
She-beggar	iv.	3	273
Shudders (sub.)	iv.	3	137
Skip (verb tr.)	iv.	3	110
Slave-like	iv.	3	205
Softness	v.	1	36
Solidares	iii.	1	46
Sorrowed	v.	1	152
*Sour-cold	iv.	3	239
Spilth	ii.	2	169
Spital-house	iv.	3	39
Steepy[8]	i.	1	75
Straggling[9]	v.	1	7
Suitable	iii.	6	92
Sweep (sub.)	i.	2	137
Tendance[10]	i.	1	80
Throughout (adv.)	v.	1	212
Towardly	iii.	1	37
Tract[11]	i.	1	50
Traversed	v.	4	7
Trenchant	iv.	3	115
Trencher-friends	iii.	6	106

7 Venus and Adonis, 3.
8 Sonnet lxiii. 5.
9 Lucrece, 428.
10 = persons attending; used = care, attention, in i. 1. 57; Cymb. v. 5. 53; Henry VIII. iii. 2. 149.
11 = trace, track.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Trusters[12]	iv.	1	10
Try (subst.)	v.	1	11
Tub-fast[13]	iv.	3	87
Unagreeable	ii.	2	41
Unaptness	ii.	2	140
Unbolt[14]	i.	1	51
Uncharged[15]	v.	4	55
Unchecked[16]	iv.	3	447
Unclue	i.	1	168
Uncover	iii.	6	95
Unctious	iv.	3	195
Unpeaceable	i.	1	280
Unremovably	v.	1	227
Untirable	i.	1	11
Unwisely[17]	ii.	2	183
Usuring	iii.	5	110
	iv.	3	516
Voiced[18]	iv.	3	81
Wappened	iv.	3	38
Wards[19]	iii.	3	38
Whittle	v.	1	183
*Window-bars	iv.	3	116
Wondrously	iii.	4	71
Wrench (sub.)	ii.	2	218

12 = creditors.
13 Printed as one word in F. 1.
14 = to reveal; = to unfasten, Troilus, iv. 2. 3.
15 = unassailed.
16 = unrestrained; = uncontradicted, in Mer. of Ven. iii. 1. 2.
17 Lucrece, 10.
18 = proclaimed.
19 Of a door-lock; Lucrece, 303; Sonnet xlviii. 4.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note 64. ii. 1. 35: *And have the* DEBTS *in. Come!*

,, 65. ii. 2. 5, 6:

never mind
Was EVER *so unwise, to be so kind.*

,, 122. iii. 6. 89: *The rest of* MY FRIENDS, *O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs.
POMPEY (Sextus Pompeius).
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } Friends to Antony.
MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } Friends to Cæsar.

MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS, } Friends to Pompey.
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS,
MARDIAN,
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES, } Attendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.
CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } Attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—In several parts of the Roman empire.

HISTORIC PERIOD: From B.C. 40 to B.C. 30.

TIME OF ACTION.

This is divided by Daniel into twelve days represented on the stage, with intervals:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1–4.—Interval (? 40 days).
Day 2: Act I. Scene 5; Act II. Scenes 1–3.
Day 3: Act II. Scene 4.—Interval.
Day 4: Act II. Scenes 5–7 [Act III. Scene 3].—? Interval.
Day 5: Act III. Scenes 1 and 2 [Act III. Scene 3. See Day 4].—Interval.
Day 6: Act III. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval.
Day 7: Act III. Scene 6.—Interval.
Day 8: Act III. Scene 7.
Day 9: Act III. Scenes 8–10.—Interval.
Day 10: Act III. Scenes 11–13; Act IV. Scenes 1–3.
Day 11: Act IV. Scenes 4–9.
Day 12: Act IV. Scenes 10–15; Act V. Scenes 1 and 2.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

"The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra" was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623. "A booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*" was entered by Edward Blount in the Stationers' Registers, May 20, 1608. Blount was afterwards one of the publishers of the First Folio, and it seems most probable that this entry relates to the play of Shakespeare. Possibly the play was written a little earlier than the year in which it was first entered, and a certain kinship which the play seems to have—despite some marked differences—with Macbeth perhaps favours the supposition. The dramatic method, indeed, in the two plays, or rather the precise form of the construction, is (as I shall point out later) of a quite dissimilar kind. But the style in both plays seems clearly to belong to the same period, and there are various interesting links connecting the characters of Macbeth and Antony.

As in all the Roman plays, Shakespeare has taken the materials for his tragedy from North's version of Amyot's Plutarch, which appeared in 1579; a translation perhaps twice removed from the original—for the great Bishop of Auxerre, one of the earliest masters of really nervous and scholarly French, is said to have followed a Latin text—but a translation, certainly, which is still the most inspiring version of the most inspiring book of antiquity. How closely Shakespeare has followed the life of Marcus Antonius will be seen from the quotations given in the notes.

Many plays were written both before and after the publication of Shakespeare's tragedy on the same subject. Of the former we may mention Daniel's Cleopatra, 1594, of which Halliwell says in his Dictionary of Old Plays: "This play is founded on the story of Cleopatra in Plutarch's Lives of Antony and Pompey; and on a little French book, of which we have a translation by Otway, entitled the History of the Three Triumvirates. This tragedy was very much esteemed in its time; and in the edition of it in 4to, 1623, the author has made various alterations greatly to its advantage." There was also a play called the Tragedie of Antonie, translated from the French by the Countess of Pembroke, 1595. To neither of these, any more than to the various Italian tragedies produced in the latter half of the 16th century, of which Cleopatra was the heroine, does Shakespeare seem to have been indebted. Sir Charles Sedley wrote a tragedy on the same subject, called Antony and Cleopatra, which was licensed April 24th, 1677. Dryden's play, best known under its abbreviated title All for Love—the full title being All for Love or the World Well Lost—was a far more successful attempt to rival the great master's work; but this play will be more properly treated in the Stage History.—A. S.

STAGE HISTORY.

Not until the middle of the eighteenth century can any record be traced of a representation of Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra. The first performance is assumed to have taken place some time shortly previous to 20th May, 1608, under which date in the Stationers' Register Edward Blount or Blunt has the following two entries: "Entred for his copie vnder th(e h)andes of Sir George Buck knight and Master Warder Seton A booke called The booke of Pericles Prynce of Tyre," and "Entred also for his copie by the like aucthoritie A booke Called Anthony and Cleopatra" (ed. Arber, iii. 167). With every appearance of probability both entries are supposed to refer to Shakespeare, though

no copy of Antony and Cleopatra earlier than the first Folio has been traced. Two plays on the same subject had then been printed in England. Daniel's Cleopatra is dated 1594, and the Antony of the Countess of Pembroke, which, however, was written some years earlier, 1595. Daniel founded his tragedy upon Plutarch's Lives of Cæsar and Pompey, and, according to the Biographia Dramatica, upon a French History of the three triumvirates subsequently translated by Otway the dramatist. Lady Pembroke's Antony is a translation of the Marc-Antoine of Robert Garnier, 1578. A Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, a tragedy by Thomas May, followed at no very remote date, being acted in 1626 and printed in 1639. As none of these plays appears to have influenced Shakespeare or been influenced by him they claim scanty attention. Slight concurrences of idea in the treatment of a common theme are to be expected. Such even, except in the case of actions for which there is an historical foundation, are scarcely to be traced. The nearest approach to a resemblance occurs in Garnier's tragedy, one of the numerous works written in imitation of Seneca. Here, after Cleopatra has bidden farewell to her children in the words,

> Adieu ma douce eure,

and has been answered in phrase to which English ears will never reconcile themselves,

> Adieu Madame,

she bends over the corpse of her lover and declaims a speech in which are the following lines:

> Que de mille baisers, et mille, et mille encore
> Pour office dernier ma bouce vous honore;

faintly and remotely recalling Shakespeare's magical lines:

> I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
> I here importune death awhile, until
> Of many thousand kisses the poor last
> I lay upon thy lips.

The first Antony and Cleopatra of the performance of which in England any account survives was that of Sir Charles Sedley, which was licensed 24th April, 1677, and assumably played at Dorset Garden near the same period. This piece was given with the following cast: Antony = Betterton, Cæsar = Smith, Photinus = Sandford, Mecænas = Harris, Canidius = Medbourne, Thyreus = Crosby, Agrippa = Jevon, Cleopatra = Mrs. Mary Lee, Octavia = Mrs. Betterton, Iras = Mrs. Gibbs, Charmion = Mrs. Hughes. There are, in addition, Memnon and Chilax, two Egyptian lords, played respectively by Mr. Percival and Mr. Gillow. It is a dull rhymed tragedy, apparently from the French. As a mere conjecture, which there is no present means of verifying, the suggestion is put forward that it may be a version of the Marc-Antoine of Mairet, 1630, with which it has something at least in common. The character of Photinus Genest assumes to have been intended by Sedley for Sandford.

The drama which, written in avowed imitation of Shakespeare, was destined for a century and a half practically to banish Shakespeare from the stage of the country that professed to honour him, was the All for Love or the World Well Lost of Dryden. Its title-page bears upon it: "Written in Imitation of Shakespeare's Stile."

All for Love was entered at Stationers' Hall, 31st January, 1677–78, and was acted at the Theatre Royal, subsequently known as Drury Lane, some time in the latter year. The cast as preserved in Downes's Roscius Anglicanus, p. 11, comprised Marc Antony, Mr. Hart; Ventidius his General, Major Mohun; Dolabella his Friend, Mr. Clark; Alexas the Queen's Eunuch, Mr. Goodman; Seraphion, Mr. Griffin; Cleopatra, Mrs. Boutel; Octavia, Mrs. Corey. This play Dryden, justly, regarded as his highest dramatic accomplishment, attributing in part its success to his study of Shakespeare. What he says at the conclusion of a preface dealing with customary truculence with his enemies and his critics—the two words are with him equivalent—is worthy of quotation. "In my stile I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare: which that I might perform more freely I have disencumbered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need

not to explain my self that I have not copy'd my author servilely. Words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages, but 't is almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatick poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of stiles betwixt him and Fletcher, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd my self throughout the play; and particularly, that I prefer the scene betwixt Anthony and Ventidius in the first act, to any thing which I have written in this kind."

In his prefaces Dryden ordinarily shows himself a man of modesty and taste, though the subsequent performance sometimes goes far to remove the impression. His verdict upon his All for Love has been and will be accepted as accurate. It is immeasurably his greatest play. Dryden himself states that it is the only play he wrote for himself; the rest were given to the people. It has with allowances been praised by Samuel Johnson, who, however, owns to a sneaking kindness for rhymed plays, or at least says that, "The description of night in the 'Indian Emperor,' and the rise and fall of empire in the 'Conquest of Granada,' are more frequently repeated than any lines in 'All for Love,' or 'Don Sebastian.'" The favourable estimate is accepted by subsequent critics, including Dryden's latest editors, Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Saintsbury. Whether the passages between Antony and Ventidius are worthy of the preference accorded them by Dryden is open to question. In these, however, the imitation of Shakespeare extends far beyond Antony and Cleopatra. In the speeches of Antony most frequently selected for extract and commendation such lines as the following are obviously inspired by As You Like It and other Shakespearean plays:—

> Give me some music: look that it be sad:
> I'le sooth my melancholy till I swell
> And burst myself with sighing.
> 'T is somewhat to my humor. Stay, I fancy
> I 'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature
> Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
> Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene
> Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oke:
> I lean my head upon the mossy bark
> And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
> My uncomb'd locks, matted like misleto
> Hang o'er my hoary face, a murm'ring brook
> Runs at my foot.
> *Ventidius.* Methinks I fancy
> My self there too.
> *Anthony.* The herd come jumping by me,
> And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on
> And take me for their fellow-citizen, eh!

Not even here, tempting as is the occasion, may the often-meditated and as yet inadequately accomplished parallel between the treatment of the same theme by two great poets be essayed. Dryden has rendered his All for Love in some respects conformable to the ideas of classical tragedy, and boasts even that it all but fulfils the requirements of the unities. In this and some other respects of order Dryden may claim some merit. Between the two works, however, there is just the difference between a monarch of the forest, and a garden tree clipped into orderly and formal symmetry. The passion, the humanity, the grandeur of Shakespeare are the things wanting from All for Love. What, indeed, is wanting is just what is Shakespeare.

It was in All for Love that the actors of the Stuart period made their reputation. Such success as was won by Sedley's play, which is scarcely up to its author's reputation, was eclipsed by that of All for Love, and no mention is made of its revival. All for Love, on the contrary, kept the stage until far into the nineteenth century.

Between 1704 and 1706, according to Downes, four plays, to be acted by the players of both companies—Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields—were commanded at Court. First among these was All for Love, in which Betterton appeared as Antony, Verbruggen as

Ventidius, Wilks as Dolabella, Booth as Alexas, Mrs. Barry as Cleopatra, and Mrs. Bracegirdle as Octavia. Concerning these representations Downes says, with every probability of truth in his favour, "These four plays were well acted and gave great satisfaction." On 3rd December, 1718, at Drury Lane, when the management of Cibber, Wilks, and Booth was at the height of its good fortune, an important revival took place. In this Barton Booth was Antony; Mills, Ventidius; Wilks, Dolabella; Cibber, Alexas; Mrs. Oldfield, Cleopatra; and Mrs. Porter, Octavia. Concerning this revival Colley Cibber says, "The habits of that tragedy amounted to an expense of near six hundred pounds; a sum unheard-of for many years before, on the like occasion" (Apology, ii. 175,176, ed. 1889). Dennis, complaining to Steele of the non-production of his Invader of his Country or The Fatal Resentment, an adaptation of Shakespeare's Coriolanus, states that the managers of the Theatre Royal, whom he calls Steele's "deputies," spent "above two months of the season in getting up All for Love" (The Theatre, by Sir Richard Steele, &c., ed. Nichols, ii. 544).

This representation ran for six nights without the aid of pantomime or farce, which in those days, says Davies (Dramatic Miscellanies ii. 369), was esteemed something extraordinary. For this the dignified action and forcible elocution of Booth were held by him primarily responsible. Of Mrs. Oldfield he says, that as Cleopatra, "to a most harmonious and powerful voice, and fine person [she] added grace and elegance of gesture." "Mills," he continues, "acted Ventidius with the true spirit of a rough and generous old soldier. To render the play as acceptable to the public as possible, Wilks took the trifling part of Dolabella, nor did Colley Cibber disdain to appear as Alexas; these parts would scarcely be accepted now by third-rate actors. Still to add more weight to the performance, Octavia was a short character of a scene or two in which Mrs. Porter drew not only respect, but the more affecting approbation of tears, from the audience" (*ib.* ii. 370). Elsewhere (vol. i. p. 161) Davies expresses his conviction that All for Love is "the first play, after the Restoration, in which was revived the true dramatic style."

On the 2nd April, 1734, All for Love was given at Drury Lane, with Milward as Antony, and Mrs. Heron as Cleopatra; and on 11th March, 1736, at Covent Garden, with Delane and Mrs. Horton in the same characters. It was once more revived at Drury Lane, 2nd February, 1747, with Spranger Barry as Antony, and Mrs. Woffington for the first time as Octavia. It was then acted about five times. Once more was it revived before Antony and Cleopatra saw again the light. This was 12th March, 1750, at Covent Garden, when, for the benefit of Quin, who played Ventidius, Delane reappeared as Antony, and Mrs. Woffington as Cleopatra, Miss Bellamy playing Octavia.

At length, on Wednesday, 3rd January, 1759, at Drury Lane, Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, abridged and transposed by Edward Capell (Genest calls him Capel), saw the light. It seems almost reasonable to assume that it had previously been played, seeing that the bills announced it as first time at that house. If such performances took place no record concerning it has survived. On Capell's version little comment was passed at the time. Warburton, addressing Garrick on the very day of the production, wrote with irony scarcely concealed as regards the play: "Whatsoever advantage, I say, Shakspeare may receive from the whims of his dead editors, he will this night receive a lustre from a living one, which I make no doubt was in his own idea when he wrote the play, but despaired to give, applying the words of the poet to his case with more propriety than when they were first spoken:

> *Monstrare* nequeo, et sentio tantum.

(Garrick Correspondence, i. 93).

To the "passionate desire" of Garrick to "give the public as much of their admired poet as possible," Davies (ii. 368) attributes Garrick's revival of the play, which he (Davies) believes had lain dormant since it was first exhibited. From him we learn that it had "all the advantages of new scenery, habits, and other decorations suitable to the play." Many of the characters were omitted. As

the first-recorded cast of Shakespeare's play a full list of performers is given from Genest:

ANTONY = Garrick.
ENOBARBUS = Berry.
THYREUS = Holland.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR = Fleetwood.
ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS and DERCETAS = Blakes.
SEXTUS POMPEIUS and PROCULEIUS = Austin.
EROS = Davies.
CANIDIUS = Wilkinson.
AGRIPPA = Packer.
CLEOPATRA = Mrs. Yates.
OCTAVIA = Mrs. Glen.
CHARMIAN = Miss Hippisley.
IRAS = Miss Mills.

The more important alterations in the text consist in assigning to Thyreus the opening speech of Philo, beginning:

Nay but this dotage of our general's;

and the magnificent description of the barge of Cleopatra upon the river Cydnus, which belongs to Enobarbus. It is easily seen by one familiar with the stage that these things were done to commend to an actor of Holland's importance a secondary part such as Thyreus. The assignment to Diomedes of what belongs to the Soldier and Scarus is for the simple sake of economizing characters. The substitution by Capell of the name of Canidius for that of Ventidius, and Shakespeare's use of Modena instead of Mutina, are, with other matters, the subject of severe strictures in Genest (iv. 545).

It is melancholy to find, though the fault appears to have been principally attributable to the actors, that the long-deferred production of Antony and Cleopatra was not a success. After half a dozen repetitions the piece was withdrawn. Why Garrick should not have been a good Antony is not easily seen. He was not, however. Mrs. Yates, meanwhile, though popular as Lady Macbeth, won little recognition in other important female characters of Shakespeare, and made no impression as Cleopatra. Few of Garrick's revivals attracted less attention. Davies and Murphy in their biographies leave it unmentioned. Dr. Doran, without advancing any authority, speaks of it as the great event of its season, and says, with what almost sounds disingenuousness, but is only carelessness, that Garrick and Mrs. Yates gained "even more laurels as Zamti and Mandane in the Orphan of China" than in Antony and Cleopatra, in which they gained none at all. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald confesses it a failure.

Writing in 1783 in his Dramatic Miscellanies, Davies, after stating that Antony and Cleopatra did not answer the expectations of Garrick and of the public, says that "in Antony Garrick wanted one necessary accomplishment, his person was not sufficiently important and commanding to represent the part"—all of which is nothing. Mrs. Yates was young and had not afforded such proofs of genius as she subsequently displayed, and "Mossop wanted the essential part of Enobarbus, humour." Turning, then, to All for Love, he contrasts the acting of Booth with that of Garrick. He ends by saying that "All for Love has gradually sunk into forgetfulness" (Dramatic Misc. ii. 370). From this torpor, if such ever existed, it soon awoke. While Antony and Cleopatra slept for another seventy years Dryden's play was revived at Drury Lane 22nd Mar., 1766, with Powell as Antony and Mrs. Yates again as Cleopatra; and once more at the same house, still under Garrick's management, 17th Dec. 1772, with Spranger Barry as Antony, Mrs. Barry as Octavia, and Miss Younge, for the first time, as Cleopatra. On the 28th of the following March, at Covent Garden, Mrs. Hartley, whose first season it was, made her first appearance as Cleopatra to the Antony of Smith and the Dolabella of Wroughton. With Miss Younge and Smith in the principal parts All for Love was played at Drury Lane on 12th May, 1775, and 13th March, 1776. With Smith as Antony, and Miss Yates from Drury Lane as Cleopatra, with West Digges as Ventidius, and Farren as Dolabella, it was given at Covent Garden 8th Jan. and 5th Feb. 1779.

In Dryden's All for Love, and not in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, Mrs. Siddons essayed, at Drury Lane, 5th May, 1788, the character of Cleopatra, Kemble being the Antony; Palmer, Ventidius; Barrymore, Dolabella; and Mrs. Ward, Octavia. That the performance by Mrs. Siddons of a character so suited to her powers was fine may be

assumed. Not being in Shakespeare, however, it calls for no further comment than the statement that Boaden (Life of Siddons, ii. 243) says that she showed "the daring atrocity of crime," and adds, with sub-acid banter, that "the notion of frailty was visually banished." Campbell (Life of Siddons, ii. 127) suggests that Octavia would under certain conditions have been a better part for the actress than Cleopatra; and says that "she never established 'the Siren of the Nile' among her popular characters." On 24th May, 1790, at Covent Garden, Miss Brunton played Cleopatra to the Antony of Holman; and on 12th Jan. 1818, at Bath, Conway, the unfortunate actor, treated with so much perverse cruelty by Hazlitt and Theodore Hook, was the Antony to the Cleopatra of Miss Somerville, afterwards Mrs. Bunn.

At Covent Garden meanwhile, on 15th Nov. 1813, a mongrel version extracted from both Shakespeare and Dryden was produced, with Young = Mark Antony, Terry = Ventidius, Egerton = Enobarbus, Abbott = Octavius, Barrymore = Lepidus, Hamerton = Dolabella, Murray = Thyreus, Mrs. Fawcit = Cleopatra, Mrs. Mac Gibbon = Octavia, and Miss Cooke = Charmion. To Kemble is attributed the dishonour of this patch-work. The following description of the amalgam is abridged from Genest, viii. pp. 417, et seq.: act i. follows pretty closely the original; act ii. begins with Shakespeare (act ii. sc. 2), but omits the conclusion with the description of Cleopatra's galley; act ii. sc. 5, and a scene from act iii. follow. After the entry of Antony the play reverts to Dryden. Act iii. is principally Shakespeare, and act iv. nearly all Dryden. In act v. both authors are used; Ventidius kills himself, as in Dryden; and when Antony has fallen on his sword the play to the end follows Shakespeare; Cleopatra's speeches are mutilated, and the play concludes with a funeral procession. Though acted about nine times, this version failed to please. The Theatrical Inquisitor, vol. iii. pp. 310, 311, is justly severe upon this hotch-potch, but gives due praise to the spectacle. Admiration is specially accorded the naval contest between Mark Antony and Cæsar.

On 21st November, 1833, Macready produced at Covent Garden an acting version of Antony and Cleopatra. The great feature of the revival was the scenery by Clarkson Stanfield, on which Bunn, the manager, built great hopes. This Macready pronounced very inappropriate, though he owned that it was beautifully painted. Macready was dissatisfied with his own performance. In his diary he declares on 20th November that he read the great play and "just got an insight into the general effect, but had no power of furnishing a correct picture, or of making any strong hit." On the 22nd he says that the newspapers were very liberal in their strictures on Antony," a phrase of somewhat dubious import, and adds: "Acted Antony better to-night than last night, but it is a hasty unprepared unfinished performance." A writer in the New Monthly Magazine, assumably Talfourd, the biographer of Lamb, says that the version was prepared by Macready himself, and "damns" his performance "with faint praise," saying: "The correct judgment of Mr. Macready could not fall into much error, and the performance of this character was like all others that he attempts, distinguished by a severe taste, the evident result of laborious study." There were scenes of great power, notably the death; but Talfourd missed from the mind of Antony "that spirit of revelry and bounding joyancy which ought to distinguish the madcap banqueter of sixty." The Enobarbus of Cooper is said to have been respectable, and the Cleopatra of Miss Phillips not to have approached in any one respect Shakespeare's description "profuse of joy." A figure "of voluptuous majesty, a mingling of dazzling beauty and intellectual command," the writer holds necessary to the adequate presentation of Cleopatra. From this the pale and delicate beauty, the "mild intellectual expression of countenance," the "meagre figure and lady-like deportment" of Miss Phillips were far removed. The remaining members of the cast are dismissed as unworthy of mention.

Antony and Cleopatra was naturally included in the series of revivals of Shakespeare undertaken under the Phelps and Greenwood management at Sadler's Wells. It was first

played 22nd October, 1850, with Phelps as Antony, G. K. Dickinson as Octavius, Henry Marston as Sextus Pompeius, George Kenrick as Enobarbus, and Miss Glyn as Cleopatra. This was one of the most successful of the Sadler's Wells revivals, and elicited much approval. Miss Glyn's performance of Cleopatra was the crowning triumph of her career. In personal appearance she conformed to the requirements of Talfourd. In her death scene she was pronounced equal to Pasta. J. A. H. (eraud), in Tallis's Dramatic Magazine, says that "the glory that irradiated her countenance at the glad thought that she should meet her 'curled Antony' in the shades was strikingly sublime." Phelps's Antony was much of the same order as that of Macready. The character was outside the actor's limits. Bennet assigned Enobarbus a rugged honesty of manner, Marston declaimed as Pompeius with Kemble-like recitation, and Dickinson was a somewhat too energetic Octavius. The entire representation was warmly praised by George Daniel, the D. G. of the Cumberland edition of acting plays. Miss Glyn's impersonation of Cleopatra was seen again at the Standard Theatre, 3rd March, 1855, and at the Princess's in May, 1867. A revival of Antony and Cleopatra took place at Drury Lane in September, 1873, when Mr. James Anderson appeared as Antony, and Miss Wallis, then almost a débutante, as Cleopatra. The piece had been arranged with a view to spectacular effect, and with no very reverent hand, by Andrew Halliday, and the general cast was far from strong. Mr. Anderson's performance of Antony was picturesque and vigorous but old-fashioned; Miss Wallis's qualifications for Cleopatra did not extend beyond good looks and some elocutionary ability; and the production was one of those experiments on the strength of which Chatterton put forward the famous managerial dictum that "Shakespeare spelt ruin." On November 18th, 1890, at the Princess's Theatre, Mrs. Langtry played Cleopatra in a version of the drama arranged for her by Mr. Lewis Wingfield. Charles Coghlan appeared as Antony, Frank Cooper as Octavius, and Miss A. M'Neill as Charmian. The Independent Theatre gave a performance on May 24th, 1897; and the play was produced at the Lyceum, March 29th, 1900, by Mr. Benson's Company.

The celebrated Italian tragic actress, Signora Eleanora Duse, played Cleopatra in an Italian version of the play at the Lyric Theatre, London, June 19th, 1893.

Of the revivals of Antony and Cleopatra the particulars of which stage annals supply, one only, that at Sadler's Wells, has been successful. Some consolation may be found in the fact that it was almost, if not quite, the only revival in which Shakespeare's words were treated with reverence, and in which the dramatic aspects of the play were not sacrificed to the spectacular opportunities it afforded. In other words, it was the only revival that deserved to succeed. In the United States, Antony and Cleopatra has failed to find favour with histrionic stars.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Antony and Cleopatra is the most wonderful, I think, of all Shakespeare's plays, and it is so mainly because the figure of Cleopatra is the most wonderful of Shakespeare's women. And not of Shakespeare's women only, but perhaps the most wonderful of women. The queen who ends the dynasty of the Ptolemies has been the star of poets—a malign star shedding baleful light—from Horace and Propertius down to Victor Hugo; and it is not to poets only that her name has come to be synonymous with all that one can conceive of the subtlety of feminine beauty. Before the thought of Cleopatra every man is an Antony—Shakespeare no less than another, though in the play he holds the balance quite steadily. The very name calls up everything that one has read or thought or known of "the world well lost," the giving up of all for love, the supreme surrender into the hands of Lilith, and the inevitable penalty exacted. Probably Shakespeare had had his Cleopatra, though, fortunately for us and for him, he stopped short of the choice of Antony, when

> Entre elle et l'univers qui s'offraient à la fois
> Il hésita, lâchant le monde dans son choix.

But unless we adopt the surely untenable theory that the Sonnets, with their passionate

sincerity of utterance, the curiously individual note of their complex harmonies, are merely passion according to the Italian Opera, is it not possible that the dark woman, the "woman coloured ill," of whom they show us such significant hints of outline, may have turned his thoughts in the direction of Plutarch's story of Antony and Cleopatra? It is possible; and if so, Shakespeare must have felt a singular satisfaction in putting thus to use an experience bought so sorrowfully, with so much "expense of spirit;" must have felt that he was repaid, more than repaid.

In the conduct of this play, dealing with so typical a story of passion, and with lovers so unrestrained, one is curious to note how much there is of restraint, of coolness, how carefully the style everywhere is heightened, and how much of gravity, in the scenes of political moment, comes to hinder us from any sense of surfeit in those scenes, the central ones of action and interest, in which the heady passion of Cleopatra spends itself. Never was a play fuller of contrasts, of romantic elements, and variety. The stage is turbulent with movement; messengers come and go incessantly, troops are passing over, engaging, and now in flight; the scene shifts, carrying us backward and forward with a surprising rapidity. But one has a feeling that contrast is of the essence of the piece, and that surprise is to be expected; and not even the variety of the play is more evident than its perfect congruity. Some of this comes about, there can be little question, from the way in which Shakespeare has constructed his play on the very lines of Plutarch, following his authority with a scrupulousness not unlike the regard felt by a modern Realist for his "human documents," and no doubt for the same reason. Plutarch was, for Shakespeare, the repository of actual fact; in those pages he found the liveliest image attainable of things as they really happened, and in the comments, outlining the characters, something far more likely to be right than the hazard of any guess of his, so long after. And so fully aware was he of the priceless value of every hint art can extort from nature—of the priceless value of all we can get of real nature, that he was content here to copy merely, to reconstruct after a given plan, and almost without altering a single outline. He gave the outlines life, that was all; and it is a real Antony, a real Cleopatra, that come before us on the romantic stage.

While the main interest of the play is of course centred in the personages who give it name, Shakespeare has not here adopted the device which he used in Macbeth, for instance, of carefully subordinating all the other characters, leaving the two principal ones in the strongest possible light and isolation. He has rather developed these characters through the medium of a crowd of persons and incidents, giving us, not a small corner of existence burningly alive with tremendous issues, but a lover's tragic comedy played out in the sight of the world, on an eminence, and with the fate of nations depending upon it—a tragic comedy in whose fortunes the arrival of a messenger may make a difference, and whose scenes are timed by interviews with generals and rulers. It is the eternal tragedy of love and ambition, and here, for once, it is the love which holds by the baser nature of the man who is the subject of it, the ambition which is really the prompting of his nobler side. Thus the power of Cleopatra is never more really visible than in the scenes where she does not appear, and in which Antony seems to have forgotten her. For by the tremendous influences which in these scenes are felt to be drawing him away from her, by all that we see and hear of the incitements to heroic action and manly life, we can measure the force of that magic which brings him back always—from Cæsar, who might be a friend, from Octavia, who would be a wife, from Pompey, a rival—to her feet. Such scenes are, besides, a running comment of moral interpretation, and impress upon us a sane and weighty criticism of that flushed and feverish existence, with what is certainly so tempting in it, which is being led by these imperial lovers on terms of such absolute abandonment of everything to the claims of love. This criticism is singularly definite and clear, and leaves us in no doubt as to the moral Shakespeare intended to draw—a moral still further emphasized by the beautiful quiet character of Octavia, the counterpoise to Cleo-

patra, and a curious instance of supreme delicacy of art, from the precise and attractive image she leaves upon a play where she is mainly silent. The ambiguous character of Enobarbus is still further useful in giving the point of irony which appears in all really true and fine studies of a world in which irony seems, after all, to be the final word with the disinterested observer. Enobarbus acts the part of chorus; he is neither for nor against virtue; and by seeming to confound moral judgments he serves the part of artistic equity.

"Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other (to wit, the love of Cleopatra) lighted upon him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen of any: and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight, and made it worse than before." So Plutarch, in the picturesque version of Sir Thomas North, "Shakespeare's Plutarch," gives the first distinct sign of the finally downward course of Antony. Of Antony as he had been, we read a little above: "Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity: and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himself." When the play opens, this Antony of the past is past indeed; the first words strike the keynote: "Nay, but this dotage of our general's." Yet in the character as it comes before us, one finds, broken indeed, yet there though in ruins, the potent nature of the man, standing out now and again suddenly, usually with no very great result in action. See, for example, in the second scene, the scarcely perceptible flash, in the jesting colloquy with Enobarbus: "No more light answers!" and the sudden change which comes about. He can still, when Antony is Antony, command. And observe again, in the meeting between the jarring triumvirs, how gravely and well he holds his own, and especially his scrupulous care of his honour, evidently so dear to him, and by no means a matter of words only. But the man, as we see him, is wrecked; he has given himself wholly over into the hands of a woman, "being so ravished and enchanted of the sweet poison of her love, that he had no other thought but of her." It is in studying Cleopatra that we shall best see all that is important for us to see of Antony.

In the little scene which preludes in the play, we get a significant glimpse of the kind of power wielded by Cleopatra, and the manner in which she wields it. We see her taming with an infliction of frivolous irony the man who has conquered kingdoms; and we see too the unerring and very feminine skill, the finesse of light words veiling a strong purpose, by which she works the charm. From the second scene we perceive something of the tremors incident to a conquest held on such terms—the fear of that "Roman thought" which has taken Antony, the little touch of anxiety at his leaving her if but for a moment. So long as the man is in her presence she knows he is safe. But she has always to dread the hour of departure. And now Antony is going. She plays her spells admirably, but with a knowledge that they will be for once in vain. Her tongue still bites with the scourge of Fulvia—"What says the married woman?"—the sneer, a little bitter to say, which comes from a consciousness of the something after all worth having in mere virtue, turned desperately into a form of angry and contemptuous mockery. Antony is not yet dead to honour; he feels his strength, feels that he can break away from the enchantress—as Tannhäuser breaks away from Venus. But Cleopatra knows well that—like Tannhäuser—her lover must come back and be hers for ever.

One sees from the scene which follows how deeply Cleopatra loves, not alone her conquest, but her lover. Hers is a real passion, the passion of a woman whose Greek blood is heated by the suns of Egypt, who knows, too, how much greater is the intoxication of loving than of being loved. There is a passage in one of the Portuguese Letters—and no passage in that little golden book is more subtly true—in which the writer pities her inconstant lover for the "infinite pleasures he has lost" if he has never really loved her. "Ah, if you had known them," she says, "vous auriez éprouvé qu'on est beaucoup plus heureux, et qu'on sent quelque chose de bien plus touchant

quand on aime violemment que lorsqu'on est aimé." Cleopatra knew this, as she knew everything belonging to the art of which she was mistress. "Us who trade in love," she speaks of frankly, but with perfect self-knowledge,—a saying, however, which does her injustice if it leads us to confound her with the Manon Lescauts, exquisite, faithless creatures who keep for their lovers an entirely serviceable kind of affection, changing a lover for a calculated advantage. Love is a "trade" in which she never calculates; wily by nature, and as a loving woman is wily who has to humour her lover, she follows her blood, follows it to distraction, and her fits and starts are not alone played for a purpose, before Antony, but are native to her, and break out with the same violence before her women. She is a woman who must have a lover, but she is satisfied with one—with one at a time; and in Antony she finds her ideal, whom she can call, in her pride, and truly:

> The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
> And burgonet of men.

And she loves him with passion real of its kind—an intense, an exacting, an oppressive and overwhelming passion, wholly of the senses, and wholly selfish—the love which requires possession, and to absorb the loved one. Before Antony she is never demonstrative: "the way to lose him!" She knows that a man like Antony is not to be taken with snares of mere sweetness, that neither for her beauty nor her love would he love her continuously. She knows how to *interest* him, to be to him everything he would have, to change with or before every mood of his as it changes. And this, in a word, is her secret, as it is the secret of success in her kind of love. "So sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not possibly but be taken"—we read in Plutarch. And Shakespeare has expressed it monumentally in the lines which bring the whole woman before us:

> Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety: other women cloy
> The appetite they feed; but she makes hungry
> Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
> Become themselves in her.

In the fifth scene of the second act we have what is perhaps the most wonderful revelation that literature gives us of the essentially feminine—not necessarily of woman in the general, but of that which radically, in looking at human nature, seems to differentiate the woman from the man. It is a scene with the infinite variety of Cleopatra: it is as miraculous as she: it proves to us that the woman who was "cunning past man's thought" could not be cunning past the thought of Shakespeare. We realize from this scene, more clearly than from anything else in the play, the boundless empire of her caprice, the incalculable instability of her shifting moods, and how natural to her, how entirely instinctive, is the spirit of change and movement by which, partly, she fascinates her lover. The scene brings out the tiger element in her—the union, which we often find, of cruelty with voluptuousness. It shows us, too, that even in the most violent shock of real emotion she never quite loses the consciousness of self—that she *cannot* be quite simple. Even at the moment when the blow strikes her—the news of the marriage with Octavia—she has still the posing instinct: "I am pale, Charmian!" Then what a world of meaning—how subtle a touch of insight into the secrets of the hearts of women—there is in that avowal:

> In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
> . . . . . .
> I am paid for 't now.

But when at last, exhausted by the violence of her uncontrollable and battling emotions, she surprises us by those little low words, so full of real pathos—

> Pity me, Charmian,
> But do not speak to me—

one becomes aware of how deeply the blow has struck, how much there is in her to feel such a blow. Certainly, in this as in everything, she can never be quite simple. There is wounded vanity as well as wounded love in her cry. But the superb and deadly creature asks for pity! One can refuse her nothing, not even that.

It is significant of the magic charm of the "queen, whom everything becomes," and of

the magic of Shakespeare's art, that she fascinates us even in her weakness, dominating derision, and winning an extorted admiration from the very borders of contempt. In the scene which follows the flight from Actium Shakespeare puts forth his full power. There are few more effective groupings than this of Cleopatra sitting silent over against Antony, neither daring to approach the other: he, crushed into an unspeakable shame which can never be comforted; she, incapable of shame, but seeing it in the eyes of Antony, and conscious that she has done him a deed which can never be forgiven. She is here, as ever, cunning. Excuses *must* be useless, and she attempts none—none but the faintest murmur:

> I little thought
> You would have follow'd!

It is a mere broken sob of "Pardon, pardon!" The tears are at hand, tears being with her the last weapon of all her armoury. They cannot but conquer, and the lover, who has given the world for love, says, not without the saddest of irony, as he takes her kiss: "Even this repays me."

It is in the recoil from a reconciliation felt to be ignoble that Antony bursts out into such coarse and furious abuse—the first really angry reproaches he has addressed to her—at the mere sight of Cæsar's messenger kissing her hand. Despair and self-reproach have pricked him into a state of smarting sensitiveness. One sees that, as Enobarbus says, "valour preys on reason"—he is "frighted out of fear." Well may Cæsar exclaim, "Poor Antony!" Is there really a cause for his suspicion of Cleopatra? did she really betray him to Cæsar? Plutarch is silent, and Shakespeare seems intentionally to leave it a little vague. But I think the suspicion wrongs her. Merely on the ground of worldly prudence she had more to hope from Antony than from Cæsar. And there is nothing in all she says to Antony which comes with a more genuine sound than that reproachful question: "Not know me yet?" and then, "Ah, dear, if I be so!"

I have said that Cleopatra has the instinct of posing. But in Antony, too, there is almost always something showy—an element of somewhat theatrical sentiment. Now, preparing for his last battle, and really moved himself, he cannot help posturing a little before his servants, exerting himself to win their tears. It is not a simple leave-taking; it comes as if prepared beforehand. And next morning how stagily, and yet with a real exhilaration of spirits, does he arm himself and set forth, going forth gallantly, indeed, as Cleopatra says of him. Experience has taught him so little that he thinks even now he may conquer. It has been so much his habit, as it has been Cleopatra's (caught perhaps from her), to believe what he pleases! His treatment of Enobarbus shows him still capable of a generous act—a little ostentatious, as it may perhaps be. And the effect of that generous and forbearing tolerance shows that his fascination has not left him even in his evil fortune. He can still conquer hearts.—And Cleopatra's? His, certainly, is still hers; and when, raging against the woman who has wrought all his miseries, he learns the news of her pretended death, it is with words full of the quiet of despair that he takes the blow which releases him:

> Unarm me, Eros; the long day's task is done,
> And we must sleep.

Love, as it does always when death has freed us from what we had felt to be a burden, returns; and he stabs himself with the sole thought of rejoining her. When, this side of the grave, he does rejoin her, not a syllable of regret or reproach falls from his lips. In the presence of death he becomes gentle: the true sweetness of the man's nature, long poisoned, comes back again at last. Nothing now is left him but his love for Cleopatra—love refined to an oblivious tenderness; that, and the thought that death is upon him, and that he falls not ignobly—

> a Roman by a Roman
> Valiantly vanquish'd.

And so the fourth act ends on the magnificent words of Cleopatra over the dead body of the lord of the world and of her. The thought and the spectacle of death—of such a death—call out in her a far-thoughted reflec-

tion on the blindness of Fate, the general hazard of the world's course, with a vivid sense of the emptiness of all for which one takes thought. Death takes Antony as a mean man is taken; her, too, he leaves unqueened, a mere woman who has lost her lover. Then "all 's but nought," the world is left poor, the light of it gone out; and it is with real sincerity, with a feeling of overwhelming disaster now irretrievably upon her, that she looks to "the briefest end."

In her last days Cleopatra touches a certain elevation: the thought of the death she prepares for herself intoxicates (while it still frights) her reason. It gives her still a triumphant sense of her mastery over even Cæsar, whom she will conquer by eluding; over even Destiny, from which she will escape by the way of death. After all, the keenest incitement to her choice comes from the thought of being led in triumph to Rome—of appearing there, little, and conquered, before Octavia. She has lived a queen; in all her fortunes there has been, as she conceived it, no dishonour. She will die now—she would die a thousand times—rather than live to be a mockery and a scorn in men's mouths. How significant is her ceaseless and panging remembrance of Octavia!—a touch of almost petty spite, the spite of a jealous woman. Petty, too—but, inexhaustible as she is in resources, turned with the frank audacity of genius into a final triumph—is the keeping back of the treasures. But craft is as natural to her as breath. It is by craft that she is to attain her end of dying. The means of that attainment, a poor man bringing death in his basket of figs—the very homeliness of the fact, comes with an added effect of irony in the passing of this imperial creature. She is a woman to the last, and it is in no heroic frame of mind that she commends the easiness of the death by which she is to die. Yet, too, all her greatness gathers itself—her love of Antony (the one thing that had ever been real and steadfast in the deadly quicksand of her mind) her pride and her tenderness, and, at the last, her resolution.

> I 'm fire and air; my other elements
> I give to baser life.

So she dies, undisfigured in death, the signs of death barely perceptible, lying

> As she would catch another Antony
> In her strong toil of grace.

And the play ends with a touch of grave pity over "A pair so famous," cut off after a life so full of glory and of dishonour, and taking with them, in their passing out of it, so much of the warmth and colour of the world.

—A. S.

Phi. Look where they come.—(Act i. 1 10.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated[1] Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office[2] and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges[3] all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. [*Flourish within.*] Look where they come: 10
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple[4] pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Train; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me:[5]—the sum.[6]
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony: 19
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."

[1] *Plated*, armoured.
[2] *Office*, service, duty.
[3] *Reneges*, denies, repudiates.
[4] *Triple*, third.
[5] *Grates me*, it vexes me.
[6] *The sum*, give me the sum, be brief.

Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:—
You must not stay here longer,—your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where 's Fulvia's process?[1] Cæsar's I would say?—both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine 30
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers!
Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd[2] empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet[3]
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony 42
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound[4] the time with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now.—What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd! 51
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we 'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra with their Train.*
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves[5] the common liar,[6] who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Process*, legal summons.
[2] *Rang'd*, well-arranged, orderly.
[3] *To weet*, to wit, to know.
[4] *Confound*, consume, waste.

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!
Alex. Soothsayer,—
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
Alex. Show him your hand. 10

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush! 21

[5] *Approves*, justifies, proves true.
[6] *The common liar*, *i.e.* rumour.

Sooth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd. 22

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: [let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:] find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

[*Sooth.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.—(Act i. 1. 14.)

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names:[1]—prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for[2] a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes. 41

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, tonight, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine. 50

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prithee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

[1] *Have no names*, prove bastards.
[2] *Forgive thee for*, acquit thee of being.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Sooth. I have said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? 60
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! —Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!— O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!
Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!
Char. Amen. 79
Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do 't!
Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.
Char. Not he; the queen.]

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?
Eno. No, lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No, madam.
Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—
Eno. Madam?
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.— Where 's Alexas?
Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches. 90
Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *with a Messenger and Attendants.*

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing[1] their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst?
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller. 99
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.— On:—
Things that are past are done with me.—'T is thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as[2] he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus—
This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended[3] Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; 110
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick[4] minds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing.[5] [Fare thee well awhile.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!
First Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one? 118
Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.]

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[1] *Jointing*, joining. [2] *As*, as if.
[3] *Extended*, seized, got possession of.
[4] *Quick*, living, active. [5] *Earing*, ploughing, tilling.

Enter another Messenger.

[What are you?]

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me. [*Exit Sec. Mess.*

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become 129

The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal[1] an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. 140

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:[2] I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying. 149

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her! 158

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead. 166

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man[3] the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state

Cannot endure my absence. 179

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

The cause of our expedience[4] to the queen,

And get her leave to part. For not alone

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too

Of many our contriving[5] friends in Rome

Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius 190

Hath given the dare to[6] Cæsar, and commands

The empire of the sea: [our slippery people—

Whose love is never link'd to the deserver

Till his deserts are past—begin to throw

Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,

Upon his son; who, high in name and power,

---

[1] *Mortal*, deadly, fatal.

[2] *Upon far poorer moment, i.e.* for less reason.

[3] *Shows to man*, makes them appear to man.

[4] *Expedience*, expedition.

[5] *Contriving*, plotting, active in our behalf.

[6] *Given the dare to*, defied.

Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger:] much is breeding, 199
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:—
I did not[1] send you:—if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him. 10
Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish,[2] forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.
Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.
Ant. What 's the matter?

[1] *I did not,* act as if I did not. [2] *I wish,* I pray.

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news. 20
What says the married woman?—You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 't is I that keep you here,—
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know,—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, 29
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour[3] for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent;[4] none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven:[5] they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use[6] with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: [Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50

[3] *Colour,* pretext. [4] *Bent,* bending, inclination.
[5] *Was a race of heaven,* was of celestial birth.
[6] *In use,* in pledge, in trust.

Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten; 52
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge[1]
By any desperate change:] my more particular,[2]
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?
Ant. She 's dead, my queen: 59
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils[3] she awak'd; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: by the fire 68
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be:—I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You 'll heat my blood: no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.[4] 81
Ant. Now, by my sword,—
Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best:—look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.[5]
Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there 's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion[6] is a very Antony, 90
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye[7] well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in Cæsar's house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know, [*Giving him a letter.*
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract[8] of all faults
That all men follow.
Lep. I must not think there are

[1] *Purge*, take medicine, be cured.
[2] *Particular*, private or personal reason.
[3] *Garboils*, turmoils. [4] *Meetly*, well, becoming.
[5] *The carriage of his chafe*, his angry bearing.
[6] *Oblivion*, forgetfulness. [7] *Eye*, appear.
[8] *Abstract*, epitome.

Evils enow[1] to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd;[2] what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure[3] must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,[4] when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy[5] with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't:[6] but to confound[7] such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'t is to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give[8] him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd[9] by being lack'd. [This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear[10] and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.]

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails.[11] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: [thou didst drink
The stale[12] of horses, and the gilded[13] puddle
Which beasts would cough at:] thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd[14] not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

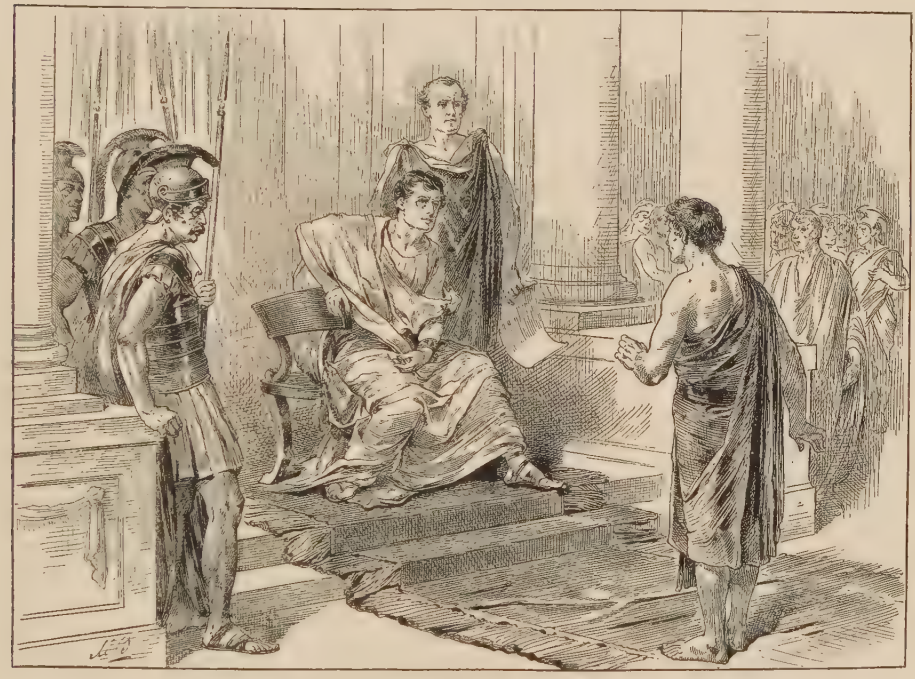
Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 't is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

---

1 *Enow*, enough.
2 *Purchas'd*, acquired.
3 *Composure*, composition.
4 *Soils*, stains, faults.
5 *Vacancy*, leisure.
6 *Call on him for 't*, make him pay for it.
7 *Confound*, waste.
8 *Give*, give out, declare.
9 *Comes dear'd*, becomes dear, or valued.
10 *Ear*, plough.
11 *Wassails*, drinking bouts, revels.
12 *Stale*, urine.
13 *Gilded*, yellow with scum.
14 *Lank'd*, became lank or thin.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front[1] this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

Lep. Farewell, my lord; what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.[2] [*Exeunt.*



Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad.—(Act i. 4. 34-36.)

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.[3]
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 't is treason!
[*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure 9
In aught an eunuch has: 't is well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd,[4] thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

[1] *Front*, face, meet. [2] *For my bond*, as my duty.
[3] *Mandragora*, a soporific plant.

[4] *Unseminar'd*, made an eunuch.

Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.]
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet[1] of men.—He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where 's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me:—now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—[think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time?] Broad-fronted Cæsar, 29
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine[2] hath
With his tinct[3] gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart. 41
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. "Good friend," quoth he,
"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes 51
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but note him:
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes, 60
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?[4]
Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again 71
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Burgonet*, helmet, headpiece.
[2] *Great medicine*, the "grand elixir" of alchemy.
[3] *Tinct*, tincture.
[4] *So thick*, in such quick succession.

ACT II.

[SCENE I. *Messina. A room in Pompey's house.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope 10
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 't is false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20
Salt[1] Cleopatra, soften thy wann'd[2] lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless[3] sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue[4] his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!
Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 't is 30
A space for[5] farther travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope[6]
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant[7] they should square[8] between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know. 49
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon[9] to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rome. A room in the house of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

---

1 *Salt,* wanton. 2 *Wann'd,* faded.
3 *Cloyless,* uncloying.
4 *Prorogue,* linger out, cause to languish.
5 *Space for,* time enough for. 6 *Hope,* expect.
7 *Pregnant,* probable. 8 *Square,* quarrel.
9 *Stands our lives upon* becomes us, if we value our lives.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.
Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.[1]
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

[*Ant.* If we compose[2] well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.]
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: [when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow[3] to the matter.]
Ant. 'T is spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on[4] my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you,[5] practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you,[6] you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: [I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,[7]
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,[8]
Having alike your cause?[9]] Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.
[*Cæs.* You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful[10] eyes attend those wars

1 *Stomaching*, resentment.
2 *Compose*, agree, come to terms.
3 *Curstness grow*, ill-humour be added.
4 *Practise on*, plotted against.
5 *How intend you?* what do you mean by?
6 *Was theme for you*, had you for its subject.
7 *Reports*, reporters.
8 *Stomach*, inclination.
9 *Having alike your cause, i.e. I* having alike your cause.
10 *Graceful*, favouring, approving.

Which fronted[1] mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace[2] easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils,[3] Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.]

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive[4] out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself;[5] which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.[6] Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone[7] you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.[8]

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.[9]

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,

---

[1] *Fronted*, opposed. [2] *Pace*, train, manage.
[3] *Garboils*, turmoils, tantrums. [4] *Missive*, messenger.
[5] *Told him of myself*, told him what condition I had been in. [6] *Without it*, without my honesty.
[7] *Atone*, reconcile.
[8] *Your considerate stone*, *i.e.* I 'll be dumb as a stone.
[9] *Of rashness*, for your rashness.

All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 't is a studied, not a present thought, 140
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,

Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold.—(Act ii. 2. 195-197.

If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so," 144
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
[*Lep.* Happily, amen!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report; 159
At heel of that, defy him.]
Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently[1] be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

[1] *Presently*, immediately.

[*Ant.* Where lies he?
Cæs. About the mount Misenum.]
Ant. What is his strength by land?
Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view, 170
Whither straight I 'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*
[*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—My honourable friend, Agrippa!]
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
[*Mec.* We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested.] You stay'd well by 't in Egypt. 180
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.
Mec. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square[1] to her. 190
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.
Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.
Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made 200
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool, 209
And what they undid did.
Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,[2]
And made their bends adornings:[3] at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office.[4] From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.[5] The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony, 219
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,[6]
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary[7] pays his heart 230
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
[He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.]
Eno. I saw her once

[1] *Square*, just.

[2] *Tended her i' the eyes*, waited upon her looks.
[3] *Made their bends adornings*, made their bowings or obeisance ornamental.
[4] *Yarely frame the office*, deftly perform the duty.
[5] *Wharfs*, banks, shores.
[6] *But for vacancy*, but for causing a vacuum (which Nature is said to *abhor*).
[7] *Ordinary*, dinner.

Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That[1] she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 240
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: [for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.[2]]
Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery[3] to him.
Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest 249
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *The same. A room in Cæsar's house.*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them; and Attendants.*

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square;[4] but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night.
[*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

[1] *That*, so that. [2] *Riggish*, wanton.
[3] *Lottery*, prize.
[4] *Kept my square*, lived a regular life.

Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in my motion,[5] have it not in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.
Ant. Say to me
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,[6]
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But he away, 't is noble.
Ant. Get thee gone: 30
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,[7]
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;[8]
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught;[9] and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.[10] I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

[5] *In my motion*, in my mind, intuitively.
[6] *Thickens*, grows thick or dim.
[7] *Art or hap*, skill or chance.
[8] *Speeds*, is fortunate.
[9] *All to naught*, everything against nothing.
[10] *At odds*, against the odds.

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.—(Act ii. 5. 15-18.)

Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about: 8
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music,—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.
[*Char.* My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon.] I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,[1]—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray 11
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ha! you're caught."
Char. 'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency[2] drew up.
Cleo. That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires[3] and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!—
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony's dead!—if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30
Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour[4]
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes, 40
Not like a formal man.[5]
Mess. Will't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well, 43
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good precedence;[6] fie upon "But yet!"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth 52
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
[*Cleo.* For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.]
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee! [*Strikes him down.*
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleo. Say 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst 69
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with[7] what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

[1] *Angle*, angling-line.
[2] *Fervency*, eagerness.
[3] *Tires*, head-dresses.
[4] *Favour*, face.
[5] *A formal man*, an ordinary man; or, in the form of a man.
[6] *Precedence*, what preceded.
[7] *Boot thee with*, give thee to boot.

Mess. He 's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a knife.*
[*Mess.* Nay, then I 'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself: 75
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!—(Act ii. 5. 61.)

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself 83
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN *and Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90
If thou again say "Yes."
Mess. He 's married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there[1] still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

[1] *Hold there,* stick to that.

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do 100
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of![1]—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em. [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint:—O Iras, Charmian!—'tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him 111
Report the feature[2] of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination,[3] let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars.—[*To Mardian*] Bid you Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian, 118
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

Flourish. Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS *from one side, with drum and trumpet: from the other,* CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall[4] youth
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world, 9
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear[5] us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.
Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of[6] my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us—
For this is from[7] the present—how you take
The offer we have sent you.
[*Cæs.* There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.]
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send

[1] *That art not what thou'rt sure of,* that art not thyself the tidings thou statest so positively.
[2] *Feature,* personal appearance.
[3] *Inclination,* disposition.
[4] *Tall,* stout, gallant.
[5] *Fear,* frighten.
[6] *O'er-count me of,* overreach me concerning, cheat me out of.
[7] *From,* away from, foreign to.

Measures of wheat to Rome; this greed[1] upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted. 39

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That 's our offer.

Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for[2] a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you, 51
That call'd me, timelier[3] than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

[*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written, 59
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do.]

Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part; and let 's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well; 72
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.[4]

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.— 81
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all except Menas and Enobarbus.*

Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known,[5] sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land. 90

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing. 101

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

---

[1] *Greed*, agreed.
[2] *Well studied for*, well disposed or inclined to.
[3] *Timelier*, earlier.
[4] *Toward*, coming, preparing.
[5] *Known*, known each other, been acquainted.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune. 110

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You 've said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?[1] 120

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.[2] 131

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here. 140

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's galley, lying near Misenum.*

[*Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.*

First Serv. Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.[3]

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition,[4] he cries out "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 11

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan[5] I could not heave.

First Serv. To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster[6] the cheeks.]

Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile 20
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison[7] follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You 've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile. 31

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! — A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you 'll be in[8] till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the

[1] *Pray ye, sir?* Pray, do you mean it?
[2] *Conversation,* behaviour.
[3] *Alms-drink,* perhaps = the leavings.
[4] *Pinch one another by the disposition,* try each other by banter.
[5] *Partisan,* halberd, battle-axe.
[6] *Disaster,* disfigure.
[7] *Foison,* plenty, full harvest.
[8] *In, i.e.* "in liquor."

Ptolemies' pyramises[1] are very goodly things;
without contradiction, I have heard that. 41

[*Men.* [*Aside to Pompey*] Pompey, a word.
Pom. [*Aside to Menas*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?
Men. [*Aside to Pompey*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.
Pom. [*Aside to Menas*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!]

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates. 51

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

[*Pom.* [*Aside to Menas*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?]
Men. [*Aside to Pompey*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, 61
Rise from thy stool.
Pom. [*Aside to Menas*] I think thou 'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*
Men. I have ever held my cap off[2] to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords.
Ant. [These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.]
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice. 68
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

[1] *Pyramises*, pyramids.
[2] *Held my cap off*, been servant.

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales,[3] or sky inclips,[4]
Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.
Pom. Show me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on 't! In me 't is villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know, 81
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
Men. [*Aside*] For this,
I 'll never follow thy pall'd[5] fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to Lepidus!
Ant. Bear him ashore.—I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey. 91
Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas!
Men. Enobarbus, welcome!
Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*
Men. Why?
Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?
Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.[6] 100
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,[7] ho!—
Here is to Cæsar!

[3] *Pales*, incloses. [4] *Inclips*, embraces.
[5] *Pall'd*, waning, fading.
[6] *Increase the reels*, make it go the faster.
[7] *Strike the vessels*, broach the casks.

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæs. Possess it,[1] I 'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.
Eno. [*To Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let 's all take hands, 112
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.—

Eno. [*To Antony*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?—(Act ii. 7. 109–111.)

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while I 'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding[2] every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne![3]
In thy fats[4] our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

[*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let 's part;

[1] *Possess it*, be master of it. [2] *Holding*, burden, chorus.
[3] *Pink eyne*, half-shut eyes.

[4] *Fats*, vats.

ANTONY AND [illegible] ATRA
Act III. Scene I. lines 3 4

Ven. ..... Bear the king's son's body
Before our army

You see we have burnt[1] our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost 131
Antick'd[2] us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you on the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir: give 's your hand.
Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But, what? we're friends.
Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.
[*Exeunt all except Enobarbus and Menas.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out! [*A flourish, with drums.*
Eno. Hoo! says 'a.—There 's my cap. 141
Men. Hoo!—Noble captain, come.]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

[SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS *in triumph, with* SILIUS *and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and 10
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,—
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour. 20
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens[3] him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony? 29
Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded[4] out o' the field.
Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste 35
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along! [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] *Burnt,* flushed, reddened. [2] *Antick'd,* made fools of.

[3] *Darkens,* obscures.
[4] *Jaded,* driven like *jades,* or wretched nags.

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*

Enter AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the non-pareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird![1]
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar,"—go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony:
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast,[2] write, sing, number,—hoo!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards,[3] and he their beetle. [*Trumpets within.*] So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band[4]
Shall pass on thy approof.[5]—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,[6] the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April 's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. I 'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. [*Aside to Agrippa*] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] He has a cloud in 's face.
Eno. [*Aside to Agrippa*] He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he being a man.
Agr. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

[1] *Arabian bird*, the phœnix. [2] *Cast*, reckon, compute.
[3] *Shards*, wing-cases of beetle.
[4] *Furthest band*, utmost pledge.
[5] *Approof*, approval, test.
[6] *Curious*, careful, scrupulous.

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept 54
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*Aside to Agrippa*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;[1]
What willingly he did confound[2] he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound within. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I 'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led 12
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.

[1] *Rheum*, cold in the head. [2] *Confound*, destroy.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her! O Isis! 't is impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!— 19
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps,—
Her motion and her station[3] are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.[4]
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He 's very knowing;
I do perceive 't:—there's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow,—
Cleo. Widow!—Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she 's thirty. 31
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There 's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. A proper[5] man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him.[6] Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.

[3] *Station*, standing.
Observance, power of observation.
[5] *Proper*, comely, worthy.
[6] *Harried him*, used him roughly.

Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,[1]
And serving you so long!

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it.—(Act iii. 4. 19–21.)

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian: 48
But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in Antony's house.*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable[2] import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.[3]
Octa. O, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe, 11
Stomach[4] not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks 21
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain[5] your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.
Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be 30
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.
Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults

[1] *Defend*, forbid.

[2] *Semblable*, similar.
[3] *From his teeth*, in words merely, not from the heart.
[4] *Stomach*, resent. [5] *Stain*, compromise, overshadow.

Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost 37
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros!
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eno. What, man?
Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.
Eno. This is old: what is the success?[1]
Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[2] would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine. 13
Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries "Fool Lepidus!" 18
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'T will be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Rome. A room in Cæsar's house.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria: here's the manner of 't:—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd; [at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them.] Unto her
He gave the stablishment[3] of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10
Absolute queen.
Mec. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.
[*Mec.* Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy[4] with his insolence 20
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
Agr. Who does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd:] lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone. 31
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

[1] *Success*, issue, result. [2] *Rivality*, equal partnership.
[3] *Stablishment*, permanent inheritance.
[4] *Queasy*, inclined to be sick, disgusted.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA *with her Train.*

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!
Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause. 41
Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come 50
A market-maid to Rome: and have prevented
The ostentation[1] of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. [Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct[2] 'tween his lust and him.
Octa. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.]
Where is he now?
Octa. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: [he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king 70
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.
Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!
Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led, 80
And we in negligent danger.[3] Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me.] You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady. 90
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
[Only the adulterous Antony, most large[4]
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[5] to a trull,[6]
That noises it[7] against us.
Octa. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,] 97
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Antony's camp, near the promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not
Eno. But why, why, why?

---

[1] *Ostentation*, display, manifestation.
[2] *Obstruct*, obstruction.
[3] *In negligent danger*, in danger from our negligence.
[4] *Large*, free, loose.
[5] *Regiment*, rule, authority.
[6] *Trull*, harlot.
[7] *Noises it*, raises a disturbance.

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke[1] my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounc'd[2] against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
[*Eno.* [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.
Cleo. What is 't you say?]
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony; 11
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome
That Phótinus [an eunuch] and your maids
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium 22
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in[3] Toryne?—You have heard on 't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! what else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to 't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight. 31
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,—
Your mariners are muleters,[4] reapers, people
Ingross'd[5] by swift impress;[6] in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare;[7] yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall[8] you for refusing him at sea, 40
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely[9] to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
Ant. I 'll fight at sea. 49
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power[10] should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We 'll to our ship: 60
Away, my Thetis!

---

1 *Forspoke*, spoken against.
2 *Denounc'd*, declared (that is, the war).
3 *Take in*, capture.
4 *Muleters*, muleteers.
5 *Ingross'd*, got together.
6 *Impress*, impressment.
7 *Yare*, light and fleet.
8 *Fall*, befall.
9 *Merely*, absolutely, entirely.
10 *Power*, forces, army.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well:—away!
[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*
Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
[*Sold.* You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries[1] beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions[2] as
Beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time 's with labour, and throes forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump.[3] [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Carries*, goes, extends.
[2] *Distractions*, detachments.
[3] *Jump*, hazard.

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle;[4] from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land army one way; and* TAURUS, *the lieutenant of* CÆSAR, *with his army, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad,[5] the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What 's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle[6] of the world is lost
With[7] very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd[8] pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred[9] nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
[The breese[10] upon her, like a cow in June,—]
Hoists sails and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

[4] *Battle*, army.
[5] *The Antoniad*, Cleopatra's ship.
[6] *Cantle*, piece, portion.
[7] *With*, through, by.
[8] *Token'd*, marked, spotted.
[9] *Ribaudred*, ribald, lewd.
[10] *Breese*, gad-fly.

Scar. She once being loof'd,[1]
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,[2] 20
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own!
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed. 30
Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'T is easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.
Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
Eno. I 'll yet follow
The wounded chance[3] of Antony, though my reason 36
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and Attendants.*

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't,—
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither:
I am so lated[4] in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
All. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone: 10
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness:[5] take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: 20
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I 'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter CLEOPATRA *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS; EROS *following.*

[*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir? 30
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam, O good empress,—
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[6] and no practice had
In the brave squares[7] of war: yet now—No matter. 40
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied[8] with very shame.
Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!

[1] *Loof'd*, luffed. [2] *Mallard*, drake.
[3] *Wounded chance*, broken fortunes.
[4] *Lated*, belated.
[5] *Loathness*, unwillingness.
[6] *Dealt on lieutenantry*, depended on his lieutenants, fought by proxy.
[7] *Squares*, squadrons. [8] *Unqualitied*, unmanned.

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but[1]
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.]
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd[2] in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful[3] sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon!
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter[4] in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall[5] not a tear, I say; one of them rates[6]
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—[We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—] Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE XII. *Cæsar's camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument[7] that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his[8] grand sea.
Cæs. Be 't so:—declare thine office.
Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires[9] to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle[10] of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Euph. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*
[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 't is time: dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires: add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,[11]

---

1 *But*, unless.
2 *Stroy'd*, destroyed.
3 *Fearful*, frightened.
4 *Palter*, equivocate.
5 *Fall*, let fall, shed.
6 *Rates*, is worth.
7 *Argument*, proof.
8 *His*, its (referring to *morn-dew*).
9 *Requires*, requests permission.
10 *Circle*, crown.
11 *Becomes his flaw*, behaves in his ill fortune.

And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power[1] that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think,[2] and die.
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges[3]
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd[4] his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being

Eno. 'T was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.—(Act iii. 13. 10–12.)

The mered question:[5] 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course[6] your flying flags, 11
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Euph. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know 't.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,

[1] *Power*, bodily organ.
[2] *Think*, despond, give way to discouragement.
[3] *Ranges*, ranks. [4] *Nick'd*, set the mark of folly on.
[5] *Mered question*, sole cause of war.
[6] *Course*, follow.

And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note 21
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons[1] apart,
And answer me declin'd,[2] sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I 'll write it: follow me.
[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*
Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled[3] Cæsar will
Unstate[4] his happiness, and be staged[5] to the show, 30
Against a sworder![6] I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. [That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.]

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose 39
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.[7]
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.
Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats, 53
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.
Cleo. Go on: right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.
Cleo. He 's a god, and knows 60
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
[That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,]
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70
And put yourself under his shrowd,[8]
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What 's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:

[1] *Comparisons*, comparative advantages.
[2] *Declin'd*, fallen.
[3] *High-battled*, commanding great armies.
[4] *Unstate*, divest of state or dignity.
[5] *Staged*, exhibited, put on the stage.
[6] *Sworder*, gladiator. [7] *Square*, contend, quarrel.
[8] *Shrowd*, shelter, protection.

Tell him, from his all-obeying[1] breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
[Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can, 80
No chance may shake it.] Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As[2] it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there!—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried "Ho!" 90
Like boys unto a muss,[3] kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will?"—Have you no ears?
I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack,[4] and whip him.
Eno. [*Aside*] 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!—
Whip him.—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name, 98
Since she was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.
[*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?[5]
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:— 110
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel[6] our eyes;
[In our own filth] drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is 't come to this?
[*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure, 120
Though you can guess what temperance[7] should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?]
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like 129
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare[8] about him.

Re-enter Attendants with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd?
First Att. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. [Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
First Att. He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.]—Get thee back to Cæsar, 139

[1] *All-obeying*, that all obey.
[2] *As*, as if.
[3] *Muss*, scramble.
[4] *Jack*, fellow, rascal.
[5] *Feeders*, parasites.
[6] *Seel*, blind.
[7] *Temperance*, chastity.
[8] *Yare*, prompt, quick.

Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. [If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit[1] me: urge it thou:]
Hence with thy stripes, begone! 152

[*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene[2] moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?[3]

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so 161
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[4] of this pelleted storm,[5]
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too 170
Have knit again, and fleet,[6] threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That 's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd, 178
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice[7] and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I 'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy[8] night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force 190
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* [*all except Enobarbus.*

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge;[9] and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason, 199
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

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[1] *Quit*, requite. [2] *Terrene*, terrestrial.
[3] *Ties his points*, laces his hose.
[4] *Discandying*, melting.
[5] *Pelleted storm*, storm of hail. [6] *Fleet*, float.
[7] *Nice*, dainty, effeminate.
[8] *Gaudy*, festive.
[9] *Estridge*, ostrich.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cæsar's camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as[1] he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony:—let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.
Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot[2] of his distraction:—never anger
Made good guard for itself.
Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles 10
We mean to fight:—within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in.[3] See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt.—(Act iv. 1. 1, 2.)

Shall make it live again. Woo't[4] thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike, and cry "Take all."
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

[1] *As,* as if.
[2] *Make boot,* take advantage.
[3] *Fetch him in,* capture him.
[4] *Woo't,* wouldst, wilt (provincial).

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me well, 12
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] What means this?
Eno. [*Aside to Cleopatra*] 'T is one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
Servants. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. [*Aside to Enobarbus*] What does he mean?
Eno. [*Aside to Cleopatra*] To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period[1] of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master 30
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield[2] you for 't!
Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort,—did desire you 40
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Period*, end. [2] *Yield*, reward.

SCENE III. *The same. Before Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
First Sold. Nothing. What news?
Sec. Sold. Belike 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.
First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.
Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.
[*The first and second go to their posts.*
Fourth Sold. Here we: [*the third and fourth go to their posts*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10
Our landmen will stand up.[3]
Third Sold. 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Music as of hautboys underground.*
Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?
First Sold. List, list!
Sec. Sold. Hark!
First Sold. Music i' the air.
Third Sold. Under the earth.
Fourth Sold. It signs[4] well, does it not?
Third Sold. No.
First Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
Sec. Sold. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
First Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do?
[*They advance to another post.*

[3] *Stand up*, hold their ground. [4] *Signs*, betokens.

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!
Soldiers. [*Speaking together*] How now! How now! do you hear this?
First Sold. Ay; is't not strange?
Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear? 21
First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how 't will give off.[1]
Soldiers. [*Speaking together*] Content. 'T is strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.[2]—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her:—come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir. 10
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't[3] for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight[4] at this than thou: dispatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

[1] *Give off*, give out, end. [2] *Chuck*, chick.
[3] *Daff't*, doff it, take it off. [4] *Tight*, expert, adroit.

Enter a Captain armed.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime, 20
And go to't with delight.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.—(Act iv. 4. 5.)

Capt. A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port[5] expect you.
[*Shout and flourish of trumpets within.*

Enter other Captains and Soldiers.

Sec. Capt. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'T is well blown,[6] lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth

[5] *Port*, gate. [6] *Blown*, referring to the trumpets.

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.[1]— 28
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic[2] compliment; I 'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *Antony's camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound within. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who 's gone this morning?
Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say "I am none of thine."
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe[3]—gentle adieus and greetings;

[1] *Well said*, well done. [2] *Mechanic*, vulgar.
[3] *Subscribe*, sign.

Say that I wish he never find more cause 16
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd[4] world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all except Enobarbus.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and [went to Jewry[5]
On affairs of Antony; there] did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment,[6] but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger 22
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you saf'd[7] the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,

[4] *Three-nook'd*, of three parts or divisions—Europe, Asia, and Africa. [5] *Jewry*, Judea.
[6] *Entertainment*, employment.
[7] *Saf'd*, gave safe-conduct to.

Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony, 31
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[1] my heart:
If swift thought[2] break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.

Eros. They're beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.—(Act iv. 7. 11, 12.)

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

[SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

Alarums. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd[3] ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression[4]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, *and* SCARUS *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had drove them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.[5]
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes:[6] I have yet
Room for six scotches[7] more. 10

1 *Blows*, swells. 2 *Thought*, sorrow.
3 *Engaged*, involved, entangled.
4 *Oppression*, opposition.

5 *An H*, a double gash.
6 *Bench-holes*, privy-holes. 7 *Scotches*, cuts, wounds.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They're beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'T is sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp:—run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.[1]—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as[2] you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip[3] your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment[4] from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—[*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—[*To Cleopatra*] O thou day o' the world,
Chain[5] mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness[6] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing!
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled[7]
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe[8] them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;[9]
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp.*

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court-of-guard:[10] the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd[11] one to's.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
Third Sold. What man is this?
Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,

---

1 *Gests*, exploits.
2 *As*, as if.
3 *Clip*, clasp, embrace.
4 *Congealment*, clotted blood.
5 *Chain*, enclasp.
6 *Proof of harness*, armour of proof.
7 *Carbuncled*, adorned with carbuncles.
8 *Owe*, own.
9 *Tabourines*, drums.
10 *Court-of-guard*, guard-room.
11 *Shrewd*, evil, mischievous.

When men revolted shall upon record 8
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
First Sold. Enobarbus!
Third Sold. Peace!
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge[1] upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;[2] 20
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:[3]
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
[*Sec. Sold.* Let 's speak
To him.
First Sold. Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.
Third Sold. Let 's do so. But he sleeps.
First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
Sec. Sold. Go we to him.
Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?]
First Sold. The hand of death hath raught[4] him. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! the drums
[Demurely[5] wake the sleepers.] Let us bear him
To the court-of-guard: [he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
Third Sold. Come on, then;] 33
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X. *Ground between the two camps.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, [*with Forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they 'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot[6]
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:—let us on,
Where their appointment we may best discover, 8
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

Enter CÆSAR, *with his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still[7] by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.
[*Alarums afar off, as at a sea-fight.*

Re-enter ANTONY.]

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: 10
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd[8] whore! 't is thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,

---

1 *Disponge*, distil, drop.
2 *Particular*, private relation.
3 *Fugitive*, deserter. 4 *Raught*, reached.
5 *Demurely*, with measured beat.
6 *Foot*, infantry.
7 *Be still*, remain quiet.
8 *Triple-turn'd*, *i.e.* thrice faithless.

I have done all:—bid them all fly; begone.
[[*Exit Scarus.*]
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts 20
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
Whose eye beck'd[1] forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet,[2] my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,[3]
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love? 31
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives,[4] for dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*
'T is well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 't were 40
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me:—teach me,
Alcides,[5] thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall 48
Under this plot; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho!
[*Exit.*

[1] *Beck'd*, beckoned. [2] *Crownet*, coronet.
[3] *At fast and loose*, falsely, treacherously.
[4] *Diminutives*, insignificant people.
[5] *Alcides*, Hercules.

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon[6] for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.[7]
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian, 9
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought 9
The rack dislimns,[8] and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is

[6] *Telamon*, Ajax Telamon.
[7] *Emboss'd*, foaming at the mouth.
[8] *The rack dislimns*, the floating cloud effaces.

Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million moe,[1] now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards[2] with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.— 20
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.
Ant. [Hence, saucy eunuch;] peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was, "Antony! most noble Antony!" 30
[Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd[3] life,
Thy name so buried in her.]
Ant. Dead, then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm me, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—[*To Mardian*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off:—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart.[4] O, cleave, my sides! 39
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,[5]
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile. [*Exit Eros.*
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length[6] is torture:—since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther; now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me: 50
Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,[7]
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble-mind 60
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent[8] should come,—which now
Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see 72
Thy master thus with pleach'd[9] arms, bending down
His corrigible[10] neck, his face subdu'd

---

[1] *Moe*, more.
[2] *Pack'd cards*, shuffled the cards unfairly.
[3] *Render'd*, gave up.
[4] *Keep the battery from my heart*, restrain my throbbing heart.
[5] *Continent*, container.
[6] *Length*, continuance of life.
[7] *Troops*, followers
[8] *Exigent*, exigency.
[9] *Pleach'd*, folded.
[10] *Corrigible*, submitting to punishment.

To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat[1]
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?[2]
Eros. I would not see 't.
Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir, pardon me!
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then 81

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not.—(Act iv. 14. 95-97.)

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent[3] services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

[1] *Wheel'd seat*, chariot.
[2] *Ensu'd*, followed after.
[3] *Precedent*, former.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'T is said, man;—and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then [*falls on his sword*]:
—thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me[1]
A nobleness in record: but I will be 99
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard, ho!—O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and Guard.*

First Guard. What 's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
[*Sec. Guard.* The star is fall'n.
First Guard. And time is at his period.[2]]
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
First Guard. Not I.
[*Sec. Guard.* Nor I.] 109
Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me[3] with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where 's Antony?
[*Der.* There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man?] [*Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear 120
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had dispos'd[4] with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd,[5] she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread,[6] too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—call my guard, I prithee.
Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! [The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!] 130

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'T is the last service that I shall command you.
[*First Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!]
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. 140
[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XV. *The same. A monument.*

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?
Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
[Look out o' the other side your monument;]
His guard have brought him thither.

---

[1] *Got upon me,* gained before me.
[2] *Period,* end.
[3] *Enter me,* gain me a place.
[4] *Dispos'd,* come to terms.
[5] *Purg'd,* cured.
[6] *Dread,* fear.

Enter, below, ANTONY, *borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling[1] stand 10
The varying shore o' the world.—O Antony,
{Antony, Antony!—[Help, Charmian; help,
{ Iras, help;—
{Help, friends below!—let's draw him hither.]
Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last 20
I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd[2] with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion,[3] shall acquire no honour
Demuring[4] upon me.—But come, come, Antony,— 29
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. [Here's sport indeed!—How heavy
{ weighs my lord!
{Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
{That makes the weight:] had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw Antony up.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken[5] with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

[*All.* A heavy sight!]
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying: 41
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. —O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar. 50
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't[6] die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
[*Antony dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord! my lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole[7] is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*
[*Char.* O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady,—
Iras. Madam,—]
Char. O madam, madam, madam,—
Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress,—
[*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras!]
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks

[1] *Darkling*, dark. [2] *Brooch'd*, adorned.
[3] *Still conclusion*, calm determination.
[4] *Demuring*, looking demurely.
[5] *Quicken*, revive.
[6] *Woo't*, wouldst, wilt. [7] *Pole*, standard.

And does the meanest chares.[1]—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious[2] gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish,[3] and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80

Cleo. How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight.—(Act iv. 15. 32-34.)

To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out!—[Good sirs, take heart:—]
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,

[1] *Chares*, drudgery. [2] *Injurious*, malignant. [3] *Sottish*, foolish, stupid.

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:—
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women!—come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end. 91

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT V.

[SCENE I. *Cæsar's camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate,[1] tell him he mocks
The pauses[2] that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, *with the sword of Antony.*

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him 10
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,[3]
And citizens to their dens:—the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice, 20
Nor by a hired knife; but that self[4] hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is[5] a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament 29
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this:—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall[6] together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor 42
In top of all design,[7] my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. — Hear me, good friends,—

Enter a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress, 52

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[1] *Frustrate,* frustrated.
[2] *He mocks the pauses,* the delay is but mockery.
[3] *Civil streets,* city streets.
[4] *Self,* same.
[5] *But it is,* if it is not.
[6] *Stall,* dwell, find room.
[7] *In top of all design,* in all high endeavour.

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forc'd to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we 58
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot learn
To be ungentle.
Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life[1] in Rome
Would be eternal[2] in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*] Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
Agr. Mec. &c. Dolabella! 70
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see 76
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,[3]
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,[4]
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt; 9
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What 's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray, you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.[5] I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.
Pro. This I 'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it. 34
Gal. [You see how easily she may be surpris'd:]
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*
[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*
Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

[1] *Life,* living presence.
[2] *Eternal,* a lasting honour.
[3] *Knave,* servant. [4] *The dung,* this vile earth.
[5] *The greatness he has got,* the sovereignty he has gained.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?[1]
[*Pro.* Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by 43
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo.] Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance,[2] lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary, 50
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chástis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius.
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent me for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
[*To Cleopatra*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

[1] *Languish*, lingering disease.
[2] *Temperance*, self-restraint.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*
Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me? 71
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Assuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
[You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I understand not, madam.
Cleo.] I dream'd there was an emperor Antony:—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please ye,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted 80
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid[3] the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As[4] all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery 90
Walk'd crowns and crownets;[5] realms and islands were
As plates[6] dropp'd from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?
Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine

[3] *Bestrid*, bestrode.
[4] *Propertied as*, had the property of.
[5] *Crownets*, coronets. [6] *Plates*, pieces of silver coin.

An Antony, were nature's piece[1] 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never 102
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do[2] feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He 'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't. 110
[*Flourish within.*
Within. Make way there,—Cæsar!

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Seleucus, *and Attendants.*

[*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam.]
[*Cleopatra kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot próject[3] mine own cause so well 121
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:[4]
If you apply yourself to our intents,—
Which towards you are most gentle,—you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking 129
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 't is yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
[*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo.] This is the brief[5] of money, plate, jewels,
I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valu'd;
Not petty things admitted.[6]—Where's Seleucus? 140
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine. 152
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!
Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,—
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, 160
Doing the honour of thy lordliness

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1 *Piece*, masterpiece.
2 *But I do*, if I do not.
3 *Próject*, set forth, state.
4 *Enforce*, lay stress upon.
5 *Brief*, list, summary.
6 *Not petty things admitted*, leaving out trifles.

To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum[1] of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy![2] Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment[3] toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern[4] friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded 170
With[5] one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.—[*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:[6] wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be 't known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits[7] in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd, 180
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose[8] you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*

Cleo. He words[9] me, girls, he words me, that I should not 191
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.[10]

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria 200
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.
[*Exit Dolabella.*
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves, 209
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras:—saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald[11] rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick[12] comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see 219
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy[13] my greatness
[I' the posture of a whore.]

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that 's certain.

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1 *Parcel the sum*, add to the sum. 2 *Envy*, malice.
3 *Immoment*, unimportant. 4 *Modern*, ordinary.
5 *Unfolded with*, exposed by. 6 *Chance*, fortune.
7 *Merits*, deserts. 8 *Dispose*, dispose of.
9 *Words*, flatters with words.

10 *Put it to the haste*, attend to it at once.
11 *Scald*, scurvy. 12 *Quick*, lively.
13 *Boy*, personate (as boys played female parts).

Iras. I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!—
Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—[sirrah] Iras, go.—

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.—(Act v. 2. 266-268.)

Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou'st done this chare,[1] I'll give thee leave 231
To play till doomsday. — Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?
[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*
What poor an[2] instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant;[3] now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter one of the Guard, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid,[5] and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*

[1] *Chare*, task.

[2] *What poor an*, how poor an.
[3] *Marble-constant*, firm as marble.
[4] *Avoid*, depart.

Hast thou the pretty worm[1] of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't? 249

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell. 260

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.
[*Sets down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.[2]

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. 271

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell. 280

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare,[3] good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath:—husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements 292
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic[4] in my lips? Dost fall?
[If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd.] Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. 301

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate[5]
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied![6]

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

[*Char.* O, break! O, break!
Cleo.] As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

Char. In this vile world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows,[7] close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld 320

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[1] *Worm*, snake. [2] *Do his kind*, act out his nature.
[3] *Yare*, promptly. [4] *Aspic*, asp.
[5] *Intrinsicate*, intricate.
[6] *Unpolicied*, senseless, stupid. [7] *Windows*, eyelids.

Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown 's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.
First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—
Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.
First Guard. [Approach, ho! All 's not well:]
Cæsar 's beguil'd.
[*Sec. Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from
Cæsar; call him.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—(Act v. 2. 338-340.)

First Guard. What work is here!]—Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings. 330
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

[*Dol.* How goes it here?
Sec. Guard. All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects[1] in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!]

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd[2] at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—[The manner of their
deaths? 340
I do not see them bleed.

[1] *Touch their effects,* are realized.

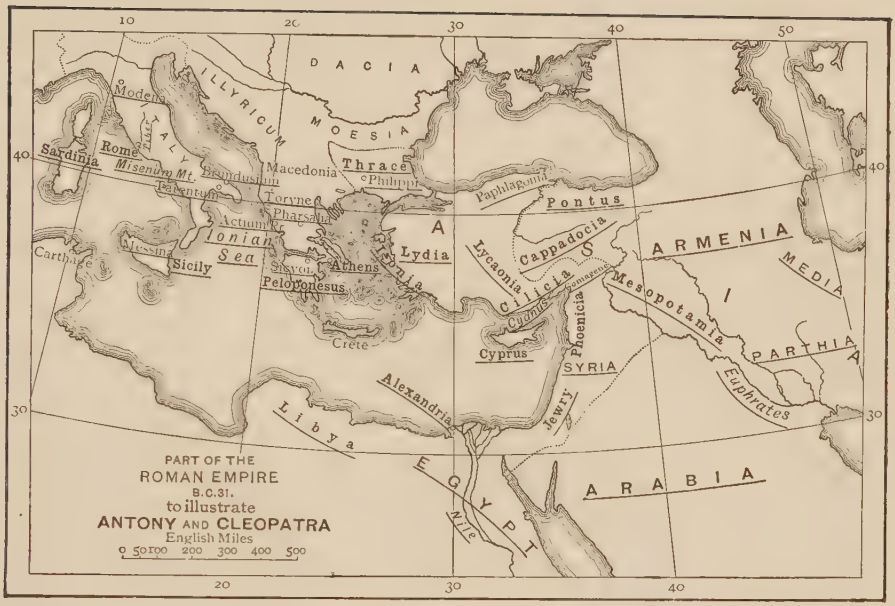
[2] *Levell'd,* guessed.

Dol. Who was last with them?
First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd, then.
First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony 350
In her strong toil[1] of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:[2]
The like is on her arm.

[1] *Toil,* net, snare. [2] *Something blown,* somewhat swollen.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions[3] infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:]—
She shall be buried by her Antony: 361
No grave upon the earth shall clip[4] in it
A pair so famous. [High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented.] Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Pursu'd conclusions,* tried experiments.
[4] *Clip,* inclose.



NOTES TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. MARK ANTONY'S career, up to the battle of Philippi (B.C. 42), has been traced in the notes to Julius Cæsar. He then went to Asia, which had been assigned to him as his share of the Roman world. In Cilicia he met with Cleopatra, whom he followed to Egypt. In B.C. 41 Fulvia, the wife of Antony, and L. Antonius his brother, made war upon Octavianus (Octavius) in Italy; but the contest ended before Antony reached Italy to take part in it. The death of Fulvia facilitated the reconciliation that followed between Octavianus and Antony, which was strengthened by the marriage of the latter with Octavia, sister of the former. After the triumvirs had made peace with Sextus Pompey, Antony returned to his provinces in the East; but in B.C. 37 he again visited Italy, when the triumvirate was renewed for another five years. He then went back to Asia, whence he soon sent Octavia home to her brother, and gave himself up to the thraldom of Cleopatra. After an unsuccessful campaign in Parthia, and a more fortunate one in Armenia, in B.C. 34 he assumed the pomp and state of an eastern despot, with Cleopatra for his queen. Octavianus now saw that the time had come for crushing his rival, and the memorable campaign that culminated in the battle of Actium followed, with the defeat and suicide of Antony in B.C. 30, as described in the play. Many of the details of these closing years of Antony's life, as recorded by Plutarch, will be found in the notes below.

2. OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, like Antony, has already appeared in Julius Cæsar, and the leading events in his life, after the battle of Philippi, have been sufficiently set forth in the preceding sketch of Antony. After the death of the latter he was the undisputed master of the Roman world, but he prudently refrained from assuming kingly power, being satisfied with the title of *pontifex maximus*. In B.C. 27 the senate and the people gave him the title of Augustus to express their veneration for him, and until his death in B.C. 14, at the age of 76, he was virtual emperor

3. M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, after the battle of Philippi, received Africa as his province, and remained there from B.C. 42 till B.C. 36, when Octavius called him to Italy to assist in the war against Sextus Pompey. Lepidus obeyed, but, impatient of his subordinate position, resolved to acquire Sicily for himself. He was soon subdued by Octavius, who deprived him of his office as triumvir and restricted him to Circeii as a residence. He died B.C. 13.

4. SEXTUS POMPEIUS MAGNUS, younger son of Pompey the Great, fought, with his brother Cneius, against Cæsar at Munda, but escaped with his life. After the death of Cæsar he became master of the sea with his fleet, and gained possession of Sicily; but, being defeated by Octa-

vius, he fled to Asia, where he was captured and put to death in B.C. 35.

5. CAIUS CILNIUS MECÆNAS was one of the chief friends of Octavius, and intrusted by him with many important political responsibilities; but in his latter years he became somewhat alienated from the emperor, and retired entirely from public life. His fame rests mainly on his patronage of literature, especially of Virgil and Horace. He died B.C. 8.

6. MARCUS VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA was born in B.C. 63, studied with the young Octavius at Apollonia, and was ever after one of his most devoted friends. He commanded the fleet of Octavius at the battle of Actium. He was thrice consul, and in B.C. 27 built the Pantheon at Rome. In B.C. 21 he married Julia, the daughter of Augustus. He was actively engaged in military commands until his death, B.C. 12. He and Mæcenas are by far the most noted of the persons grouped in the *dramatis personæ* under the heads of "friends to Cæsar," "friends to Antony," &c. Concerning the others the play and the extracts from Plutarch in the notes give all needed information.

7. CLEOPATRA (born B.C. 69) was the eldest daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus, and was therefore of pure Greek blood, not the half-African beauty that poets and other writers have often represented her. She was only seventeen at the death of her father, who made her joint heir of his kingdom with her brother Ptolemy, whom she was to marry. Having been expelled from the throne by her guardians in B.C. 49, she gained by her fascinations the support of Cæsar, who restored her and her brother to sovereignty. She had a son, Cæsarion, by Cæsar, and followed the dictator to Rome, where she probably was at the time of his assassination. Returning to Egypt, she met Antony in B.C. 41, and from that time he was her lover and slave. She was present at the battle of Actium, as in the play, and her flight hastened the defeat of Antony. The brief remainder of her history is given by Shakespeare and by Plutarch, from whose narrative the notes give ample quotations. Her death occurred in B.C. 30, in the thirty-ninth year of her age, and with it the reign of the Ptolemies in Egypt came to an end.

8. OCTAVIA, the sister of Octavius, was first married to C. Marcellus, who was consul in B.C. 50. Her marriage to Antony occurred in B.C. 40. She had three children by Marcellus, one of whom was the young Marcellus so nobly commemorated by Virgil, and two by Antony. She died B.C. 11.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

9. Line 1: *general's.*—F. 1 has *Generals*, the other Folios have *generall* or *general.*

10. Line 6: *tawny front.*—So Tennyson, in the Dream of Fair Women, describes Cleopatra as having "swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes;" but see note 7 above.

11. Line 8: *reneges.*—So F. 4; the earlier Ff. have *reneages.* Coleridge would spell the word *reneagues*, to indicate the pronunciation. It is used by Shakespeare again in Lear, ii. 2. 84 ("*Renege*, affirm"), where the quartos have *Reneag.* Halliwell quotes The Mirror for Magistrates, p. 113:

> Shall I *renege* I made them then?
> Shall I denye my cunning found?

12. Lines 9, 10:

> *And is become the bellows and the fan*
> *To* COOL *a* GIPSY'S *lust.*

Johnson wished to read, "To kindle and to cool a gypsy's lust;" but the *bellows*, like the *fan*, is here employed to *cool.* Malone quotes Spenser, Faerie Queene, ii. 9. 30:

> There added was, by goodly ordinance,
> A huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre
> Continually, and cooling breath inspyre

The word *gipsy* is used here, as it commonly was in Shakespeare's time, in a tone of contemptuous abuse. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 44: "Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra a *gipsy.*" No metaphor, however, as all who know anything of the gipsies know well, could be less exact than that which takes their women as a symbol of lust. They might much more correctly stand as a symbol of chastity.

13. Line 12: *triple.*—For the use of the word here, compare All's Well, ii. 1. 109–112:

> Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
> And of his old experience th' only darling,
> He bade me store up, as a *triple* eye,
> Safer than mine own two, more dear.

14. Line 18: *Grates me.*—The meaning is clear enough; but F. 2 has "Rate me, the summe," and Rowe gives "Rate me the sum." Pope reads, "It grates me. Tell the sum," which, though good as a paraphrase, is equally unjustifiable and unnecessary.

15. Line 19: *hear them.*—Pope thought it necessary to change *them* to *it;* but *news* is both plural and singular in Shakespeare. See, too, in the quotation from North's Plutarch in note 38 below: "very ill *news were* brought him."

16. Line 28: *process.*—Malone (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 168) quotes Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617: "The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *processe*, by which a man is called into the court and no more."

17. Line 34: *rang'd.*—Rowe changes the word to *rais'd;* but it occurs in a similar sense in Coriolanus, iii. 1. 205–207:

> To bring the roof to the foundation,
> And bury all, which yet distinctly *ranges*,
> In heaps and piles of ruin.

18. Line 35: *our* DUNGY EARTH.—The expression is repeated in Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 157: "the whole *dungy earth.*"

19. Line 43: *But stirr'd by Cleopatra.*—It seems best to regard this as taking up and completing what the queen has said: "but inspired by Cleopatra." Johnson, however, explains *but* as "except."

20. Line 44: *the love of Love.*—For the love of Venus. We find *Love* personified as feminine in Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 52:

> Let *Love*, being light, be drowned if she sink.

21. Line 50: WHOSE *every passion.*—So the later Ff.; F. 1 has *who.*

22. Line 53: *To-night we'll wander through the streets.*—Compare North's Plutarch: "But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery: but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chamber-maid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying very gallantly and wisely: 'that Antonius shewed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance: and the Romans a tragical face, to say, a grim look'" (pp. 177, 178).

ACT I. Scene 2.

23. Stage-direction: Enter CHARMIAN, &c.—F. 1 has "*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas;*" but Lamprius, Rannius, and Lucilius do not appear in the scene or indeed in the play. Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 172) suggests that they may have been in it as first written, and their names retained here by an oversight. So in the first stage-direction of Much Ado, as it stands in F. 1, we have "Innogen" introduced as the wife of Leonato, but she takes no part in the play. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 2, parts are assigned for the father and mother of Thisbe and the father of Pyramus in the clowns' interlude, but they are all missing when the performance takes place in act v. Shakespeare is often guilty of such carelessness with regard to the minor details of the action. *Lamprius* (or *Lampryas*), it may be noted, is mentioned by Plutarch. See quotation in note 115 below.

24. Line 5: *must* CHARGE *his horns with garlands.*—F. 1 has *change*, which Theobald corrected at the suggestion of Warburton. *Change* has been retained by some, and explained as "vary, give a different appearance to." But this is a very forced interpretation, and Malone is perfectly right in saying: "I think that the reading originally introduced by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Dr. Warburton, is the true one, because it affords a clear sense; whilst, on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none."

25. Line 23: HEAT MY LIVER *with drinking.*—Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 81:

> And let my *liver* rather *heat* with wine.

In I. Henry IV. ii. 4, when Bardolph asks Prince Hal what the "meteors" of his own red nose "portend," the Prince replies, "*Hot livers* and cold purses;" that is, money wasted in drinking.

26. Line 28: *Herod of Jewry.*—A prominent character in the old mysteries and moral plays, being represented as "a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant." The wish of Charmian, therefore, as Steevens remarks (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 175), is "for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke." Compare iii. 3. 3 below.

27. Line 32: *I love long life better than figs.*—This was a proverbial expression.

28. Line 38: *And* FERTILE *every wish, a million.*—For *fertile* the folios have *foretell* or *foretel.* The correction was suggested by Warburton, and put into the text by Theobald. There can be no doubt of its accuracy.

29. Line 65: *Alexas,—come*, &c.—F. 1 prints this as if it were the speech of Alexas: "*Alexas.* Come, his Fortune," &c. But, as Rolfe notes, the prefix to the speeches of Alexas is, throughout the play, *Alex.* And apart from this, the sense shows very plainly that the speech is Charmian's. The correction was first made by Theobald.

30. Line 84: SAW *you my lord?*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Saue.*

31. Line 96: JOINTING *their force 'gainst Cæsar.*—The verb to *joint* (*i.e.* join) is used by Shakespeare only here and in two passages of Cymbeline, v. 4. 142, and v. 5. 440: "*jointed* to the old stock"—the same words in both passages. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives *Joint*, but renders it by *deartuo*, which means to *disjoint. Injointed* occurs in this sense in Othello, i. 3. 35.

32. Line 105: *Extended Asia from Euphrätes.*—*Asia* is a trisyllable, and *Euphrates* is (according to the custom of the day) accented on the first syllable, as in Drayton's Polyolbion, 21:

> That gliding go in state, like swelling *Euphrates.*

Extended here means "seized upon," as in the legal use of the word *extent.* Shakespeare does not use the verb in this sense elsewhere; *extent* he uses in As You Like It, iii. 1. 17:

> Make an *extent* upon his house and lands

33. Line 109: *Speak to me home.*—That is, directly, without *mincing.* Compare "*strike home,*" and similar phrases.

34. Lines 113–115:

> *O, then we bring forth weeds*
> *When our quick* MINDS *lie still; and our ills told us*
> *Is as our earing.*

The folios have *windes* or *winds*, which Hanmer corrected at the suggestion of Warburton. Knight, Staunton, and Clarke retain *winds*, the last-named explaining it as "a figurative image for the brisk, wholesomely searching winds that make the earth duly fruitful instead of letting it lie stagnant and overgrown with idle weeds; as well as for the wholesomely rough breath of public censure and private candour which prevent the growth of moral weeds, and allow good fruits to spring up." Collier takes *winds* in the provincial sense of "two furrows ploughed by the horses going to one end of the field and back again." See the three pages in the Var. Ed. (xii. 182–185), from which one gathers little in favour of the old reading, which seems simply one of the commonest of misprints. Warburton explains the passage as follows: "While the active principle within us lies immerged in sloth and

luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest" (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 184).

35. Line 117: *From Sicyon,* HO, THE NEWS!—This is Dyce's correction of the Ff., which read *how the newes.*

36. Line 127: *contempt doth.*—F. 1 has *contempts doth,* and F. 2 *contempts do;* but doth was not likely to be misprinted *do,* while the other slip of the type is a common one.

37. Line 129: *by revolution lowering.*—The allusion is probably to the turning of a wheel, perhaps that of Fortune. The turn of the wheel changes pleasure to pain. Warburton fancied it to be a reference to "the sun's diurnal course."

38. Line 130: *she's good, being gone.*—Plutarch gives the following account of Antony's receiving the news of Fulvia's death: "Now Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news, as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates and from Syria unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius with much ado a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phœnicia: but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred sail: and as he went, took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed, that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war: who being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicyon: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and he were the easilier made friends again" (pp. 178, 179).

39. Line 131: *could pluck her back.*—Would willingly call her back to life.

40. Line 141: *Under a compelling occasion.*—Ff. read "a compelling *an* occasion." The correction was made by Rowe.

41. Line 153: *call her winds and waters sighs and tears.*—Dignify her expenditure of air and water by the name of sighs and tears. There is a humour and an irony in the passage which Malone did not appreciate when he proposed to read "her sighs and tears winds and waters," nor when he afterwards treated it as a mere grammatical transposition.

42. Lines 168–172: *When it pleaseth their deities, &c.*—"When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another" (Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 187).

Hanmer changed the text to "they show to man," &c.

43. Line 176: *the tears live in an* ONION *that should water this sorrow.*—This convenient property of the *onion* is alluded to several times by Shakespeare. See iv. 2. 35 of this play: "And I, an ass, am *onion-ey'd;*" and compare All's Well, v. 3. 321:

> Mine eyes smell *onions:* I shall weep anon;

and The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, i. 124–128:

> And if the boy have not a woman's gift
> To rain a shower of commanded tears,
> An *onion* will do well for such a shift,
> Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
> Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

This last quotation is very closely paralleled by an actual case known to me, in which a young man, at the funeral of his betrothed, was seen to pull out his handkerchief, from whose folds an onion rolled to the ground. The poor fellow was the victim of a particularly heartless practical joke, but the story could never be forgotten.

44. Line 182: *your* ABODE.—The word *abode* has now lost this sense of time (abiding, or remaining), and is used only of place. In Shakespeare, however, it occurs several times, as in the Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 21:

> Sweet friends, your patience for my long *abode.*

45. Line 185: *The cause of our* EXPEDIENCE; *i.e.* our expedition. The word is used again in this sense in I. Henry IV. i. 1. 33:

> In forwarding this dear *expedience*

46. Line 186: *And get her* LEAVE *to part.*—This is Pope's correction of the Ff. *loue.* The same misprint, as Malone notes, occurs in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 292, where, in the line:

> He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;

the Ff. have *loues.*

47. Line 191: HATH *given the dare.*—F. 1 prints *Haue.*

48. Lines 199–201:

> *much is breeding,*
> *Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,*
> *And not a serpent's poison.*

According to a popular notion, not yet entirely extinct, a horse-hair becomes a snake if left soaking for a length of time in water.

49. Line 202: *To such whose* PLACE IS *under us, requires.*—So F. 2 corrects the *places* of F. 1.

ACT I. Scene 3.

50. Line 28: *Though you in swearing shake the throned gods.*—Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 136–138:

> Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
> Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
> The immortal gods that hear you.

51. Line 46: *port of Rome.*—This has been explained as "gate of Rome;" but Pompey is approaching by sea, not by land. The reference is, therefore, beyond question to Ostia.

52. Line 55: *And that which most with you should* SAFE *my going.*—The verb to *safe* is used by Shakespeare only here and in iv. 6. 26 below ("best you *saf'd* the bringer").

53. Line 58: *from childishness.*—From being so childish or foolish as to believe you.

54. Lines 60, 61:

> *Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read*
> *The* GARBOILS *she awak'd;* AT THE LAST, BEST.

The word *garboils* (*i.e.* commotions) is used by Shakespeare only in this play, here and in ii. 2. 67. Steevens quotes Heywood, The Rape of Lucrece, v. 6:

> Thou of the Tarquins dost alone survive,
> The head of all these *garboils*

The word is from the Old French *garbouille.* Coles has: "A garboil, *turba, rixa, contentio,*" and Boyer, in his edition of 1729, gives the word *garboil,* but marks it as a low word. The expression *at the last, best* was oddly understood by Steevens as a "conjugal tribute to the memory of Fulvia"! If a conjugal tribute, it is of a queer kind, for Antony evidently means either, "in the last part of the letter is the best news," or "the best thing she ever did was her last act, that is, her leaving me."

55. Lines, 63, 64:

> *Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill*
> *With sorrowful water?*

"Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend" (Johnson). Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, i. 5. 4, 5:

> Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
> *Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*

56. Line 73: *So Antony loves.*—If Antony loves me. Several editors make *so* equivalent to *thus,* referring to the changeableness in her condition. It is not easy to decide between the two interpretations; and the reply of Antony does not help us in settling the question. The former, however, seems to me to give the better sense.

57. Line 80: *You'll heat my blood: no more.*—Ff. read "You'l heat my blood no more?" The correction was made by Rowe.

58. Line 82: *Now, by* MY *sword.*—*My* is omitted in F. 1.

59. Line 84: *this Herculean Roman.*—Antony claimed to be descended from Anton, a son of Hercules. So in iv. 12. 44 of the play he addresses *Alcides* (Hercules) as his *ancestor.*

60. Lines 90, 91:

> *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,*
> *And I am all forgotten.*

I cannot see the obscurity in this which some of the "Variorum" commentators chose to find. *Oblivion* is of course used for "forgetfulness," "an oblivious memory," and *forgotten* with an active signification, perhaps playing also on the passive sense of it.

61. Lines 91–93:

> *But that your royalty*
> *Holds idleness your subject, I should take you*
> *For idleness itself.*

Rolfe very well explains this: "But that your sovereignty can make frivolousness subservient to your purpose, I should take you for frivolousness itself." This seems to me the plain and obvious meaning of the lines.

62. Line 96: *my* BECOMINGS *kill me; i.e.* my own graces are as my deadly enemies. The word *becoming* is used by Shakespeare as a noun only here and in Sonnet cl. 5:

> Whence hast thou this *becoming* of things ill?

63. Line 100: *laurel.*—F. 2 has *lawrell'd,* and that reading, less attractive, is adopted by many editors.

64. Lines 103, 104:

> *That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,*
> *And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.*

Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 198) compares Sidney's Arcadia, which he thinks may have suggested the conceit:

> She went, they staid; or, rightly for'to say,
> She staid with them, they went in thought with her.

He quotes also the Mercator of Plautus: "Si domi sum, foris est animus; sin foris sum, animus domi est."

ACT I. SCENE 4.

65. Line 3: OUR *great* COMPETITOR.—The folios have *One* for *Our.* Hanmer substituted *A,* and Heath and Johnson independently conjectured *Our. Competitor* is used for associate or partner, precisely as *rival* is elsewhere. Compare ii. 7. 76 and v. 1. 42 below.

66. Line 8: VOUCHSAF'D *to think he had partners.*—F. 1 has *vouchsafe,* the later Ff. *did vouchsafe.* The reading in the text is Johnson's.

67. Line 9: *A man who is the* ABSTRACT *of all faults.*—F. 1 reads *abstracts,* which is corrected in the later Ff.

68. Lines 23, 24:

> *yet must Antony*
> *No way excuse his* SOILS.

F. 1, F. 2 read *foyles;* F. 3, F. 4 *Foyls.* The reading in the text, now generally followed, is due to Malone, who rightly says that "there cannot be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation."

69. Lines 24, 25:

> *when we do bear*
> *So great weight in his lightness.*

That is, as Johnson says, "when his trifling levity throws so much burden upon us." Shakespeare's plays upon the word *light* are very frequent.

70. Line 31: *being mature in knowledge.*—Being old enough to know better. Hanmer changed *mature* to *immature,* which is inconsistent with the *experience* and *judgment* that follow. It is not *knowledge* that the boys are weak in, but the moral strength that comes with manhood.

71. Line 39: *discontents.*—For the personal use of the word (in the sense of malcontents) compare I. Henry IV. v. 1. 76: "fickle changelings and poor *discontents.*"

72. Lines 41–44:

> *It hath been taught us from the primal state,*
> *That he which is was wish'd until he were;*
> *And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,*
> *Comes* DEAR'D *by being lack'd.*

Ff., instead of *dear'd*, which is the conjecture of Warburton, adopted by Theobald, have *fear'd*. The emendation seems to leave no doubt of its correctness, though *dear* as a verb is not found elsewhere in Shakespeare. The sense can hardly be other than, "the *ebb'd man*, the man whose fortunes have declined (compare Tempest, ii. 1. 226: "*ebbing men*"), who had never been loved while he was in power, becomes beloved (*dear'd*) as soon as his power is gone and he is found wanting." Compare Coriolanus, iv. 1. 15: "I shall be *lov'd* when I am *lack'd*."

73. Line 46: *lackeying.*—This is Theobald's brilliant emendation of the *lacking* of the folios. Steevens quotes from Chapman's translation of Homer's Odyssey, bk. v.:

> who would willingly
> *Lacky* along so vast a lake of brine?

and from his translation of the Iliad, bk. xxiv.:

> My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lackying* by thy side.

74. Line 52: *Lack blood to think on't.*—Turn pale at the thought of it. *Flush youth* is youth in the full flush of its perfection, or ripening into manhood.

75. Line 56: *When thou once, &c.*—Compare Plutarch: "Cicero, on the other side, being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius: so that in the end he made the senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Cæsar sergeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a Consul or Prætor: and moreover, sent Hircius and Pansa, then Consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two Consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle: but both the Consuls were slain there.

"Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity: and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant shewed he himself. Every man that feeleth want or adversity, knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do: but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and mislike: but rather to the contrary, they yield to their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart, and lack of courage, do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers, to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and moreover it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps, they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before" (p. 167).

76. Line 56: *vassails.*—The folios have *vassailes, vassails*, or *vassals*. The emendation is Pope's, and has been generally adopted, though Henley defended *vassals*.

77. Line 57: *Modena.*—Accented on the second syllable.

78. Line 75: *Assemble* WE *immediate council.*—This is the correction of F. 2; F. 1 has *me*, which could hardly have been said by Cæsar before Lepidus.

ACT I. Scene 5.

79. Line 4: *drink mandragora.*—Compare Othello, iii. 3. 330–333:

> Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Steevens quotes Webster, Duchess of Malfy, iv. 2:

> Come, violent death,
> Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep.

Nares in his glossary quotes Lyte's translation of Dodœus, ed. 1578, p. 438: "It is most dangerous to receive into the body the juyce of the roote of this herbe, for if one take never so little more in quantitie, than the just proportion which he ought to take, it killeth the body. The leaves and fruit be also dangerous, for they cause deadly sleepe, and peevish drowsiness, like opium."

80. Line 11: *unseminar'd.*—Deprived of virility; a word not found elsewhere, and probably coined by Shakespeare for the occasion.

81. Line 23: *the demi-Atlas of this earth.*—Alluding to the fact of Atlas bearing the globe on his shoulders. Compare III. Henry VI. v. 1. 36: "Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight."

82. Line 24: *burgonet.*—See II. Henry VI. v. 1. 200, and note 326 on that play.

83. Line 33: ANCHOR *his aspect.*—We have the same metaphor in connection with the eyes in Sonnet cxxxvii. 5, 6:

> If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
> Be *anchor'd* in the bay where all men ride.

84. Lines 36, 37:

> *Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath*
> *With his tinct gilded thee.*

Allusions to alchemy, which was then universally believed in, are frequent in Shakespeare. Compare, for example, All's Well, v. 3. 101–104:

> Plutus himself,
> That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
> Hath not in nature's mystery more science
> Than I have in this ring.

Steevens quotes Chapman's Shadow of Night, 1594:

> O then, thou great elixir of all treasures;

and the note to it: "The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the great elixir."

85. Line 48: *And soberly did mount an* ARM-GAUNT *steed.*—The word *arm-gaunt* (Ff. *arme-gaunt*) is one of the insoluble mysteries of Shakespeare's text. Various plausible emendations have been suggested, of which the best are *arrogant* (printed by Singer, on the suggestion of Boaden), *termagant* (Steevens, after Malone's conjecture), and *rampaunt*, the conjecture of Lettsom. Of these, *arrogant* is by far the most likely to have been misprinted *arm-gaunt*, and if any emendation be necessary, this is the one I should be inclined to adopt. But I cannot be sure that the original word is really a mere misprint. It has a very interesting look about it—a Shakespearean

look—though I cannot pretend to say with any certainty what it means. Dr. Ingleby (The Still Lion, pp. 36, 37) says: "*Arm-gaunt* is assuredly a misprint; for if such a word was ever applied to a horse in the sense of *gaunt in the forequarters*, such a horse would be in Shakespeare's phrase, *shoulder-shotten:* and most certainly Antony's high-bred charger could not have been that." Halliwell, however, in his dictionary defends the reading of the Ff., explaining it as "lean, thin, very thin," adding: "Shakespeare uses *arm-gaunt*, as thin as an arm, in the same way that Chaucer writes *arm-gret*, as thick as a man's arm:

> A wreth of gold *arm-gret*, of huge weight,
> Upon his hed sate ful of stones bright.
> —Canterbury Tales, 2147."

This explanation does not seem to be consistent with the obvious meaning of the whole passage: why should Antony be represented as mounting such a beggarly steed? Nares, in his Glossary, says with more reason: "Some will have it *lean-shouldered*, some *lean with poverty*, others *slender as one's arm;* but it seems to me that Warburton, though he failed in his proof, gave the interpretation best suited to the text, *worn by military service*. This implies the military activity of the master; all the rest of the senses are reproachful, and are therefore inconsistent with the speech which is made to display the gallantry of a lover to his mistress." Schmidt's suggestion, in his Lexicon, would fit the sense admirably if it could be accepted as a probable interpretation of the word itself, which it is not quite easy to do. "There is in Old English," he says, "another '*gaunt*,' the German *ganz*, signifying whole, healthful, lusty, and *arm-gaunt* may mean completely armed, harnessed, or rather: lusty in arms, full of life and martial spirits."

86. Line 50: *dumb'd.*—The Folio reading is *dumbe* or *dumb*. The correction is Theobald's. For *beastly* the Collier MS. has *boastfully*.

87. Line 74: *cold in blood.*—The Folios join these words to the preceding; but Warburton's pointing, as in the text, is adopted by the great majority of editors.

88. Line 78: *unpeople Egypt.*—"By sending out messengers," as Johnson explains it.

ACT II. Scene 1.

89. Line 10: *My powers are crescent.*—Theobald reads *My power 's a crescent*, on account of the following *it;* but Shakespeare is careless in these little grammatical points. Pronouns are often singular when their antecedents are plural. Compare, for instance, Timon of Athens, iii. 6. 101:

> Who, stuck and spangled with your *flatteries*,
> Washes *it* off.

90 Lines 20, 21:

> *But all the charms of love,*
> *Salt Cleopatra, soften thy* WANN'D *lip.*

Ff. print *wand*, which is usually given in modern editions as *wan'd* or *waned*. I think the word is rather, as Steevens suggested, a contraction of *wann'd; i.e.* made wan, become faded. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 580:

> That, from her working, all his visage *wann'd*.

A lip may be said to become *wan*, but it can hardly, with any appropriateness, be said to *wane*.

91. Line 24: *Epicúrean.*—Accented on the third syllable, according to the pronunciation of the time, as shown by other examples of the word in verse.

92. Lines 26, 27:

> *That sleep and feeding may* PROROGUE *his honour*
> *Even till a* LETHE'D *dulness!*

Prorogue is used here for "draw out, linger out, keep in a languishing state" (Schmidt), as again in Pericles, v. 1. 24–26:

> A man who for this three months hath not spoken
> To any one, nor taken sustenance
> But to *prorogue* his grief.

Lethe'd is printed in Ff. *Lethied*.

93. Line 37: *Egypt's widow.*—Cleopatra had been married to her brother Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned. See note 7.

94. Lines 38, 39:

> *I cannot* HOPE
> *Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.*

Boswell says (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 218) that *hope* in the sense of *expect* was regarded as a blunder in the Elizabethan age, and cites Puttenham, Arte of English Poesie: "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth, which Tanner having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, said thus with a certaine rude repentance: I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow! For [I feare me] I shall be hanged, whereat the king laughed agood, not only to see the Tanners vaine feare, but also to heare his ill-shapen terme."

95. Line 41: *His brother* WARR'D *upon him.*—So F. 2 corrects the *wan'd* of F. 1. Compare ii. 2. 42, 43:

> Your wife and brother
> Made *wars* upon me.

96. Line 45: *pregnant.*—For this use of *pregnant* for probable, compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 325: "O, 't is *pregnant, pregnant!*" The idea is that of something ready to come into existence, about to appear.

ACT II. Scene 2.

97. Line 8: *I would not shave 't to-day.*—Apparently meaning, I would not take even that trouble out of respect for him. Compare note 122 below.

98. Line 9: *stomaching.*—*Stomach* as a verb (meaning "to give way to anger") is used by Shakespeare only here and in iii. 4. 12 below.

99. Line 16:

> *I do not know,*
> *Mecænas.*

This is a part of the conversation which has been going on between Cæsar and Mecænas before they enter.

100. Line 25: *Nor curstness grow to the matter.*—"Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *subject* of our difference" (Johnson). On this part of the dialogue, as well as on what follows, compare North's Plutarch (the passage directly follows that quoted in note 38): "For when

Antonius landed in Italy, and that men saw Cæsar asked nothing of him, and that Antonius on the other side laid all the fault and burden on his wife Fulvia; the friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them friends together, and divided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Cæsar, and left Africa unto Lepidus; and made a law, that they three, one after another, should make their friends Consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel, but yet it was to be confirmed with a straighter bond, which fortune ordained thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Accia. It is reported, that he dearly loved his sister Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. For he denied not that he kept Cleopatra, neither did he confess that he had her as his wife: and so with reason he did defend the love he bare unto this Egyptian Cleopatra. Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserveth) she should be a good mean to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So when Cæsar and he had made the match between them, they both went to Rome about this marriage, although it was against the law that a widow should be married within ten months after her husband's death. Howbeit the senate dispensed with the law, and so the marriage proceeded accordingly" (pp. 179, 180).

101. Lines 52, 53:

If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have NOT *to make it with.*

Ff. omit *not*, which was inserted by Rowe. The insertion seems necessary to make any real sense, though Clarke tries to explain the F. reading by supposing that Antony allows Cæsar "to understand either 'If you desire to pick a quarrel with me, you could find stronger ground for basing it upon than these frivolous causes of complaint,' or 'If you wish to make up the quarrel between us, you have better means of doing so than by ripping up these trivial grievances.'" But this seems a forced interpretation. The meaning appears rather to be the reverse: make trivial things—mere bits and *patches*, as it were—the ground of quarrel. These slight occasions for disagreement are opposed to *matter whole*, or some serious cause for dissension. The dropping of the little negative is no rare slip in the early editions.

102. Line 60: *Could not with* GRACEFUL *eyes attend those wars.*—So Ff. Pope substitutes *grateful*, and the slip is an easy one: I have, in fact, seen that very misprint. But no change is necessary. The expression means: "I could not look on those wars with favour." Steevens compares the similar expression (now obsolete): "I could not look *handsomely* on such or such a proceeding."

103. Line 62: *I would you had her spirit in such another.*—"I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find that, though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter" (Malone in Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 225).

104. Line 64: *You may* PACE *easy.*—Compare Henry VIII. v. 3. 21–24:

those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage.

105. Lines 85–87: *The honour is sacred which he talks on now*, &c.—"The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself" (Malone as above, p. 227).

106. Line 98: *'T is noble spoken.*—The reading of F. 1. *Noble* in F. 2 is changed to *nobly;* but the use of adjectives as adverbs is very common in Elizabethan writers.

107. Line 112: *your considerate stone.*—The figure and the ellipsis are both natural and familiar enough; but several of the editors of the last century attempted to emend the passage by reading "Go to, you considerate ones," "your confederates love," and the like exquisite pieces of absurdity.

108. Line 117: *What* HOOP *should hold us stanch.*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 43: "A *hoop* of gold to bind thy brothers in."

109. Line 122: *Say not so.*—The Folios have *Say not, say*, which Rowe corrected.

110. Lines 123, 124:

If Cleopatra heard you, your REPROOF
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ff. print *proof;* the reading in the text was adopted by Hanmer at the suggestion of Warburton.

111. Line 136: *truths would be tales.*—The metre has been mended in various ways: "be but tales, "then be tales," "be as tales," "be half tales," "be mere tales," "be tales only," &c. Any one of these may possibly be right, and perhaps none of them. If I thought it necessary to admit any emendation I should read "be *but* tales," after Pope.

112. Line 163: *Misenum.*—The promontory in the Bay of Naples, the origin of the name of which Virgil gives in Æneid, vi. 162–235.

113. Line 179: *digested.*—F. 1 has *disgested*, as in Coriolanus, i. 1. 154 and Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 305. This seems to have been an old form of the word, and is recognized by Nares and other lexicographers.

114. Line 183: *Eight wild-boars roasted.*—See extract from Plutarch in next note.

115. Lines 196–231.—For the description that follows, compare Plutarch: "So she furnished herself with a world

of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, howboys, cithernes, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of her self, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture: and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them, were apparelled like the nymphs Nereids (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side: others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience: and there went a rumour in the people's mouths, that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again, he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius therefore, to shew himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her: where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. . . .

"Now Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great wars, and much ado with Cæsar for his affairs, and that the army of the Parthians (the which the king's lieutenants had given to the only leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia, ready to invade Syria; yet (as though all this had nothing touched him) he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra unto Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports (as a man might say) and idle pastimes, the most precious thing a man can spend (as Antiphon saith), and that is, time. For they made an order between them, which they called *Amimetobion* (as much to say, no life comparable and matchable with it), one feasting each other by turns, and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof, I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report, that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things), to shew him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and amongst others eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said: 'Sure you have a great number of guests to supper.' The cook fell a-laughing, and answered him: 'No,' quoth he, 'not many guests, nor above twelve in all: but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight: for Antonius peradventure will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well today, or else hath had some other great matters in hand: and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in'" (pp. 174–176).

116. Line 204: *cloth-of-gold of tissue; i.e.* cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue. Staunton says that the expression is common in the books of the time. It is used by North in the passage quoted in the preceding note.

117. Line 209: *To* GLOW *the delicate cheeks.*—F. 1 has *gloue*, the later Ff. *glove*. Rowe's emendation *glow* is obviously correct.

118. Line 212: *tended her i' the eyes.*—Waited upon her looks. Compare Hamlet, iv. 4. 6: "We shall express our duty *in his eye.*" This is the obvious explanation; but see the next note for another.

119. Line 213: *made their bends adornings.*—No passage in the play has led to more discussion than this, as a reference to the Variorum of 1821 and more recent editions will show. Indeed, so lengthy are the disquisitions in the Variorum that they are shifted to the end of the play, where they fill the whole of pp. 427–432 with most entertaining matter, and even, on the part of Steevens, with some very tolerable fooling, such as the offer to undertake "the expence of providing characteristick tails for any set of mimick Nereides, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adscititious terminations, so 'as to render them a grace instead of a deformity.'" It is Steevens, too, who is on the side of commonsense in his explanations; namely, that "each inclined her person so gracefully that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty." Hanmer changed *adornings* to *adorings*—a very commonplace reading—and Grant White has *their bends, adoring.* Dr. Ingleby (Shakespeare Hermeneutics, p. 119) gives the following interpretation, which is worth quoting as an instance of too ingenious ingenuity: "We read, after Zachary Jackson, '*the* bends' adornings.' Both *eyes* and *bends* were parts of Cleopatra's barge. The *eyes* of a ship are the hawseholes; the *bends* are the wales, or thickest planks in the ship's sides. North has it: 'others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge;' which settles the question as to the meaning of *eyes:* and that once fixed, the other part of the interpretation is inevitable. What could the hardy soldier, Enobarbus, care for the curves of the mermaids' bodies? To us it is obvious that if the girls tended Cleopatra at the eyes, they would, *there*, be the natural ornaments of the bends." Rolfe, commenting upon this, remarks: "This is ingenious, but we cannot

accept it. The reference in North to 'tending the tackle' follows the mention of 'steering the helm;' and the counterpart to it in the play is *the silken tackle*, etc., which occupies the same position in the description. The part of North's account which corresponds to *made their bends adornings* seems to be the statement that the gentlewomen were apparelled 'like the Graces,' and this might suggest a reference to grace in their movements. We believe that in all that has been written on the passage, no one has called attention to the very close paraphrase of North which S. gives: 'Her ladies and *gentlewomen* . . . were apparelled *like the* nymphs *Nereids* (which are the *mermaids* of the waters) and'—after getting so far we have only to seek a parallel for 'like the Graces;' and may we not find it in *made their bends adornings?*—made their very obeisance, as they *tended her*, like that of the Graces waiting on Venus. As to the appropriateness of the description in the mouth of 'the hardy soldier Enobarbus,' is it any more poetical or sentimental than what precedes and follows? If he had an eye for the 'delicate cheeks' and the 'flower-soft hands' and all that, why not for the 'curves of the mermaids' bodies?' Note how fond he is of dwelling on Cleopatra's witchery."

120. Line 214: *tackle.*—Treated as a noun of multitude; hence the plural *swell*. *Swell* appears to refer to the swelling of the sails, which are a part of the *tackle*.

121. Lines 218: *wharfs; i.e.* banks. The word is used again in Hamlet, i. 5. 33: "Lethe *wharf*."

122. Line 229: *barber'd ten times o'er.*—Contrast this with line 8 above.

123. Lines 230, 231:

> *And for his* ORDINARY *pays his heart*
> *For what his eyes eat only.*

Ordinary, in the sense of a meal, or of "a public dinner where each person pays his share," is of such very frequent occurrence in the plays of Shakespeare's contemporaries that one is surprised to find it only twice in his own plays, here and in All's Well, ii. 3. 211. See the quotations in Nares, *s.v.* (who, however, in giving the quotation just referred to from Shakespeare, prints Love's Labour's Lost by a misprint for All's Well).

124. Line 245: *riggish; i.e.* wanton, from *rig*, a strumpet. Neither word occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare, but Steevens in the Variorum Ed. (vol. xii. p. 238) and Nares in his Glossary both give quotations illustrative of the noun. Both words are still given in the current dictionaries.

125. Line 248: *lottery.*—Theobald adopted the *allotery* (allotment) proposed by Warburton; but *lottery* in the sense of *prize* is a simple metonymy.

ACT II. Scene 3.

126. Line 8: *Good night, sir.*—F. 2 gives these words to Octavia; but the reply of Cæsar proves that they are addressed to him.

127. Line 13: *I see it in my* MOTION.—Theobald changed *motion* to *notion;* but the former word is elsewhere used to express mental operations. See, for example, All's Well, iii. 1. 11–14:

> like a common and an outward man,
> That the great figure of a council frames
> By self unable *motion:* therefore dare not
> Say what I think of it.

In that passage Warburton reads *notion* for *motion*.

128. Lines 15, 16:

> *Say to me*
> *Whose fortunes shall rise higher,* &c.

Compare Plutarch: "With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. 'For thy demon,' said he, (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee) 'is afraid of his: and being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other.' Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome" (p. 181).

129. Line 19: *Thy demon,* THAT *thy spirit which keeps thee.*—This is the reading of F. 1, changed in F. 2 and some modern editions to *that's thy spirit*. The latter comes nearer to North's wording, but this is not a sufficient ground for meddling with the original text. Indeed, the reading of F. 1 seems to me much the better of the two.

Demon is explained by the context. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 54–57:

> There is none but he
> Whose being I do fear: and under him
> My Genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
> Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.

130. Line 30: *But he* AWAY, *'t is noble.*—F. 1 has: "But he *alway* 't is Noble," which the later Ff. print: "But he *alway is* noble." The excellent emendation in the text is Pope's.

131. Lines 37, 38:

> *and his* QUAILS *ever*
> *Beat mine,* INHOOP'D, *at odds.*

"The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks" (Johnson). *Inhoop'd* probably refers to the inclosure in which the birds were confined while fighting. Some, however, say that the bird driven out of a *hoop*, or circle drawn on the ground, was regarded as beaten.

ACT II. Scene 4.

132. Line 6: *at the Mount;* that is, at Misenum. F. 1 omits *the*.

133. Line 8: *draw me much about.*—Take me by a very circuitous route.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

134. Lines 1, 2:

Give me some music,—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Compare the opening line of Twelfth Night:

If music be the food of love, play on.

135. Line 3: *let's to* BILLIARDS.—This is of course an anachronism, as no doubt Shakespeare was quite aware. The game was a favourite one in Shakespeare's time. In Notes and Queries, no. 115, p. 183, the following reference to *billiards* occurs, apropos of the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringham: "It would appear that the queen was allowed to play *billiards*, as six yards of material were purchased at Coventry 'For the Q [queen's] *billeyard* boord.' "

136. Line 12: *Tawny*-FINN'D *fishes.*—So Theobald. Ff. read "tawny fine."

137. Lines 15–18: *'Twas merry when,* &c.—Compare Plutarch: "On a time he [Antony] went to angle for fish, and when he could take none, he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen, that when he cast in his line, they should straight dive under the water, and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before: and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing: but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bad them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt-fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing. Cleopatra laughing also, said unto him: 'Leave us, my lord, Egyptians (which dwell in the country of Pharus and Canobus) your angling-rod: this is not thy profession, thou must hunt after conquering of realms and countries" (p. 178).

138. Line 23: *his sword Philippan.*—Named in honour of the battle of Philippi. Theobald says (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 245), and no doubt correctly, that the Romans did not name swords in that way.

139. Line 24: *Ram.*—Hanmer changed this to *Rain,* and Delius conjectures *Cram;* as in Tempest, ii. 1. 106: "You *cram* these words into mine ears." It is quite obvious that no change whatever is necessary. Ritson's objection that "*Ram* is a vulgar word, never used in our author's plays, but once by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the buck-basket," is without force, when applied to a creature such as Cleopatra, who is not squeamish as to the words she uses when excited.

140. Line 26: *Antony's dead!*—F. 1 has *Anthonyo's dead.* The Cambridge editors read *Antonius dead!* which was suggested by Delius. This seems to me both further from the original text and less effective in itself.

141. Line 27: *mistress.*—A trisyllable, like *frustrate* in v. 1. 2 of the present play.

142. Line 30: *lipp'd.*—This word is used again in Othello, iv. 1. 72:

To *lip* a wanton in a sécure couch.

143. Lines 37–39:

if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings!

This is the reading of the Ff.; Rowe, with considerable probability, reads: "*why* so tart a favour?" In the reading as it stands, however, there is an abruptness of emphasis which is striking.

144. Lines 43, 44:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, IS *well,*
Or friends with Cæsar.

Ff. print *'t is well,* which Capell altered at the suggestion of Tyrwhitt. The grammar of the sentence and the reply of the messenger both require the change.

145. Line 44: *captive.*—F. 2 has *captaine* and *Marke* for *Make* in line 49.

146. Lines 50, 51:

I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good PRECEDENCE.

This word occurs in Shakespeare only here and in Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 83, where it is used by Armado in the same sense as here, *i.e.* what has gone before:

No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure *precedence* that hath tofore been sain.

147. Line 96: *Narcissus.*—The beauty of Narcissus, who (see Venus and Adonis, 161, 162)

so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

148. Line 103: *That art not what thou'rt sure of.*—Knight explains the passage thus: "Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee." Clarke says with more reason: "Who art not thyself that fault which thou art so sure has been committed. The messenger has before said, 'I that do bring the news made not the match,' and 'I have made no fault;' and he has so often repeated his assertion that Antony is married, that Cleopatra alludes to it as 'what thou'rt *sure* of.' " Hanmer reads "That say'st but what thou'rt sure of." Grant White has "That art but what thou'rt sure of," and explains thus: "Being merely a messenger, you are to be regarded only according to the tenour of your message." He interprets the preceding line as follows: "O, that (namely Antony's marriage), which is his fault, should make a knave of thee, that art but what thy tidings are"—ingenious, no doubt, but unnecessary. The plain meaning of the phrase is as Clarke has explained it, or, as some one has written on the margin of the London Library copy of the Variorum Ed. now before me: "That art not the unpalateable fact which in so much assurance of its truth thou reportest."

149. Line 104: *merchandise.*—As a noun of multitude it is made to take a plural verb.

150. Line 116: *Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,* &c.—Compare Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy: "Like those double or turning pictures; stand before which you see a fair maid, on the one side an ape, on the other an owl;" and Chapman, All Fools, i. 1:

> But like a cozening picture, which one way
> Shows like a crow, another like a swan.

For the allusion to the optical contrivance called a *perspective,* see Richard II. note 150.

151. Line 117: *The other* WAY'S *a Mars.*—So F. 4; the earlier Ff. have *wayes.*

ACT II. Scene 6.

152. Line 13: *Who at Philippi the good Brutus* GHOSTED. —This verb, coined for the occasion perhaps, is (as Steevens notes) used again by Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1632, p. 22, introd.: "Ask not, with him in the poet, *Larvæ hunc, intemperiæ, insaniæque agitant senem?* What madnesse *ghosts* this old man, but what madness *ghosts* us all?"

153. Line 16: *the all-honour'd.*—F. 1 omits *the,* and in line 19 it has *his* for *is.*

154. Line 27: *Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.*—On this and other parts of this scene, compare Plutarch: "Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pinnaces and other pirates' ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts, that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia, and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea: Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies upon the shore-side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal, that he should send a certain of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him: 'And where shall we sup?' 'There,' said Pompey, and shewed him his admiral galley which had six banks of oars: 'that,' said he, 'is my father's house they have left me.' He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast anchors enow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his ear, said unto him: 'Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides?' Pompey, having paused a while upon it, at length answered him: 'Thou shouldest have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor.' The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily" (p. 180).

155. Line 34: *To try a larger fortune.*—In trying, or if you try, to win more from fortune; referring to the risk of losing instead of gaining.

156. Line 37: *greed.*—Agreed: but not a contraction of *agreed.* F. 1 and F. 2 print the word without the apostrophe. It was used in prose as well as for metrical reasons.

157. Line 39: *Our* TARGES *undinted.*—*Targe* is used again in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 556, and in Cymbeline, v. 5. 5 See note 206 to the former play.

158. Line 48: *am well studied.*—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 205: "Like one *well studied* in a sad ostent," &c.

159. Line 54: THERE IS *a change upon you.*—F. 1, F. 2 read *ther's;* F. 3, F. 4, *there's.* The correction was made by Rowe.

160. Line 67: *I have fair* MEANINGS, *sir.*—Ff. have *meaning,* but that this is a misprint is proved by Antony's reply: "And fair words to *them.*" The change was first made by Malone on the suggestion of Heath.

161. Line 70: *No more* OF *that.*—So F. 3 corrects the earlier Ff., which omit *of.*

162. Line 71: *A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.*—Compare Plutarch, Life of Julius Cæsar: "She, only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a little boat, and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castle. Then having no other mean to come into the court without being known, she laid herself down upon a mattress or flock-bed, which Apollodorus her friend tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his back and brought her thus hampered in this fardle unto Cæsar in at the castle gate. This was the first occasion (as it is reported) that made Cæsar to love her: but afterwards, when he saw her sweet conversation and pleasant entertainment, he fell then in further liking with her, and did reconcile her again unto her brother the king, with condition that they two jointly should reign together" (p. 86).

163. Line 83: SHOW US *the way, sir.*—So Hanmer; Ff. print *shew's.*

164. Line 86: *You and I have known, sir.*—Compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 36: "Sir, we *have known* together in Orleans."

165. Line 103: *whatsoe'er.*—F. 1 has *whatsomere,* the later Ff. as in the text. The same form of the word occurs again in the Ff. Compare All's Well, iii. 5. 54.

ACT II. Scene 7.

166. Stage-direction: Enter two or three Servants, with a BANQUET.—Here *banquet,* as often in Shakespeare's time,

seems to mean a dessert, though Schmidt in his Lexicon gives it under the primary heading. Compare Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 9, 10:

> My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
> After our great good cheer.

Boyer, in his French Dictionary, gives under the heading of *Banquet:* "A Banquet of Sweet-meats, *Une Collation de Confiture.*" Compare Massinger, The City Madam, ii. 1:

> Most of the shops
> Of the best confectioners in London ransacked
> To furnish out a *banquet;*

and Unnatural Combat, iii. 1:

> We'll dine in the great room, but let the music
> And *banquet* be prepared here.

See Nares, *s.v.*, for numerous illustrative quotations.

167. Line 5: *They have made him drink* ALMS-DRINK.—Warburton (who was not likely to know much on the subject) states that this is "a phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him." I am not sure that Schmidt is not more likely to be right in taking the word (which occurs only here) to mean, the leavings; such as barmaids nowadays, it may be added, sometimes serve out to customers who are, like Lepidus, too tipsy to perceive the difference.

168. Line 6: *pinch one another by the disposition.*—Warburton explains this as "touch one another in a sore place;" but it seems more likely to mean, as Clarke interprets it, "try one another by banter."

169. Line 20: *they take the flow o' the Nile, &c.*—This is probably taken from Holland's translation of Pliny (1601), or Pory's translation of Leo's History of Africa (1600), both of which give some account of the process. See Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 263.

170. Line 40: *pyramises.*—The singular *pyramis* was in use when Shakespeare wrote (compare I. Henry VI. i. 6. 21), but the proper plural was *pyramides,* which is used in v. 2. 61 below. The word here is no doubt meant as a drunken slip of the tongue.

171. Line 49: *its own.*—So F. 3; the earlier Ff. have "*it* owne." Shakespeare uses the old possessive *it* fourteen times, and in six of these it occurs in the phrase *it own.* In the only passage in the Authorized Version of the Bible in which *its* appears (Leviticus xxv. 5) the edition of 1611 has "it owne." It seems scarcely necessary, however, to preserve in a modern text what is a mere variation of spelling—such as *disgest* for *digest* (cf. ii. 2. 179 above)—or a really inexpressive survival of an ancient form.

172. Line 79: *All* THEN *is thine.*—Ff. have *there,* which many editors retain, and which Rolfe endeavours to account for by supposing that Menas accompanies the word "with a gesture towards the company they have left." But I cannot see that this gives anything much like sense. It was not Cæsar and Lepidus that Antony wanted to have possession of, and to make Menas speak in such a fashion is tame indeed compared with the reading introduced by Pope: "All *then* is thine." It need scarcely be said that no misprint in the language is commoner than that which arises from a confusion of *then* and *there,* which are often quite indistinguishable when hastily written.

173. Line 98: *The third part,* THEN, IS *drunk.*—Ff. print *then he is,* which was corrected by Rowe.

174. Line 99: *it might go on wheels.*—"The world goes on wheels" was a proverbial expression. Taylor the Water-Poet made it the title of a pamphlet, and the original title of Chapman's All Fools (1605) was The World runs on Wheels.

175. Line 103: *Strike the vessels!*—Some think this means "Strike your cups together;" but the other explanation —"broach the casks"—is favoured by passages like that in Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, v. 10: "Home, Launce, and *strike* a fresh piece of wine." *Vessels* was also used of casks rather than cups; as in Timon of Athens, ii. 2. 186: "If I would broach the *vessels* of my love."

176. Line 106: *And it* GROWS *fouler.*—F. 1 has *grow.* Singer took *And* to be equivalent to *An,* or "if."

177. Line 107: *Possess it.*—The Collier MS. has *Profess,* and Staunton conjectures *Propose.*

178. Lines 118, 119:

> *The* HOLDING *every man shall* BEAR *as loud*
> *As his strong sides can volley.*

Ff. have *beate* and *beat.* Theobald corrected this by *bear,* which leaves scarcely a doubt as to its being the right word. Johnson took *beat* to refer to the accompanying of the chorus by every man "drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause;" but this is really too grotesque. Monck Mason says "to *bear* the burden, or, as it is here called, the *holding* of a song, is the phrase at this day." In reference to *holding,* which does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, Malone quotes a passage from an old pamphlet called The Serving Man's Comfort, 1598: "where a song is to be sung the under-song or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all."

179. Line 121: *pink eyne.*—Johnson in his Dictionary defines *pink eye* as *a small eye,* and refers to this passage. Nares quotes Fleming's Nomenclator: "Ayant fort petits yeux. That hath little eyes; *pink-eyed.*" Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "Pink-eyed, *lucinius, ocella;*" and Boyer, French Dictionary, "Pink eyed, *qui a de petits yeux.*"

180. Line 122: *fats.*—Pope changes the word to *vats;* but *fats* was in common use. It does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, nor is *vats* used by him at all. *Fats* is used twice in the Authorized Version of the Bible, in Joel, ii. 24, and iii. 13; *vats,* not at all. Coles in his Latin Dictionary gives both forms of the word; so does Boyer.

181. Lines 127, 128:

> *Let me request you* OFF: *our graver business*
> *Frowns at this levity.*

Ff. read

> Let me request you *of* our grauer businesse
> Frownes at this leuitie.

The reading in the text was adopted by Rowe in his second edition.

182. Lines 136, 137: *Take heed you fall not, &c.*—F. 1 reads thus:

> *Eno.* Take heed you fall not *Menas:* Ile not on shore,
> No to my Cabin, &c.

The arrangement adopted in the text, now generally followed, is due to Capell.

ACT III. Scene 1.

183.—On the present scene, compare Plutarch: "In the meantime, Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus (Orodes' son, king of Parthia) in a battle fought in the country of Cyrrestica, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria: at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus: and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice together been overcome in several battles. Howbeit Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius' displeasure by it. Notwithstanding, he led his army against them that had rebelled, and conquered them again: amongst whom he besieged Antiochus king of Commagena, who offered him to give a thousand talents to be pardoned his rebellion, and promised ever after to be at Antonius' commandment. But Ventidius made him answer, that he should send unto Antonius; who was not far off, and would not suffer Ventidius to make any peace with Antiochus, to the end that yet this little exploit should pass in his name, and that they should not think he did anything but by his lieutenant Ventidius. The siege grew very long, because they that were in the town, seeing they could not be received upon no reasonable composition, determined valiantly to defend themselves to the last man. Thus Antonius did nothing, and yet received great shame, repenting him much that he took not their first offer. And yet at the last he was glad to make truce with Antiochus, and to take three hundred talents for composition. Thus after he had set order for the state and affairs of Syria, he returned again to Athens: and having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome, to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this present day, a mean man born, and of no noble house or family: who only came to that he attained unto, through Antonius' friendship, the which delivered him happy occasion to achieve great matters. And yet to say truly, he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Cæsar, to wit, that they were always more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves. For Sossius, one of Antonius' lieutenants in Syria, did notable good service: and Canidius, whom he had also left his lieutenant in the borders of Armenia, did conquer it all. So did he also overcome the kings of the Iberians and Albanians, and went on with his conquests unto mount Caucasus. By these conquests the fame of Antonius' power increased more and more, and grew dreadful unto all the barbarous nations" (pp. 182, 183).

184. Line 1: *art thou struck.—Struck*, of course, keeps up the metaphor of *darting:* as Johnson says: "Thou whose darts have often struck others art struck now thyself."

185. Lines 27–29:

> *Thou hast, Ventidius, that*
> *Without the which a soldier, and his sword,*
> *Grants scarce distinction.*

Warburton says: "The sense is this: 'Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.' This was wisdom or knowledge of the world."

ACT III. Scene 2.

186. Line 12: *O thou Arabian bird!*—Compare Cymbeline, i. 6. 17: "She is alone the *Arabian bird.*"

187. Line 16: *figures.*—Ff. have *figure*, but it is evident from the sense and context that Hanmer's correction, given in the text, is right.

188. Line 20: *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*—"They are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish insect* from the ground" (Steevens). Compare Macbeth, iii. 2. 42: "The *shard*-borne beetle," and see note 145 to that play.

189. Line 28: *piece of virtue.*—Compare Tempest, i. 2. 56: "Thy mother was a *piece of virtue.*" Here *piece* may be equivalent to *masterpiece;* or, as Grant White argues, to *woman.* This latter view has been endorsed by the New Shakspere Society after a discussion of White's plea and illustrations.

190. Line 31: *The fortress of it; for better might we.*—This line, so given in Ff., seems metrically imperfect, and Capell inserted *far* before *better*, Hanmer *much.* Either of these may be correct; but might not *fortress* be pronounced much as if it were a trisyllable?

191. Line 32: *this mean.—Mean* is often used by Shakespeare in the singular, though oftener in the plural. Compare iv. 6. 35 below; also Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 89, 90:

> Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean, &c.

192. Line 40: *The elements be kind to thee.*—There is no reason to suppose that this means more than it says on its surface: that Octavia might have a good voyage from Rome to Athens. Some of the Variorium commentators suppose that an allusion is made to the *elements* in their more technical sense (see note 83 to Twelfth Night), but, I think, without reason.

193. Line 43: *The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring.*—We have a different comparison of the "spring of love" to the showery April in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 84–87:

> O, how this spring of love resembleth
> The uncertain glory of an April day,
> Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
> And by and by a cloud takes all away!

194. Line 49: *at full of tide.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has "at *the* full of tide."

195. Line 52: *He were the worse for that were he a horse.*—"A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face* when he has a black or dark-coloured spot between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and, being supposed to indicate an

ill temper, is of course regarded as a blemish" (Steevens, Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 279).

196. Line 59: *I wept too.*—The Folios have *weepe* or *weep.* The correction is Theobald's.

ACT III. Scene 3.

197. Line 3: *Herod of Jewry.*—See note 26 above.

198. Lines 15–17:

Cleo. *Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?*
Mess. *Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.*
Cleo. *That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.*

Shakespeare's fondness for that "excellent thing in woman," a low voice, is often shown, and I think that here, despite what Malone says to the contrary (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 282), Cleopatra means that a low voice is so good a thing in itself that it is "not so good" for *her*, as it denotes a charm in Octavia. The latter part of the line—"he cannot like her long"—is not at all consequent on what has just been said, but expresses the secret anxiety of the woman by her emphasis in uttering it. It would be better perhaps to print it as a separate sentence.

199. Line 24: *a breather.*—This word is used again in Sonnet lxxxi. 12:

When all the *breathers* of this world are dead;

and in As You Like It, iii. 2. 297: "I will chide no *breather* in the world but myself." In Measure for Measure, iv. 4. 31 it occurs in the conventional sense—a "scandal" that "confounds the *breather.*"

200. Line 43: *harried.*—This is the only time Shakespeare uses this word, very common in the literature of his day. Coles explains it by "*Vexo, lacesso,*" and Boyer by "*Harrasser, harceler, fatiguer, tourmenter.*" Malone cites Florio: "Tartassare. To rib-baste, to bang, to tugge, to hale, to *harrie.*"

ACT III. Scene 4.

201.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "But Antonius, notwithstanding, grew to be marvellously offended with Cæsar, upon certain reports that had been brought unto him, and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail. And because those of Brundusium would not receive his army into their haven, he went farther unto Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. Octavia at that time was great with child, and moreover had a second daughter by him, and yet she put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and with all the instance she could possible, intreated them they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunatest creature of all other. 'For now,' said she, 'every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other. And if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid) and that they grow to wars: for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow. But for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still'" (p. 183).

202. Line 9: *he not took't.*—F. 1 has *he not look't,* and F. 2 *he had look't.* The correction is due to Theobald. Rowe has *o'erlook'd,* and the Collier MS. gives *but look'd.*

203 Line 14: *Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock me presently.*—Ff. print:

Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me presently.

Dyce in his second edition inserted *Sure* at the beginning of the second line, a very suspiciously easy emendation. S. Walker conjectured that both lines should be read as one, and this conjecture I have adopted, but he thought it necessary to omit *good.* The line can be read rhythmically without any omission.

204. Line 24: *yours.*—F. 1 has *your.*

205. Line 27: STAIN *your brother.*—Compare Sonnet xxxv. 3:

Clouds and eclipses *stain* both moon and sun.

Dr. Ingleby, The Still Lion, pp. 94–96, has an interesting and admirable note on this passage: "Shakespeare's figurative use of the verb *stain,* whether substantive or verb, is various. The primary notion is that of giving to something a colour from without; this may be a stain of foulness or otherwise, and *stain* may thus mean *pollute, pollution,* or somewhat more generally, *dishonour;* otherwise, *dye, indue* (verb, in Shakespeare's peculiar sense), and therefore *subdue* (verb),—*i.e.* to a particular attribute or quality; and again, *infect, infection,* and finally *compromise.* In another view the substantive *stain* may signify the reverse of *foil,* as in *Venus and Adonis,* st. 2, '*stain* to all nymphs,' *i.e.* casting their charms into the *shade* by comparison with those of Venus. The passage we have in view, in making these remarks, is in *Antony and Cleopatra,* iii. 4. Antony complains to Octavia that her brother has gone to war against Pompey without reason, and without his (Antony's) concurrence; that he has given him (Antony) 'narrow measure' in speaking of him. This touches his honour, and he therefore declares that while his wife goes, as reconciler, between the two triumvirs, he will give Cæsar a strong motive for making overtures of friendship. He says:

the mean time, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall *stain* your brother.

The metaphor, which once seized can never occasion the least perplexity, has misled the critics, who have accordingly attempted to remedy a seeming imperfection, by treating 'stain' as a misprint. Theobald reads *strain;* Boswell proposed *stay,* which Mr. J. P. Collier adopted. Rann has *'stain* for *sustain.* Jackson proposed *stun;* and the Cambridge editors, worst of all, conjecture *slack!* Certainly, had *strain* been in the old text we should have been well satisfied with it. But while regarding that as *facile princeps* among the proposed substitutes, we hold it quite inferior to the word of the folio. *Compromise* would be a dilution of *stain,* in the sense we believe Shakespeare to have intended. Antony's preparation was designed to effect a total change in Cæsar's purposes and plans, in fact to induce and subdue him to the quality of Antony's mind—possibly even to overshadow Cæsar, and impress him with the weight of Antony's personal char-

acter. As it seems to us, we lose a sea of meaning by adopting any of the proposed substitutes. Our bard eschewed, for the most part, weak generalities, and though his word *stain* have a considerable range of meaning, it is preserved from vagueness by its anchorage in the world of sense."

206. Line 30: YOUR *reconciler.*—F. 1 has *you.*

207. Line 38: *Your heart* HAS *mind to.*—F. 1 prints *he's.*

ACT III. SCENE 5.

208. Line 8: *rivality; i.e.* copartnership. The word is not used anywhere else by Shakespeare, but *rivals,* in the same sense, occurs in Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 156, and Hamlet, i. 1. 13 ("The *rivals* of my watch," *i.e.* the partners).

209. Line 14: *Then, world, thou hast,* &c.—The Folios read *Then would thou hadst.* The correction was one of Hanmer's finest guesses. The same result was independently arrived at by Malone.

210. Lines 15, 16:

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other.

"Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them" (Johnson). For *the one the other* the Folios have only *the other.* The correction was suggested by Johnson. Hanmer has *each other.*

ACT III. SCENE 6.

211.—Compare Plutarch: "When Octavia was returned to Rome from Athens, Cæsar commanded her to go out of Antonius' house, and to dwell by herself, because he had abused her. Octavia answered him again, that she would not forsake her husband's house, and that if he had no other occasion to make war with him, she prayed him then to take no thought for her: 'For,' said she, 'it were too shameful a thing, that two so famous captains should bring in civil wars among the Romans, the one for the love of a woman, and the other for the jealousy betwixt one another.' Now as she spake the word, so did she also perform the deed: for she kept still in Antonius' house, as if he had been there, and very honestly and honourably kept his children, not only those she had by him, but the other which her husband had by Fulvia. Furthermore, when Antonius sent any of his men to Rome to sue for any office in the commonwealth, she received them very courteously, and so used herself unto her brother, that she obtained the things she requested. Howbeit thereby, thinking no hurt, she did Antonius great hurt. For her honest love and regard to her husband made every man hate him, when they saw he did so unkindly use so noble a lady: but the greatest cause of their malice unto him was for the division of lands he made among his children in the city of Alexandria. And, to confess a troth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans. For he assembled all the people in the showplace, where young men do exercise themselves, and there, upon a high tribunal silvered, he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria; and at that time also Cæsarion king of the same realms. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander for his portion Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy for his portion Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown after the fashion of the Medes with a high cop-tank hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians do use to wear them: and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet and a broad hat, with a royal band or diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time (but at all other times else when she came abroad) the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects, as a new Isis.

"Octavius Cæsar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius on the other side sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with, were these. First, that having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the ile. Secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war. Thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof, which had been assigned unto him for his part. And last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cæsar answered him again: that for Lepidus, he had indeed deposed him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over cruelly use his authority. And secondly, for the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia. And thirdly, that for his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and captain" (pp. 201–203).

212. Line 10: *Lydia.*—This is the word in North's Plutarch, but the original has *Libya,* which Johnson put into the text.

213. Line 13: *His sons* HE THERE *proclaim'd the* KINGS *of kings.*—The Folios have *hither* instead of *he there.* The correction is Johnson's. In the latter part of the line Rowe corrected the Ff.'s "*King* of Kings."

214. Line 53: *Is often left unlov'd.*—The Collier MS. has *held unlov'd,* and various other emendations have been

proposed; but *left unlov'd* may be only an instance of Shakespeare's carelessness when writing rapidly. The great majority of the editors have retained it.

215. Line 61: *obstruct.*—The Folios have *abstract.* Warburton suggested *obstruct,* and it was adopted into the text by Theobald.

216. Line 69: *Bocchus, the king of Libya, &c.*—For this list of kings see the extract from Plutarch in note 219 below. I have not seen it noted that Shakespeare has given one of the kings twice over, under his proper name and under his title. In line 72 appears the "King of Pont," and two lines below is "Polemon," given as a different person. But we see from Plutarch that Polemon was himself the King of Pont.

217. Lines 80, 81:

Till we perceiv'd both how you were WRONG LED,
And we in negligent danger.

This is the reading of Ff., which some editors forsake in favour of Capell's emendation *wrong'd,* which is very plausible, and may very possibly be right. But as in the Ff. *perceiv'd* is given in the abbreviated form, it does not look to me like a printers' error.

218. Line 88: MAKE THEM *ministers.*—Ff. have *makes his Ministers,* which was corrected by Capell.

ACT III. Scene 7.

219.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons: and that they, that should make war with them, should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bedchamber, that frizzled her hair, and dressed her head) and Charmion, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius' empire.

"Before this war, as it is reported, many signs and wonders fell out. . . . The admiral-galley of Cleopatra was called *Antoniad,* in the which there chanced a marvellous ill sign: swallows had bred under the poop of her ship, and there came others after them that drave away the first, and plucked down their nests.

"Now when all things were ready, and that they drew near to fight, it was found, that Antonius had no less than 500 good ships of war, among which there were many galleys that had eight and ten banks of oars, the which were sumptuously furnished, not so meet for fight as for triumph: an hundred thousand footmen, and 12,000 horsemen; and had with him to aid him these kings and subjects following: Bocchus king of Lybia, Tarcondemus king of high Cilicia, Archelaus king of Cappadocia, Philadelphus king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates king of Comagena, and Adallas king of Thracia. All which were there, every man in person. The residue that were absent, sent their armies: as Polemon king of Pont, Manchus king of Arabia, Herodes king of Jewry; and furthermore Amyntas king of Lycaonia and of the Galatians: and besides all these, he had all the aid the king of Medes sent unto him. Now for Cæsar, he had 250 ships of war, 80,000 footmen, and well near as many horsemen as his enemy Antonius. Antonius for his part had all under his dominion from Armenia and the river of Euphrates, unto the sea Ionium and Illyricum. Octavius Cæsar had also, for his part, all that which was in our hemisphere or half-part of the world, from Illyria unto the ocean sea upon the west: then all from the ocean unto *mare Siculum:* and from Africa, all that which is against Italy, as Gaul and Spain. Furthermore, all, from the province of Cyrenia to Ethiopia, was subject unto Antonius. Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea: though he saw before his eyes, that for lack of water-men his captains did prest by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the field, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys: so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough. But on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery, but they were light of yarage, armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundusium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius, to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy: and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble; and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius on the other side bravely sent him word again and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before. Now whilst Antonius rode at anchor, lying idly in harbour at the head of Actium, in the place where the city of Nicopolis standeth at this present, Cæsar had quickly passed the sea *Ionium,* and taken a place called Toryne, before Antonius understood that he had taken ship" (pp. 206–208).

"So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but three score ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two and twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut: who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said: 'O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer or to be slain on our feet.' Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himself" (p. 210).

220. Line 3: *Thou hast* FORSPOKE *my being in these wars.*—Shakespeare here used *forspoke* in the sense of "spoken against," a meaning in which it was seldom used. When used, it was generally in the sense of bewitching, a sense which is given to the word in both Coles and Boyer. Compare The Witch of Edmonton, ii. 1. 8–13:

> Some call me witch,
> And being ignorant of myself, they go
> About to teach me how to be one; urging
> That my bad tongue—by their bad usage made so—
> *Forspeaks* their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
> Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse.

221. Line 5: *If not denounc'd against us.*—The Folios have *If not, denounc'd, &c.*

222. Line 27: *becom'd.*—Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 406: "He would have well *becom'd* this place."

223. Line 36: *muleters.*—F. 1 has *Militers,* the later Ff. *muliters,* as in North (the original edition; as given above the spelling is modernized). The word is used again in I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 68: "base *muleters* of France."

224. Line 52: *the head of* ACTIUM.—F. 1 has "th' head of *Action;*" the later Ff., "the *heart* of *Actium.*" The obviously correct reading was established by Pope.

225. Lines 69, 70.

> *but his whole action grows*
> *Not in the power on 't.*

Well explained by Malone (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 302): "His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength (namely, his *land force*), but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea." Or as a MS. note in the copy before me has it: "his conduct is not decided by that in which its strength should be most effective—grows not out of what should give it power, be power to it." Johnson thought it meant, "His whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right or by reason."

226. Line 73.—This speech is given in Ff. to *Ven.*, a misprint corrected by Pope.

227. Lines 75, 76:

> *this speed of Cæsar's*
> CARRIES *beyond belief.*

Carries is no doubt, as Steevens suggested, a phrase from archery. Compare II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 52: "a' would have . . . *carried* you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half."

228. Lines 81, 82:

> *With news the time's with labour, and* THROES *forth*
> *Each minute some.*

Compare The Tempest, ii. 1. 230, 231:

> a birth indeed
> Which *throes* thee much to yield—

where *throes* is used in the sense of *tortures,* the primary sense of the word. The word is not used by Shakespeare elsewhere.

ACT III. Scene 8.

229. Line 5: *The* PRESCRIPT *of this scroll; i.e.* the direction. The word (as a noun) does not occur again in Shakespeare except in the Qq. of Hamlet, ii. 2. 142, where Ff. read *precepts.* Boyer, French Dictionary, has "Prescript, *Subst.* (*or* Order) *Ordonnance, Ordre.*" *Prescription* is used in the same general sense of an order in Henry VIII. i. 1. 151.

230. Line 6: *this jump; i.e.* this hazard. The word as a substantive is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare in this sense; as a verb it occurs in three other places. See note 73 to Macbeth.

ACT III. Scene 10.

231.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both: when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yard-masts, and hoising sail to fly. So they fled through the middest of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships. For the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius shewed plainly, that he had not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, that the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not in his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also. For when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and imbarked upon a galley with five banks of oars, to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction" (p. 212).

232. Line 2: *The Antoniad.*—See the extract from Plutarch in note 219 above.

233. Line 6: *The greater* CANTLE *of the world is lost.*—Shakespeare uses *cantle* (a piece) again in I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 100. See note 199 to that play. The word means literally a corner (from Old French *chantel, chanteau*), and it is given in Walker's Dictionary, ed. 1837, with the definition "a piece with corners." Compare Chaucer, Knightes Tale, 2150:

> For nature hath not take his bygynning
> Of no partye ne *cantel* of a thing.
> —Ed. Morris, Clarendon Press, p. 93.

234. Line 9: *the* TOKEN'D *pestilence.*—"The death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*" (Steevens). Compare the play upon the word in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 421–423:

> They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
> These lords are visited; you are not free,
> For the Lord's *tokens* on you do I see.

235. Line 10: *ribaudred.*—This appears to be a derivative of *ribald,* like *ribaudrous* and *ribauldous,* which are found in writers of the time. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives "Ribaldrous, *obscœnus,*" and both he and Boyer give "Ribaldry" or "Ribauldry." The word has been altered to *ribald, ribald-rid,* &c., and *nag* to *hag,* but without any necessity so far as one can see.

236. Line 14: *The* BREESE *upon her, like a cow in June.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 48, 49:

> The herd hath more annoyance by the *breese*
> Than by the tiger.

237. Lines 19–21:

Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting MALLARD,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

Shakespeare alludes in much the same way to the wild-duck in I. Henry IV. ii. 2. 108: "there's no more valour in that Poins than in a *wild-duck;*" and iv. 2. 21: "such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt *wild-duck.*"

238. Line 28: *O,* HE *has given example for our flight.*—F. 1 prints *his.*

ACT III. Scene 11.

239.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "Then Antonius sent unto Canidius, to return with his army into Asia by Macedon. Now for himself, he determined to cross over into Africa, and took one of his carects or hulks loden with gold and silver, and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, commanding them to depart and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart; and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place, until they had made their way and peace with Cæsar" (p. 213).

"But now to return to Antonius again. Canidius himself came to bring him news, that he had lost all his army by land at Actium: on the other side he was advertised also, that Herodes king of Jurie, who had also certain legions and bands with him, was revolted unto Cæsar, and all the other kings in like manner: so that, saving those that were about him, he had none left him. All this notwithstanding did nothing trouble him: and it seemed that he was contented to forgo all his hope, and so to be rid of all his cares and troubles. Thereupon he left his solitary house he had built by the sea, which he called *Timoneon,* and Cleopatra received him into her royal palace. He was no sooner come thither, but he straight set all the city on rioting and banqueting again, and himself to liberality and gifts. He caused the son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra to be enrolled (according to the manner of the Romans) amongst the number of young men; and gave Antyllus, his eldest son he had by Fulvia, the man's gown, the which was a plain gown without gard or embroderie, of purple. For these things, there was kept great feasting, banqueting and dancing in Alexandria many days together" (pp. 216, 217).

240. Line 3: *lated.*—Belated; but not a contraction. Compare Macbeth, iii. 3. 6: "Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace," &c. So *Stroy'd* in 54 below is a complete word, not to be printed *'Stroy'd.*

241. Line 17: *Sweep your way for you.*—Make your way smooth and easy. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 204: "they must *sweep my way.*"

242. Line 18: *loathness; i.e.* reluctance. The word is used again in Cymbeline, i. 1. 108; and Tempest, ii. 1. 130.

243. Lines 19, 20:

let THAT *be left*
Which leaves itself.

So Capell; Ff. have *them.*

244. Line 23: *I have lost command.*—"I have lost all power to command you to go," as Steevens explains it. Johnson took it to mean: "For I am not master of my own emotions;" but the *pray* is in obvious antithesis to *command.*

245. Line 36: *His sword e'en like a dancer.*—Who keeps it in the scabbard at his side while engaged in the dance. Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 32, 33:

no *sword* worn
But one to *dance* with!

See note 65 to that play.

246. Line 39: *Dealt on lieutenantry; i.e.* fought by proxy. Compare iii. 1. 16, 17 above:

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person.

247. Line 47: *death will* SEIZE *her.*—F. 1 has *cease.*

248. Line 52: *How I convey my shame,* &c.—"How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight" (Johnson).

249. Line 58: TOW *me after.*—The Ff. have *stowe,* which Rowe corrected.

250. Line 59: THY *full supremacy.*—Ff. have *The,* which Theobald corrected in his second edition.

251. Line 62: *send humble treaties.*—That is, proposals for a treaty; as in King John, ii. 1. 480, 481:

Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly *treaty* of our threaten'd town?

252. Line 71: *our schoolmaster.*—This was Euphronius, who was the tutor of Antony's children by Cleopatra.

253. Line 73: *within.*—"This word might be fairly ejected, as it has no other force than to derange the metre" (Steevens).

ACT III. Scene 12.

254.—On this scene and the following compare Plutarch: "This notwithstanding, they sent ambassadors unto Octavius Cæsar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. For Alexas Laodicean, who was brought into Antonius' house and favour by means of Timagenes, and afterwards was in greater credit with him than any other Grecian (for that he had ever been one of Cleopatra's ministers to win Antonius, and to overthrow all his good determinations to use his wife Octavia well): him Antonius had sent unto Herodes king of Jurie, hoping still to keep him his friend, that he should not revolt from him. But he remained there, and betrayed Antonius. For where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he persuaded him to turn to Cæsar: and trusting king Herodes, he presumed to come in Cæsar's presence. Howbeit Herodes did him no pleasure, for he was presently taken prisoner, and sent in chains to his own country, and there by Cæsar's commandment put to death. Thus was Alexas, in Antonius' life-time, put to death for

betraying of him. Furthermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests: but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country. Therewithal he sent Thyreus one of his men unto her, a very wise and discreet man: who bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that besides greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour: insomuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well-favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar: and bad him tell him, that he made him angry with him, because he shewed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now specially, when he was easy to be angered, by reason of his present misery. 'To be short, if this mislike thee,' said he, 'thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance.' From henceforth Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For first of all, where she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity, that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence: so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich. Now things passing thus, Agrippa by divers letters sent one after another unto Cæsar, prayed him to return to Rome, because the affairs there did of necessity require his person and presence. Thereupon he did defer the war till the next year following: but when winter was done, he returned again through Syria by the coast of Africa, to make wars against Antonius and his other captains. When the city of Pelusium was taken, there ran a rumour in the city, that Seleucus (by Cleopatra's consent) had surrendered the same. But to clear herself that she did not, Cleopatra brought Seleucus' wife and children unto Antonius, to be revenged of them at his pleasure. Furthermore, Cleopatra had long before made many sumptuous tombs and monuments, as well for excellency of workmanship, as for height and greatness of building, joining hard to the temple of Isis. Thither she caused to be brought all the treasure and precious things she had of the ancient kings her predecessors: as gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon, and besides all that, a marvellous number of torches, faggots, and flax. So Octavius Cæsar, being afraid to lose such a treasure and mass of riches, and that this woman for spite would set it on fire and burn it every whit, he always sent some one or other unto her from him, to put her in good comfort, whilst he in the meantime drew near the city with his army" (pp. 217–219).

255. Line 18: *The* CIRCLE *of the Ptolemies.*—*Circle* is again used for *crown* in King John, v. 1. 1, 2:

> Thus have I yielded up into your hand
> The *circle* of my glory.

256. Lines 28, 29:

> *add more,*
> *From thine invention, offers.*

The meaning is clear, but the arrangement is awkward. Grant White conjectures that we should read as follows:

> What she requires; and in our name add more
> Offers from thine invention;

and Walker suggests:

> and more
> From thine invention offer.

But we are not justified in altering the text in such a case, though we may suspect some corruption.

257. Line 31: *Thyreus.*—The Ff. have *Thidias*, as also in line 73 of the next scene. Theobald corrected the slip.

ACT III. Scene 13.

258. Line 1: THINK, *and die.*—Give way to despondency, and die. Hanmer audaciously changed *Think* to *Drink*, and Tyrwhitt, yet more audaciously, to *Wink;* but there can be no doubt that *think* is here equivalent to *take thought*, as used in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 186, 187:

> If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
> Is to himself,—*take thought and die* for Cæsar.

Thought was often used in this sense of "anxiety, melancholy," &c. Compare iv. 6. 35 below; also Holland, Camden's Ireland: "the old man for very *thought* and grief of heart pined away and died;" and Bacon, Henry VII. (p. 230): "Hawis . . . *dyed with thought* and anguish." See also I. Samuel ix. 5, and Matthew vi. 25.

259. Lines 7, 8:

> *The itch of his affection should not then*
> *Have nick'd his captainship.*

That is, his passion for Cleopatra should not have set the mark of folly on his captainship. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 175:

> His man with scissors *nicks* him like a fool.

See note 132 to that play.

260. Line 10: *The* MERED *question.*—Here *mered* may be equivalent to *mere*, to which Rowe altered it. Some critics take it from *meere*, to divide, and explain it as "limited." *Mooted* and *admired* have been conjectured. I think Abbott is right in suggesting (Shakespearian Grammar, 294) that it is the verb from the adjective "meere" or "mere," which in Elizabethan English means "entire." "Hence, 'he being the *entire* question,' *i.e.* 'Antony, being the sole cause of the battle, ought not to have fled.'"

261. Lines 25, 26:

> *I dare him therefore*
> *To lay his gay* COMPARISONS *apart.*

It is not improbable that Pope was right in regarding this as a misprint for *caparisons;* and this conjecture is perhaps strengthened by a closely parallel passage in Venus and Adonis, 286:

> For rich *caparisons* or trappings *gay.*

But the sense of the word as it stands being so good as it is—"comparative advantages," "what is in his favour, as compared with me"—we are not justified in displacing it.

262. Line 31: *a sworder; i.e.* a gladiator. The word is used also in II. Henry VI. iv. 1. 135:

> A Roman *sworder* and banditto slave.

263. Lines 42, 43:

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly.

Fidelity to fools is nothing but folly. Theobald reads: *Tho' loyalty*, &c.

264. Line 55: *Further than he is* CÆSAR.—F. 1 has *Cæsars.*

265. Lines 71, 72:

And put yourself under his SHROWD,
The universal landlord.

Shrowd (it is as well to preserve the old spelling, so as to avoid confusion) is not used anywhere else in Shakespeare in the sense here evidently intended—shelter, protection. As a verb the word was, and is, quite common. Boyer, French Dictionary, gives "Shrowd, (*or* Shelter) *Couvert, Abri.*" The Cambridge editors mark the line as corrupt, and it is very possible that the Collier MS. was right for once in conjecturing that the words *who is* originally completed the measure. The conjecture, however, is much too uncertain to be admitted into the text.

266. Lines 74, 75:

in DEPUTATION
I kiss his conquering hand.

Ff. print "in *disputation,*" which Steevens faintly attempts to explain by suggesting that the phrase may mean "I own he has the better in the controversy." Such an interpretation seems very forced. Warburton conjectured with great probability *deputation;* it was put into the text by Theobald, and has since been adopted by most editors.

267. Line 91: *Like boys unto a* MUSS.—"A scramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them" (Nares). Compare Ben Jonson, Magnetic Lady, iv. 1:

The moneys rattle not, nor are they thrown
To make a *muss* yet 'mong the gamesome suitors;

and Dryden, prologue to Widow Ranter:

Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there 's a *muss* of more than half the town.

Boyer and Coles both enter it as equivalent to "a scramble."

268. Line 98: *of* SHE *here.*—Only one of many examples of the loose grammar of the time. Compare Othello, iv. 2. 3: "you have seen Cassio and *she* together."

269. Line 103: THIS *Jack of Cæsar's.*—Ff. have *the.* The correction, which seems necessary, was made by Pope.

270 Line 109: *feeders.*—The word apparently means parasite, "one who *feeds* at great men's tables," both here and in Timon of Athens, ii. 2. 166–168:

So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous *feeders.*

Some, however, suppose the word in both cases to mean servant, and Johnson interprets the passage here: "one that waits at the table while others are eating."

271. Line 112: *the wise gods* SEEL *our eyes.*—*Seel* was originally a term in falconry. Nares says: "to *seel* is to close the eyelids partially or entirely, by passing a fine thread through them; this was done to hawks until they became tractable." See Macbeth, note 146.

272. Line 127: *the hill of Basan.*—See Psalms lxviii. 15, and xxii. 12. Putting this reference to the Hebrew Scriptures into the mouth of the profligate Roman is a good illustration of Shakespeare's carelessness in these minor matters. Compare the allusion to "graves i' the holy churchyard" by Menenius in Coriolanus, iii. 3. 51.

273. Lines 145–147:

When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their ORBS, *and shot their fires*
Into the abysm of hell.

Orbs alludes to the crystalline spheres in which they were fixed, according to the Ptolemaic astronomy as accepted in the time of Shakespeare. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 153, 154:

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

274. Line 161: *as it determines.*—As it comes to an end, or dissolves.

275. Line 162: *The next* CÆSARION SMITE!—See iii. 6. 6, and note 7 above. Cleopatra appears to apply the name to Antony's offspring as an indirect compliment; as if she had said, this second Cæsar's son. The Ff. have *Cæsarian smile,* a misprint corrected by Hanmer.

276. Line 165: *discandying.*—The Ff. have *discandering,* which Theobald corrected after the conjecture of Thirlby. *Candy* is used by Shakespeare in the sense of *congeal* (as in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 226:

the cold brook,
Candied with ice),

and *discandy* in the sense of *melt* in the present play, iv. 12. 22 below. Theobald's correction is, therefore, indubitable.

277. Lines 170, 171:

our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and FLEET, *threatening most sea-like.*

Rowe substituted *float* for *fleet,* but the latter was formerly used in the sense of the former. In Coles, Latin Dictionary, *fluctuo* is given as one of its meanings, and *fluctuo* is explained as "to rise in waves, to rock upon the waves." Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. xiv. p. 333) quotes a number of examples for this use of the word; among others, Marlowe, Tamburlaine, Part II. i. 1. 39, 40:

The wandering sailors of proud Italy
Shall meet those Christians, *fleeting* with the tide;

and Edward II. i. 4:

Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me
This isle shall *fleet* upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

Compare also Tamburlaine, Part II. v. 1:

Which makes them *fleet* aloft and gape for air.

278. Line 183: *Let 's have one other* GAUDY NIGHT; *i.e.* a night of feasting. The term is still used at Oxford. "The etymology of the word," says Blount in his Glossographia, "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium,* because (to say truth) they are days of *joy,* as bringing good cheer to the hungry students." We need

not doubt as to which derivation is the correct one. As Nares very justly remarks: "*such* days were held in all times, and did not want a judge to invent them." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Gaudy days, (*or* grand days in colleges and inns of court) *Jours de fête, jours de rejouissance dans les colleges.*"

279. Line 197: *The dove will peck the estridge.*—For *estridge* compare I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 98:

> All plum'd like *estridges* that wing the wind;

and Drayton, Polyolbion: "The Mountfords, all in plumes, like *estridges*, were seen."

280. Line 199: *preys on reason.*—The Ff. have *prayes in reason.* The correction is Rowe's.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

281.—On the first three scenes of this act compare Plutarch: "So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the city, in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen back, fighting with his men even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and headpiece of clean gold: howbeit the man-at-arms, when he had received this rich gift, stole away by night and went to Cæsar. Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him, 'That he had many other ways to die than so.' Then Antonius, seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest, both by sea and land. So being at supper (as it is reported) he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board, that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could: 'For,' said he, 'you know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body.' This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it, 'that he would not lead them to battle, where he thought not rather safely to return with victory, than valiantly to die with honour.' Furthermore, the selfsame night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they use in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs: and it seemed, that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troupe, that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them" (pp. 219, 220).

ACT IV. Scene 2.

282. Line 8: *I'll strike, and cry "Take all."*—"Let the survivor take all. No composition; victory or death" (Johnson). The expression is a gambling one: it was used when a man staked all on the hazard of a throw. Steevens compares Lear, iii. 1. 15: "And bids what will, *take all.*"

283. Lines 26, 27:

> *or if,*
> *A mangled shadow.*

That is, if you see me at all, you will see me but a mangled shadow.

284. Line 33: *And the* GODS YIELD *you for't!*—This was an expression commonly used in returning thanks, more generally in the contracted form *God'ild.* See note 66 to Macbeth.

285. Line 35: *onion-ey'd.*—See note 43 above.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

286. Line 3: *nine iron.*—The Ff. have *thine Iron*, which Malone explains as "the iron which thou hast in thy hand"—an impossible interpretation. The misprint was corrected by Hanmer.

287. Lines 5–8: *Nay, I'll help, &c.*—F. 1, followed by the other Ff., except in little variations of orthography, reads:

> *Cleo.* Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony.*
> What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
> The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
> Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

Capell arranged the passage as in the text, and his arrangement has been generally followed.

288. Line 13: *daff't.*—F. 1 has *daft;* the later Ff. *doft.* The correction is Dyce's.

289. Lines 14, 15:

> *my queen's a squire*
> *More* TIGHT *at this than thou.*

Tight is used here for handy, adroit, as *tightly* in Merry Wives, i. 3. 89:

> Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters *tightly;*

and ii. 3. 67: "He will clapper-claw thee *tightly.*" "*Tight* and trim" is an expression still used.

290. Line 24: *The morn is fair, &c.*—The Ff. give this speech to Alexas, but as he had revolted ere this he could not possibly be the speaker. Rowe made the correction.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

291. Line 1: *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*—The Ff. give this and the two following speeches of the soldier to Eros. It is evident from Antony's reply (as Theobald says, who corrected the misappropriation) that the first line is not spoken by Eros, but by the soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, had advised Antony to fight on land. It is equally obvious that the same speaker carries on the conversation in the next two speeches.

292. Line 18: *Dispatch.—Enobarbus!*—F. 1 has *Dispatch Enobarbus,* which Steevens punctuated as in the text.

F. 2 makes the very unfortunate alteration (which, however, some editors have adopted) "*Dispatch Eros.*" The line as it stands seems to me very expressive and pathetic. "*Dispatch*" is addressed to Eros, telling him to lose no time in what he has to do: the cry of "Enobarbus!" comes at once as a reproach and a regret, and is more expressive than many words, especially as it might be spoken on the stage.

ACT IV. Scene 6.

293. Line 6: *the three-nook'd world.*—Compare King John, v. 7. 116:

> Come the three corners of the world in arms.

294. Line 13: *persuade.*—The Ff. have *disswade*, which Rowe set right. Compare Plutarch, quoted in note 254 above: "For where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *persuaded* him to turn to Cæsar."

295. Line 35: *If swift* THOUGHT *break it not.*—See note 258 above.

ACT IV. Scene 7.

296. Line 5: *droven.*—Shakespeare has not a few of these irregular participial forms; as *becomed, strucken, fretten, sweaten, beated*, &c. Compare *splitted* in v. 1. 24 of the present play.

297. Line 6: *With clouts about their heads.*—With the wounds in their heads bandaged.

298. Line 8: *an H.*—In *H* there is probably a pun upon *ache*, which was then pronounced *aitch*. Cf. Beatrice's joke (Much Ado, iii. 4. 55) when, upon her sighing, Margaret asks, "For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?" and she replies, "For the letter that begins them all, H."

ACT IV. Scene 8.

299. Line 2: *gests.*—The Latin *gesta*, exploits. The Ff. misprint *guests*, corrected by Theobald. The word *gest*, in this sense, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. It was common enough at the time. Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "Gests, *Subst.* (*or* noble acts) *Gestes*, ou *exploits de guerre, belles, grandes, memorables actions;*" and Coles interprets it by *gesta*.

300. Line 16: *triúmphing.*—The accent is on the second syllable, as in I. Henry IV. v. 3. 15; Richard III. iii. 4. 91; &c.

301. Line 17: *O infinite virtue.*—*Virtue* is used here in its primary sense—the Latin *virtus*, valour. For *virtue* in this sense compare Coriolanus, i. 1. 41: "the altitude of his *virtue.*" In the same play, ii. 2. 88, we have the explanation of this meaning, from the Roman point of view; "valour is the chiefest virtue"—hence *virtue* became equivalent to *valour*.

302. Line 23: *Commend unto his lips thy* FAVOURING *hand.*—Ff. misprint *savouring*, which was corrected by Theobald.

303. Line 25: *mankind.*—Shakespeare accents the word regularly on the first syllable (as do other writers of the time), except in Timon of Athens—an interesting point in connection with the discussed authorship of that play.

304. Lines 28, 29:

> *He has deserv'd it, were't it* CARBUNCLED
> *Like holy Phœbus car.*

Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 189, 190:

> had it been a *carbuncle*
> Of Phœbus' wheel.

305. Line 37: *Make mingle with our rattling* TABOURINES.—A *tabourine* was a small drum (Old French *tabourin*). Shakespeare uses the word again in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 275: "Beat loud the *tabourines.*"

ACT IV. Scene 9.

306. Line 29: *raught.*—See note 296 above.

307. Lines 29, 30:

> *Hark! the drums*
> DEMURELY *wake the sleepers.*

Demure is, on the face of it, a singular word to apply to the sound of drums, and many emendations have been suggested. Clarke defends the F. reading well enough in noting how aptly it expresses "the solemnly measured beat, the gravely regulated sound of drums that summon sleeping soldiers to wake and prepare themselves for a second day's fighting after a first that has just been described by the listeners as *a shrewd one to us.*"

ACT IV. Scene 10.

308.—Plutarch says: "The next morning by break of day, he [Antonius] went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city: and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of the enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploits his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men; and then Cæsar's men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one: and then did all together row toward the city" (p. 220).

309. Lines 7–9:

> *They have put forth the haven:*—LET US ON,
> *Where their appointment we may best discover,*
> *And look on their endeavour.*

Ff. print:

> They haue put forth the Hauen:
> Where their appointment we may best discouer,
> And looke on their endeuour.

It is obvious, equally from the metre and the sense, that line 7 is imperfect, and various attempts have been made to fill up the gap. Such attempts must, in the nature of the case, be mere conjectures; but, as something is really required to complete the sense, one feels bound to adopt one or other of them. Of the eleven chronicled in the Cambridge edition, the best, to my ear, seems to be Nicholson's, which I have accordingly adopted. Lyce's reading, "Forward, now," which has been much followed, seems to me too painfully reminiscent of the drill-sergeant, and quite out of keeping, in its peremptoriness, with the tone of the context. Capell's *Hie we on* is better, but not so good as Nicholson's, which, if not Shakespeare, does at least make a line which he very conceivably might have written.

ACT IV. Scene 12.

310. Line 3: *Swallows have built,* &c.—See extract from Plutarch in note 219 above.

311. Line 4: *augurers.*—The Ff. have *Auguries.* The correction is due to Capell.

312 Lines 20, 21:

The hearts
That SPANIEL'D *me at heels.*

The Ff. have *pannelled;* for which Theobald substituted *pantler'd.* The correction in the text is Hanmer's, and admits of no question. *Spaniel* was formerly written, not unfrequently, *spannel,* so that the emendation does no more than add a single letter.

313. Line 22: *discandy.*—See note 276 above.

314. Line 25: *O this false soul of Egypt!*—The word *soul* has been suspected, quite unnecessarily, and *soil, spell,* and *snake* have been conjectured. So *grave*—which is perhaps used in the sense of the Latin *gravis,* which in one its meanings signifies "oppressive, grievous"—has been changed to *gay, great,* and *grand.*

315. Line 28: *at fast and loose.*—Compare King John, iii. 1. 242: "Play *fast and loose* with faith?" and see note on that passage (144).

316. Line 34: *plebeians.*—The accent is on the first syllable, as in Coriolanus, i. 9. 7:

That, with the fusty *plébeians,* hate thine honours.

See also v. 4. 39 of the same play.

317. Lines 36, 37:

most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for DOLTS.

Thirlby conjectured that *dolts* was a misprint for *doits,* and so the passage is generally given in modern editions, even the Cambridge. Warburton says: "As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shows, it is plain, that the words 'for poorest diminutives,' must mean for the least piece of money. We must therefore read the next word:

'— for *doits,*—'

i.e. farthings, which shows what he means by 'poorest diminutives.'" But I fail to see that the sense we get by this change is in any degree better than the natural sense of the passage as it is printed in the Ff. The word *diminutives,* in the only other passage where it occurs in Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 38, means insignificant creatures—"how the poor world is pester'd with such waterflies,—*diminutives* of nature!"—and it seems improbable that Shakespeare would have used it for small coins. Then, as Malone says, Cleopatra would certainly not be shown to the Roman populace for *poor'st diminutives* (if that be taken to mean small coins) but for nothing. Surely, therefore, it is better to accept the passage as it is printed in the Ff., understanding—"be shown like a monster, be made a show, for the meanest and stupidest of the rabble." As Rolfe very well says: "it seems more natural for Antony to emphasize the low character of the spectators than the pettiness of the price charged, if there were any." Indeed, compared with the sense of the passage as I have just given it, the idea of Cleopatra complaining of the smallness of the sum for which she was on exhibition, seems to me rather ludicrous.

318. Line 44: *Alcides, thou mine ancestor.*—See note 59 above.

319. Line 45: *Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon.*—Lichas was the attendant of Hercules, who brought him from Deianira the shirt poisoned with the blood of Nessus, and was hurled by his enraged master into the sea. Compare Ovid, Metamorphoses, bk. ix. (the passage in Golding's version is quoted by Steevens in the Var. Ed. xii. 366, 367). Lichas is referred to again in The Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 32.

320. Line 47: *my worthiest self.*—Myself most deserving of the fate I suffer.

ACT IV. Scene 13.

321.—On this scene and the two next, compare Plutarch: "When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cæsar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them with whom he had made war for her sake. Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which he had caused to be made, and there she locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the meantime sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius believing it, said unto himself: 'What doest thou look for further, Antonius, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life?' When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and being naked, said thus: 'O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman.' Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him, that he should kill him when he did command him: and then he willed him to keep his promise. His man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius: 'O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to myself, which thou couldest not do for me.' Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid: and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to despatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out, tormenting himself: until at last there came a secretary unto him (called Diomedes) who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra

would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed: and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised Antonius up. They that were present to behold said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death: who holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up: but Cleopatra, stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bad her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had bewrayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he earnestly prayed her, and persuaded her, that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour: and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar. And as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days: but rather that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received; considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world; and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman" (pp. 220–222).

322. Lines 1–3:

O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

This alludes, first to Ajax Telamon's contest about the armour of Achilles (the *shield* being the most valuable part) and his subsequent madness; then to the *boar of Thessaly* killed by Meleager after it had long devastated the fields of Calydon. *Emboss'd, i.e.* foaming at the mouth, is used again, in Taming of the Shrew, Induction, 1. 17.

ACT IV. Scene 14.

323. Line 10: *The rack dislimns.*—For *rack* compare Sonnet xxxiii. 6 (describing the sun):

With ugly *rack* on his celestial face;

and Bacon, Sylva Sylvarum, 115: "The winds in the upper region (which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack,*) pass without noise." *Dislimns* (Theobald's emendation) is in Ff. *dislimes.*

324. Line 19: *Cæsar.*—Ff. have *Cæsars,* which Rowe corrected.

325. Line 35: *Unarm* ME, *Eros.*—Ff. have *Unarme, Eros.* I have adopted Rowe's emendation, because it is evident from what follows that Antony is telling Eros to unarm not himself but his master, and I do not think Shakespeare would have put it so ambiguously as in the reading found in the Ff. Nothing would be more likely than that the compositor, seeing a word ending in "me," should have forgotten to add "me" as a separate word.

326. Lines 38, 39:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

Boswell (Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 371) paraphrases as follows: "the battery *proceeding from* my heart, which is strong enough to break through the sevenfold shield of Ajax; I wish it were strong enough to cleave my sides and destroy me."

327. Line 42: *bruised pieces.*—Referring to the armour that Eros is taking off from him.

328. Line 53: *Dido and her Æneas shall want troops.*—Hanmer changed *Æneas* to *Sichæus,* at the suggestion of Warburton, in order to make the allusion conform to Virgil's narrative; but Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote *Æneas,* having forgotten—for the moment, at least—that part of the story.

329. Lines 59–61:

condemn myself to LACK
*The courage of a woman; less noble-*MIND
Than she, &c.

Rowe altered the "lesse Noble *minde*" of the Ff. into "less nobly-*minded,*" which makes the sentence no doubt more correct, but not more Shakespearean. The ellipsis is obvious enough. Malone criticised the construction by which Antony seems to be made to say that he is "*destitute* of a *less* noble mind" than Cleopatra; and compares The Winter's Tale, iii. 2. 55–58:

I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

He quotes also from Plutarch (see note 321 above): "I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman"—which Shakespeare has here very closely followed, with just enough divergence to bring in a solecism. Steevens takes "condemn myself *to lack*" to mean "condemn myself *for lacking.*"

330. Lines 62–67: *Thou art sworn, Eros, &c.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, v. 3, where Cassius makes a similar appeal to Pindarus.

331. Line 72: *Wouldst thou be* WINDOW'D *in great Rome?*—Shakespeare again uses *window* as a verb in Lear, iii. 4. 31: "loop'd and *window'd* raggedness."

332. Line 73: PLEACH'D *arms; i.e. folded* arms. The word *pleached* is used in the sense of interwoven in two or three places. See note 62 to Much Ado.

333. Line 74: *His* CORRIGIBLE *neck.*—*Corrigible* is here used in the sense of "submissive to correction." In Othello, i. 3. 329, it is used in the sense of "corrective."

334. Lines 99–101:

but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed.

Compare the close parallel in Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 83–85:

> If I must die,
> I will encounter darkness as a bride,
> And hug it in my arms.

ACT IV. Scene 15.

335. Line 10: *the great* SPHERE *thou mov'st in.*—See note 273 above.

336. Line 21: *I dare not.*—I dare not descend from the monument. Theobald absurdly added *Come down* to the preceding speech; Cleopatra is of course replying to a look or gesture of Antony.

337. Lines 23–25:

> *not the* IMPERIOUS SHOW
> *Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall*
> *Be* BROOCH'D *with me;*

i.e. the imperial triumph of Cæsar shall never be adorned by me. For the figurative use of *brooch*, compare Hamlet, iv. 7. 94, 95:

> he is the *brooch*, indeed,
> And gem of all the nation.

338. Lines 25, 26:

> *if knife, drugs, serpents, have*
> *Edge, sting, or operation.*

Hanmer reads "edge, operation, or sting," to make the order conform to that in *knife, drugs, serpent;* but we have a similarly broken order (whether intentional or not) in Lucrece, 615, 616:

> For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
> Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

See also Hamlet, iii. 1. 151:

> The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword

339. Lines 27, 28:

> *Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes*
> *And* STILL CONCLUSION.

Schmidt interprets this as "silently drawing inferences in surveying and examining my appearance;" and Nares as "deep but quiet censure, looking demure all the while."

340. Line 32: *Here's sport indeed!*—A touching instance of an attempt at merriment under the most painful circumstances, for the sake of cheering a loved one. Johnson explains it prosaically as, "here's trifling, you do not work in earnest."

341. Line 38: *die* WHERE *thou hast liv'd.*—Ff. have *when* (perhaps the very commonest of all misprints), which was corrected by Pope.

342. Line 43: *let me rail so* HIGH.—Compare Massinger, The Guardian, iii. 5: "Good sir, grow not so *high.*"

343. Line 44: *the false* HOUSEWIFE *Fortune.*—Compare Henry V. v. 1. 85:

> Doth Fortune play the *housewife* (*huswife*) with me now?

Housewife in both passages is used with contempt, like *hussy.* Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has an interesting note on the twofold meaning of the word, s.v. *Huswife:* "On se sert quelque fois de ce mot avec mépris, & alors c'est une especе d'injure qui veut dire, petite salope, ou petite impertinente. Mais dans ce sens on écrit ordinairement *Hussy.*"

344. Line 65: *The soldier's pole.*—Johnson explains this as "He at whom the soldiers pointed as at a pageant held high for observation;" but it probably means the standard round which they rallied.

345. Line 67: *remarkable.*—Staunton observes: "The word, in the poet's time, bore a far more impressive and appropriate meaning than with us: it then expressed not merely observable or noteworthy, but something profoundly striking and uncommon."

346. Line 73: E'EN *a woman.*—The Ff. have "*in* a Woman," which Capell corrected. As Mrs. Jameson (Characteristics, American ed. p. 307) says: "Cleopatra replies to the first word she hears on recovering her senses, 'No more *an empress,* but a mere woman!'"

347. Lines 74, 75:

> *the maid that milks*
> *And does the meanest* CHARES.

Compare v. 2. 231, the only other place in Shakespeare where the word *chare* is used. The word itself has become practically obsolete (though I believe it survives in America in the vulgarism *chores*), but we still use its derivative *char-woman*, for a woman hired in to do rough work. *Chare* and *chare-woman* still figure in the dictionaries, though the terms are never used except by the lower classes.

348. Line 85: *Good sirs, take heart.*—For the feminine use of *sirs*, compare *sirrah* in v. 2. 229 below. Dyce quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, The Coxcomb, iv. 3, where the mother says to Viola, Nan, and Madge, "*Sirs,* to your tasks;" and A King and No King, ii. 1:

> *Pan.* *Sirs*, leave me all. [*Exeunt Waiting-women.*

349. Line 87: *Let's* DO IT *after the high Roman fashion.*—Ff. have *doo't* and *do't;* the correction was made by Pope.

ACT V. Scene 1.

350. Line 2: *frustrate.*—A trisyllable. Compare *mistress* in ii. 5. 27 above.

351. Line 13: *Antony is dead.*—Compare Plutarch: "As Antonius gave the last gasp, Proculeius came that was sent from Cæsar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard (called Dercetæus) took his sword with which he had stricken himself, and hid it: then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and shewed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar hearing this news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends and shewed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife: and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him, to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him" (p. 222).

352. Lines 15, 16:

the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets.

Line 15 is metrically imperfect, and it is most probable that something has been lost; but the general meaning is clear enough as the passage stands. As Johnson remarks: "Shakespeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might have been expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost." Various attempts have been made to complete the line—all of course being mere conjectures, and mere conjecture is only admissible in such a case as in iv. 10. 7 above, where metre and sense are alike imperfect, and there is some clue in the context by which conjecture may be guided.

353. Line 24: SPLITTED *the heart.*—*Splitted* is the form of the participle in the four instances in which Shakespeare uses it; the past tense does not occur in his works. On the passage compare Richard III. i. 3. 300:

When he shall *split* thy very *heart* with sorrow.

354. Line 28: *And strange it is*, &c.—The Ff. give this speech, as well as the next but one, to Dolabella, who has left the stage. Theobald made the correction.

355. Line 31: *Wag'd.*—The reading of F. 1, changed in F. 2 to *way*, and in F. 3 and F. 4 to *may*. Rowe reads *weigh'd*. *Wag'd* has been plausibly explained by Steevens as "were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager."

356. Line 36: *lance.*—So Theobald. Ff. have *launch*. The two words were often confused, as in Richard III. iv. 4. 225, where "*lanc'd* their tender hearts" is in Ff. *launched*.

357. Lines 37–39:

I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or LOOK *on thine.*

Hanmer reads *look'd*, which is very likely right, but not necessarily, as the sentence may mean: "I must either have shown to thee such a declining day, or must now look on thine."

358. Lines 46–48:

that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.

Unreconciliable is the reading of F. 1 and F. 2, and is confirmed by the necessities of the measure. *Should divide our equalness to this* is explained by Johnson as "should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die."

359. Line 59: *Cæsar cannot learn.*—The Ff. have *leave*, and Rowe reads *live*. The emendation adopted in the text is Dyce's, after a conjecture of Tyrwhitt's. It seems to me that the reading *learn* is at once more natural as to sense, and more likely to have been misprinted, than *live*.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

360.—On this scene compare Plutarch: "After this, he [Cæsar] sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost: and furthermore, he thought that if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph. But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spake together. For Proculeius came to the gates that were thick and strong, and surely barred, but yet there were some cranewes, through the which her voice might be heard; and so they without understood, that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons: and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bad him purposely hold her in talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was trised up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut up in her monuments with her, saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and skreeked out: 'O poor Cleopatra, thou art taken.' Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself in with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, said unto her: 'Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to shew his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeach him, as though he were a cruel and merciless man, that were not to be trusted.' So even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her" (pp. 222, 223).

"Shortly after, Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. Cleopatra being laid upon a little low bed in poor estate (when she saw Cæsar come into her chamber), suddenly rose up, naked in her smock, and fell down at his feet marvellously disfigured: both for that she had plucked her hair from her head, as also for that she had martyred all her face with her nails; and besides, her voice was small and trembling, her eyes sunk into her head with continual blubbering; and moreover, they might see the most part of her stomach torn in sunder. To be short, her body was not much better than her mind: yet her good grace and comeliness and the force of her beauty was not altogether defaced. But notwithstanding this ugly and pitiful state of hers, yet she shewed herself within, by her outward looks and countenance. When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius: Cæsar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length, she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood one Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept back many things of purpose. Cleopatra was

in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well-favouredly. Cæsar fell a-laughing and parted the fray. 'Alas,' said she, 'O Cæsar: is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable state: and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me? though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that they, making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me. Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself. There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no ill will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly (as she had requested him) that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she requested Cæsar that it would please him to suffer her to offer the last oblations of the dead unto the soul of Antonius. This being granted her, she was carried to the place where his tomb was, and there falling down on her knees, embracing the tomb with her women, the tears running down her cheeks, she began to speak in this sort: 'O my dear lord Antonius, it is not long sithence I buried thee here, being a free woman: and now I offer unto thee the funeral sprinklings and oblations, being a captive and prisoner; and yet I am forbidden and kept from tearing and murdering this captive body of mine with blows, which they carefully guard and keep only to triumph of thee: look therefore henceforth for no other honours, offerings, nor sacrifices from me: for these are the last which Cleopatra can give thee, sith now they carry her away. Whilst we lived together, nothing could sever our companies: but now, at our death, I fear me they will make us change our countries. For as thou, being a Roman, hast been buried in Egypt: even so, wretched creature, I, an Egyptian, shall be buried in Italy, which shall be all the good that I have received by thy country. If therefore the gods where thou art now have any power and authority, sith our gods here have forsaken us, suffer not thy true friend and lover to be carried away alive, that in me they triumph of thee: but receive me with thee, and let me be buried in one self tomb with thee. For though my griefs and miseries be infinite, yet none hath grieved me more, nor that I could less bear withal, than this small time which I have been driven to live alone without thee.

"Then having ended these doleful plaints, and crowned the tomb with garlands and sundry nosegays, and marvellous lovingly embraced the same, she commanded they should prepare her bath; and when she had bathed and washed herself, she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates, asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened his basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and shewed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see so goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed unto Cæsar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was, but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he had received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit, he sent one before in all haste that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sudden: for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors, they found Cleopatra stark-dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet: and her other woman (called Charmion) half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said unto her: 'Is that well done, Charmion?' 'Very well,' said she again, 'and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings:' she said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspick was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that when she should think to take out the figs, the aspick should bite her before she should see her: howbeit, that when she would have taken away the leaves for the figs, she perceived it, and said, 'Art thou here, then?' And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspick to be bitten. Others say again, she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspick, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit few can tell the troth. For they report also, that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen on her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb: but it was reported only, that there was seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone, on the tomb-side toward the sea, and specially by the door-side. Some say also that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image, with an aspick biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial" (p. 225–228).

361. A room in the monument.—Malone (Var. Ed. vol. xiii. p. 396) remarks that the dramatist has here attempted to exhibit the outside and the inside of a building at the same time. On the stage of Shakespeare's day this was possible, on account of the balcony at the back, in which Cleopatra and her attendants would appear, while the Romans would be in front below.

362. Lines 4–8:

and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the DUNG,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

This passage has occasioned much controversy, though Johnson remarks: "The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change;* it produces a state which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level."

Warburton conjectured *dug* for *dung*, and Theobald adopted that reading, as some more recent editors have done; but Grant White observes that *dung* is "expressive of the speaker's bitter disgust of life." Compare i. 1. 35, 36 above:

our *dungy* earth alike
Feeds beast as man;

and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 443–445:

the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a *composture* stolen
From general excrement.

In both these passages there is a connection between the action of the fertilizing *dung* and the earth which feeds and nourishes us. Certainly the words *palates* and *nurse* seem to support the conjecture; but, after all, the metaphor as it stands in the Ff. is not more sudden and violent than many others to be found in Shakespeare. It has been ingeniously suggested that perhaps the meaning may be that "death sleeps and does not taste the earth in which it lies, and which is, as it were, its nurse, because in its bosom it reposes." But this is rather far-fetched, and it seems more natural to suppose that the word *dung* is simply a periphrasis for the fruits of the fertilizing earth, used, certainly, in a spirit of bitter mockery and supreme contempt.

363. Line 27: *pray in aid.*—"A term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question" (Hanmer).

364. Line 35: *You see how easily she may be surpris'd.*—F. 1 gives this speech to Proculeius; the other Ff. to Charmian. Malone transferred it to Gallus, to whom it clearly belongs. Compare the extract from Plutarch in note 360 above.

365. Lines 41, 42:

What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of LANGUISH?

Languish as a noun is used only here and in Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 49:

One desperate grief cures with another's *languish*,

where it is brought in to rhyme with anguish. It is of course used in the sense of languishment, "a lingering disease." Nares gives no other instance of the word besides these two of Shakespeare.

366. Lines 50, 51:

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'll not sleep neither.

Johnson's explanation of this perplexing passage is as good as any that has been offered: "if it be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose," &c. Malone and others suppose that a line may have been lost between 50 and 51, and it really seems by no means improbable, though any attempt to supply it must in the nature of things be perfectly absurd. Capell reads, *I 'll not speak*, and Hanmer has *accessary* for *necessary*. Clarke repeats Johnson's interpretation more concisely thus: "if it be needful to prate of my intentions."

367. Line 59: *nak'd.*—This word is here a monosyllable, as it is sometimes found in Elizabethan poetry. In Tennyson's Village Wife (Ballads and other Poems) the word is pronounced in the same way:

An' 'e bowt little statutes all-*naäk'* an' which was a shame to be seen;

from which I should judge that that is the vulgar pronunciation in the North.

368. Lines 60, 61:

rather make
My country's high PYRAMIDES *my gibbet.*

Pyramides is the plural of the Latin *pyramis*, from which we get our word *pyramid*, and in Shakespeare's time the Latin form of both plural and singular was sometimes used. Steevens compares Marlowe, Tamburlaine:

Like to the shadows of *pyramides;*

and Doctor Faustus, iii. 1:

Besides the gates and high *pyramides*
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Shakespeare uses *pyramises* (a *drunken* plural merely) in ii. 7. 40 above, and *pyramis* in I. Henry VI. i. 6. 21.

369. Line 81: *The little O, the earth.*—The Ff. have "The little *o' th' earth*" or "*oth' earth.*" The correction is Steevens's. In the prologue to Henry V. the Globe Theatre is called "this wooden *O;*" and in the Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 188 the stars are termed "fiery *oes* and eyes of light." Bacon, in his 37th Essay (Wright's ed. p. 157), says: "And *Oes*, or *Spangs*, as they are of no great Cost, so they are of most Glory."

370. Lines 82, 83:

his rear'd arm
CRESTED *the world.*

This, as Percy observes, is an allusion to "some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet.

371. Line 87: *an* AUTUMN *'t was*, &c.—The Ff. have "An *Anthony*," which Theobald corrected.

372. Lines 91, 92:

realms and islands were
As PLATES *dropp'd from his pocket.*

Plates are apparently silver coins. Compare Marlowe,

The Jew of Malta, ii. 21, where Barabas exclaims at seeing a slave marked "two hundred crowns," and adds:

> Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
> And if he has, he is worth three hundred *plates*.

Lodowick, just below, says:

> Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred *plates*?

Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "A Plate, *or* flat piece of metal, *Plaque, planche, platine*, ou *lame* de metal," and it was from this meaning of the word that it came to be used of coins.

373. Line 96: *But, if there be,* OR *ever were, one such.*—F. 1, F. 2, read *nor*, which was corrected in F. 3.

374. Line 99: *Were nature's* PIECE *'gainst fancy.*—Would be to set nature's masterpiece against any that fancy could conceive. See note 189 above. Johnson explains thus: "The word *piece* is a term appropriated to works of arts. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the piece done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming;* he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could present in sleep."

375. Lines 104, 105:

> *a grief that* SMITES
> *My very heart at root.*

The Ff. have *suites* or *suits*, which is quite obviously a misprint. The correction is Capell's.

376. Lines 121, 122:

> *I cannot* PRÓJECT *mine own cause so well*
> *To make it clear.*

The verb *project* (accentuated here on the first syllable, as in the noun) does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, and has been doubted by some, I think needlessly. This seems to be one of the instances in which Shakespeare has formed a verb from a noun for his own convenience, giving to the verb the signification of the noun. Here *project* is used in the sense of "shaping out," "forming," just as a *project* is something shaped or formed in the mind.

377. Line 140: *Not petty things* ADMITTED.—Theobald altered *admitted* to *omitted*, not without a certain plausibility, but I think the change is for the worse. As Rolfe observes, it seems more probable that Cleopatra "is shrewd enough to leave the door open for the excuse she afterwards makes in line 165 below. The exposure made by Seleucus leads her then to add that she has also reserved *some noble token* for Livia and Octavia."

378. Line 169: *Livia.*—The wife of Cæsar.

379. Lines 173, 174:

> *Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits*
> *Through the ashes of my* CHANCE.

Hanmer reads *mischance* instead of *my chance*, and other changes have been needlessly proposed. The plain meaning of the passage is, as Clarke very well puts it, "or the last smouldering sparks of my fiery nature will flame forth through the ashes of my decayed fortune." *Chance* in the sense of fortune is of constant occurrence. Compare iii. 10. 36 above: "The wounded *chance* of Antony."

380. Line 176: *misthought.*—*Misthink* is again used for misjudge in III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 107, 108:

> How will the country for these woeful chances
> *Misthink* the king, and ne'er be satisfied!

381. Line 197: WHERE IS *the queen?*—So Pope; Ff. have *Where's*.

382. Line 217: *extemporally.*—This word is used again in Venus and Adonis, 836:

> And sings *extemporally* a woeful ditty.

383. Line 226: *Their most* ABSURD *intents.*—Theobald changed *absurd* to *assur'd;* but Cleopatra calls the intents *absurd* because she has formed a plan for foiling them.

384. Line 229: *sirrah Iras.*—See note 348 above.

385. Lines 284, 285:

> *now no more*
> *The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.*

Clarke remarks that this sustains the Folio text in line 7 above. "Cleopatra here, in her own gorgeously poetical strain, takes leave of the material portion of existence, and prepares to enter upon the spiritual portion: she has previously condensed the aggregate products of earth—corn, wine, oil, fruits, and, indirectly, flesh-meat—into one superbly disdainful word *dung;* and she now figuratively sums them up in one draught of grape-juice, as the wine of life, the sustainer of mortal being, to which she bids farewell."

386. Lines 292, 293:

> *I am fire and air; my other elements*
> *I give to baser life.*

An allusion to the old doctrine that man was composed of the four elements. Compare Henry V. iii. 7. 23: "he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." See Sonnets xliv. and xlv. for an elaborate development of the same fancy as here; and see Twelfth Night, note 83.

387. Line 307: *intrinsicate.*—The word is found nowhere else; but *intrinse*, which is equally unique, occurs in Lear, ii. 2. 81, with apparently the same meaning.

388. Line 317: *In this* VILE *world.*—Ff. print *wilde*. Capell changed it to *vile*, which is always spelt *vild* or *vilde* in the early editions. The correction seems emphatically called for, though a few have defended the Ff. reading.

389. Line 321: *Your crown's* AWRY.—The Ff. have *away*, which Pope corrected.

390. Line 322: *I'll mend it, and then* PLAY.—Steevens, commenting on these words of Charmian, suggests, first, that they mean "play her part in this tragick scene by destroying herself:" and then that "she may mean, that having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her in [line 232 above] to '*play* till doomsday.'" The latter is certainly the meaning, but it is probable that Shakespeare used the word in a very definite sense, which has never, so far as I am aware, been pointed out. At Nuneaton, in Shakespeare's native county, the word *play* was regularly used by the colliers in the sense of taking a holiday—of not being at work. I have heard the manager of a mine say that "the men were *playing* to-day," meaning that they had a holi-

day. Indeed, it was the recognized word. I have not met with it in any other part of the country, and it is very likely that this special use of the word was a Warwickshire idiom in Shakespeare's time, and that he used the word here with a recollection of this local meaning. Since writing the foregoing I have seen in the Pall Mall Gazette of March 13, 1889, an article headed "Chainmakers at Play," in which this meaning of the word *play* is referred to, not, however, quite correctly. The writer says: "To chainmakers and to Black Country people generally, the word 'play' has a very grim significance, for it is associated in their minds with all the trouble, discomfort, and sometimes starvation of a strike. It is their technical term for the idleness resulting from a strike, and to those who know them the saying which is often on their lips, 'We starve when we work, and we may as well play and starve,' is pathetically intelligible." The word *play*, though certainly used for "the idleness resulting from a strike," is not by any means confined to that particular kind of idleness, but is used for a holiday of any kind.

391. Line 357: *her physician tells me, &c.*—Compare Plutarch: "Cleopatra in the meantime was very careful in gathering all sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now to make proof of those poisons which made men die with least pain, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. For when she saw the poisons that were sudden and vehement, and brought speedy death with grievous torments; and in contrary manner, that such as were more mild and gentle had not that quick speed and force to make one die suddenly: she afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders, and made some to be applied unto men in her sight, some in one sort, some in another. So when she had daily made divers and sundry proofs, she found none of them all she had proved so fit as the biting of an aspick, the which causeth only a heaviness of the head, without swooning or complaining, and bringeth a great desire also to sleep, with a little sweat in the face; and so by little and little taketh away the senses and vital powers, no living creature perceiving that the patients feel any pain. For they are so sorry when any body awaketh them and taketh them up, as those that be taken out of a sound sleep are very heavy and desirous to sleep" (p. 217).

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Accumulation	iii.	1	19
Adornings	ii.	2	213
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	v.	2	218
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All-honoured	ii.	6	16
All-obeying	iii.	13	77
*Alms-drink	ii.	7	5
Annexed[1]	iv.	14	17
Anticked	ii.	7	132
Arm-gaunt	i.	5	48
Auguring[2]	ii.	1	10
Ballad (verb)	v.	2	216
Barbered	ii.	2	229
Becoming[3]	i.	3	96
Beloving	i.	2	22
Bench-holes	iv.	7	9
Billiards	ii.	5	3
Boggler	iii.	13	110
Bolts[4] (verb)	v.	2	6
Bow[5] (verb)	ii.	3	3
Branchless	iii.	4	24

1 Sonn. xcix. 11.
2 *Augur* is used as a sub. in Sonn. cvii. 6; Phœnix, 7.
3 Sonn. cl. 5.
4 = fetters; = to sift, in various other places.
5 = to express; used frequently in other senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Broad-fronted	i.	5	29
Brooched	iv.	15	25
Calm (adv.)	v.	1	75
Camp[6] (verb)	iv.	8	33
Carbuncled	iv.	8	28
Cement (verb)	ii.	1	48
Chafe (sub.)	i.	3	85
Chare	iv.	15	75
	v.	2	231
Chief (sub.)	iv.	14	93
Civilly	iii.	13	129
Cloyless	ii.	1	25
Cold (adv.)	iii.	4	7
Cold-hearted	iii.	13	158
Companion (verb)	i.	2	30
Compose[7] (vb. int.)	ii.	2	15
Congealment	iv.	8	10
Contestation	ii.	2	43
Countryman[8]	v.	2	342
Courtiers[9]	ii.	6	17
Crested (verb)	v.	2	83
Cringe	iii.	13	100
Cropped[10] (verb)	ii.	2	233
Cup (verb)	ii.	7	124, 125

6 = to lodge.
7 Used transitively in various places.
8 = a dweller in the country.
9 = courters. 10 = reaped.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Curstness	ii.	2	25
Danger (verb)	i.	2	199
Dare[11] (sub.)	i.	2	191
Deared	i.	4	44
*Demi-Atlas	i.	5	23
Demuring (verb)	iv.	15	29
Denounced[12]	iii.	7	5
Derogately	ii.	2	34
Discandy, iii. 13 165; iv. 12			22
Dislimns	iv.	14	10
Dispunge	iv.	9	13
Distractions[13]	iii.	7	77
Diver	ii.	5	16
*Divers-coloured	ii.	2	208
Dolorous	iv.	2	39
Dolphin-like	v.	2	89
*Doughty-handed	iv.	8	5
*Down-feather	iii.	2	48
Dragonish	iv.	14	2
Dress (sub.)	ii.	4	4
Dryness	i.	4	27
Dung	v.	2	7
Embers[14]	ii.	2	13
Enclouded	v.	2	212
Enfranched	iii.	13	149

11 = defiance. 12 = declared.
13 = divisions, detachments.
14 Lucrece, 5.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Entangle[15]	i.	3	30
	iv.	14	48
Equalness	v.	1	48
Excusable	iii.	4	2
Extemporally[16]	v.	2	217
Extended[17]	i.	2	105
Eye[18] (vb. intr.)	i.	3	97
Factors[19]	ii.	6	10
*False-played	iv.	14	19
Fats[20]	ii.	7	122
Faultiness	iii.	3	33
Fervency	ii.	5	18
Fever (verb)	iii.	13	138
Fifty-fold	i.	2	70
Fig-leaves	v.	2	354
Flag[21]	i.	4	45
Fleet[22] (verb)	iii.	13	171
Flower-soft	ii.	2	215
Flutes	ii.	2	200
	ii.	7	138
Footmen[23]	iii.	7	45
Forspoke	iii.	7	3

15 = to ensnare.
16 Venus and Adonis, 836.
17 = seized upon.
18 = appear.
19 = substitutes; used elsewhere = agents. 20 = vats.
21 = a water-plant.
22 = float. 23 = foot-soldiers.

WORDS PECULIAR TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*Full-manned..	iii.	7	52
Further (verb).	ii.	2	149
Garboils	i.	3	61
	ii.	2	67
Gests[1]	iv.	8	2
Ghosted	ii.	6	13
Glow[2] (vb. tr.).	ii.	2	209
Graceful[3].....	ii.	2	60
Graveless.....	iii.	13	166
Haltered	iii.	13	130
Harried.....	iii.	3	43
Head[4]	iii.	7	52
Heart-breaking	i.	2	74
*High-battled..	iii.	13	29
*High-coloured	ii.	7	4
Holding (sub.).	ii.	7	117
Homager.....	i.	1	31
*Ill-rooted	ii.	7	2
*Ill-uttering...	ii.	5	35
Immoment	v.	2	166
Inclips	ii.	7	74
Indulgent	i.	4	16
Inhooped.....	ii.	3	38
Inroads.....	i.	4	50
Intrinsicate....	v.	2	307
Itch[5]	iii.	13	7
Jump (sub.)....	iii.	8	6
Lackeying.....	i.	4	46
Landmen	iv.	3	11
Lanked	i.	4	71
Learning[6]	ii.	2	47
Lethe'd.....	ii.	1	27
Lictors.....	v.	2	214
Loofed	iii.	10	18
*Loose-wived..	i.	2	75
Lordliness.....	v.	2	161
Lowering[7] (verb).	i.	2	129
Lowness[8]	iii.	11	63
Lowness[9]	ii.	7	22
*Low-tongued.	iii.	3	15
*Low-voiced...	iii.	3	16
Lust-wearied ..	ii.	1	38
Luxuriously ...	iii.	13	120
Magical	iii.	1	31
Mallard	iii.	10	20
Man-like	i.	4	5
*Marble-constant	v.	2	240
Maritime	i.	4	51
Market-maid ..	iii.	6	51
*Master-leaver.	iv.	9	22
Mattress	ii.	6	71
Meetly	i.	3	81

1 = exploits.
2 = to flush.
3 = favouring.
4 = promontory.
5 = teasing desire.
6 = information.
7 = sinking.
8 = meanness.
9 = small elevation.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Mered.....	iii.	13	10
Mingle (sub.)..	i.	5	59
	iv.	8	37
Monster-like ..	iv.	12	36
Mouth-made ..	i.	3	30
Muss.....	iii.	13	91
Ne'er-lust-wearied[10]	ii.	1	38
*Ne'er-touched	iii.	12	31
Ne'er-yet-beaten[11]	iii.	1	33
Nereides	ii.	2	211
Noises[12].....	iii.	6	96
Number[13].....	iii.	2	17
Obstruct	iii.	6	61
O'ercount	ii.	6	26, 27
O'erpicturing..	ii.	2	205
Onion-eyed ...	iv.	2	35
Outroar.....	iii.	13	127
Outstrike.....	iv.	6	36
Outwork	ii.	2	206
Overplus[14]....	iii.	7	51
	iv.	6	22
Pelleted[15].....	iii.	13	165
Penetrative....	iv.	14	75
Philippan.....	ii.	5	23
Phœnicians....	iii.	7	65
Pinion (sub.) ..	iii.	12	4
Pink (adj.).....	ii.	7	121
Placed[16].....	v.	2	238
Plants[17]	ii.	7	2
Plates[18].....	v.	2	92
Plighter.....	iii.	13	126
Plumpy.....	ii.	7	121
Preparedly	v.	1	55
President.....	iii.	7	18
Principalities[19]	iii.	13	19
Prognostication[20]	i.	2	54
Project (verb) .	v.	2	121
Prosecution ...	iv.	14	65
Ranged[21].....	i.	1	34
Ranges (sub.)..	iii.	13	5
Reapers.....	iii.	7	36
Rebound.....	v.	2	104
Rebukable	iv.	4	30
Reconciler	iii.	4	30
Reels (sub.)....	ii.	7	100
Reference[22]....	v.	2	23

10 "neere Lust-wearied" in F. 1.
11 "nere-yet beaten" in F. 1.
12 = causes a tumult; = to spread by rumour, in other passages.
13 = to bring into verse; used in other senses elsewhere.
14 Sonn. cxxxv. 2.
15 Lover's Complaint, 18.
16 = fixed; Pass. Pilgrim, 256.
17 = soles of the feet.
18 = pieces of money.
19 = countries ruled by princes.
20 = sign.
21 = disposed in order; used elsewhere in other senses.
22 = appeal; used elsewhere in other senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Regiment[23] ...	iii.	6	95
Reporter.....	ii.	2	193
Revenger.....	ii.	6	11
	iii.	1	3
Rhymers[24]	v.	2	215
Ribaudred.....	iii.	10	10
Riggish.....	ii.	2	245
Rioting (verb)..	ii.	2	72
Rivality.....	iii.	5	8
Rudder	iii.	10	3
	iii.	11	57
Salad (adj.)....	i.	5	73
Scales[25].....	ii.	7	21
Scantly.....	iii.	4	6
Scarce-bearded	i.	1	21
Scotches (sub.)	iv.	7	10
Scuffles.....	i.	1	7
Sea-like.....	iii.	13	171
Sea-wing	iii.	10	20
Seedsman.....	ii.	7	24
Shiny	iv.	9	3
*Show-place...	iii.	6	12
Shrewdness....	ii.	2	69
Shrill-tongued[26]	i.	1	32
	*iii.	3	15
Shrowd[27].....	iii.	13	71
Sickly[28] (adv.).	iii.	4	7
Signs[29].....	iv.	3	14
Snaffle	ii.	2	63
Soberly.....	i.	5	48
Soothsay	i.	2	52
Sottish.....	iv.	15	79
Soulless	v.	2	157
Spanieled	iv.	12	21
Stablishment..	iii.	6	9
Stale[30].....	i.	4	62
Stanch (adv.)..	ii.	2	117
Stomach (verb)	ii.	2	9
	iii.	4	12
Strangler	ii.	6	129
*Strong-winged	iv.	15	35
Stroyed	iii.	11	54
Submerged....	ii.	5	94
Sudden (adv.)..	i.	3	5
Surfeiter	ii.	1	33
*Tawny-finned.	ii.	5	12
Teller.....	i.	2	99
Temperance[31].	iii.	13	121
Terrene.....	iii.	13	153
Tippling.....	i.	4	19

23 = rule, sway; also used = a body of soldiers.
24 Sonn. xxxviii. 10.
25 = steps; frequently occurs in its ordinary sense.
26 Venus and Adonis, 849.
27 = shelter, protection.
28 = reluctantly; = ill in health, Macb. iii. 1. 107.
29 = betokens; used elsewhere in its ordinary senses.
30 = urine of horses; elsewhere used in other senses.
31 = chastity; Lucrece, 884. Used elsewhere in other senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Tissue	ii.	2	204
Tokened.....	iii.	10	9
Tow	iii.	11	58
Towered (adj.).	iv.	14	4
Transmigrates.	ii.	7	51
Treasurer.....	v.	2	142
Treble-sinewed	iii.	13	178
Tremblingly...	v.	2	346
Tribunal[32]	iii.	6	3
Triple-turned..	iv.	12	13
Triumvirate...	iii.	6	28
Unbewailed....	iii.	6	85
Uncuckolded..	i.	2	76
Uncurbable....	ii.	2	67
Undinted.....	ii.	6	39
Unexecuted ...	iii.	7	45
Unhair[33].....	ii.	5	64
Unnoble.....	iii.	11	50
Unpolicied	v.	2	311
Unpressed.....	iii.	13	106
Unpurposed...	iv.	14	84
Unqualitied...	iii.	11	44
Unreconciliable	v.	1	47
Unregistered ..	iii.	13	119
Unrestored....	iii.	6	27
Unseminared..	i.	5	11
Unshown	iii.	6	52
Unslipping	ii.	2	129
Useful (adv.) ..	iv.	14	80
Vacancy[34]	i.	4	26
Van.....	iv.	6	9
Variance	ii.	6	139
Variety[35].....	ii.	2	241
Varletry.....	v.	2	56
Vesper	iv.	14	8
Viciousness....	iii.	13	111
Volley[36] (verb).	ii.	7	118
War-marked...	iii.	7	45
Weet.....	i.	1	39
*Well-paid	iii.	1	32
Wheeled (adj.).	iv.	14	75
Wild-boars	ii.	2	184
Windowed[37]...	iv.	14	72
Wire[38].....	ii.	5	65
Workyday[39]...	i.	2	55
World-sharers.	ii.	7	76
Yield[40] (verb)..	iv.	2	33

32 In Tit. And. iv. 3. 92, used by the Clown as a blunder for *tribunus*.
33 *Unhaired* occurs in John v. 2. 133.
34 = leisure; = empty space, a vacuum, in ii. 2. 221; Hamlet, iii. 4. 117.
35 Venus and Adonis, 21.
36 Venus and Adonis, 921.
37 = placed in a window; = full of holes, Lear, iii. 4. 31.
38 Sonn. cxxx. 4.
39 As two words in F. 1.
40 = reward, bless; very frequently used in other senses.